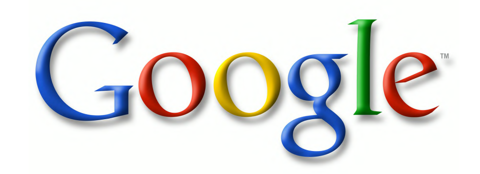
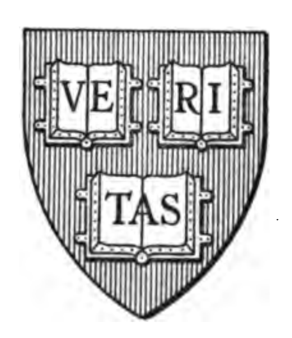



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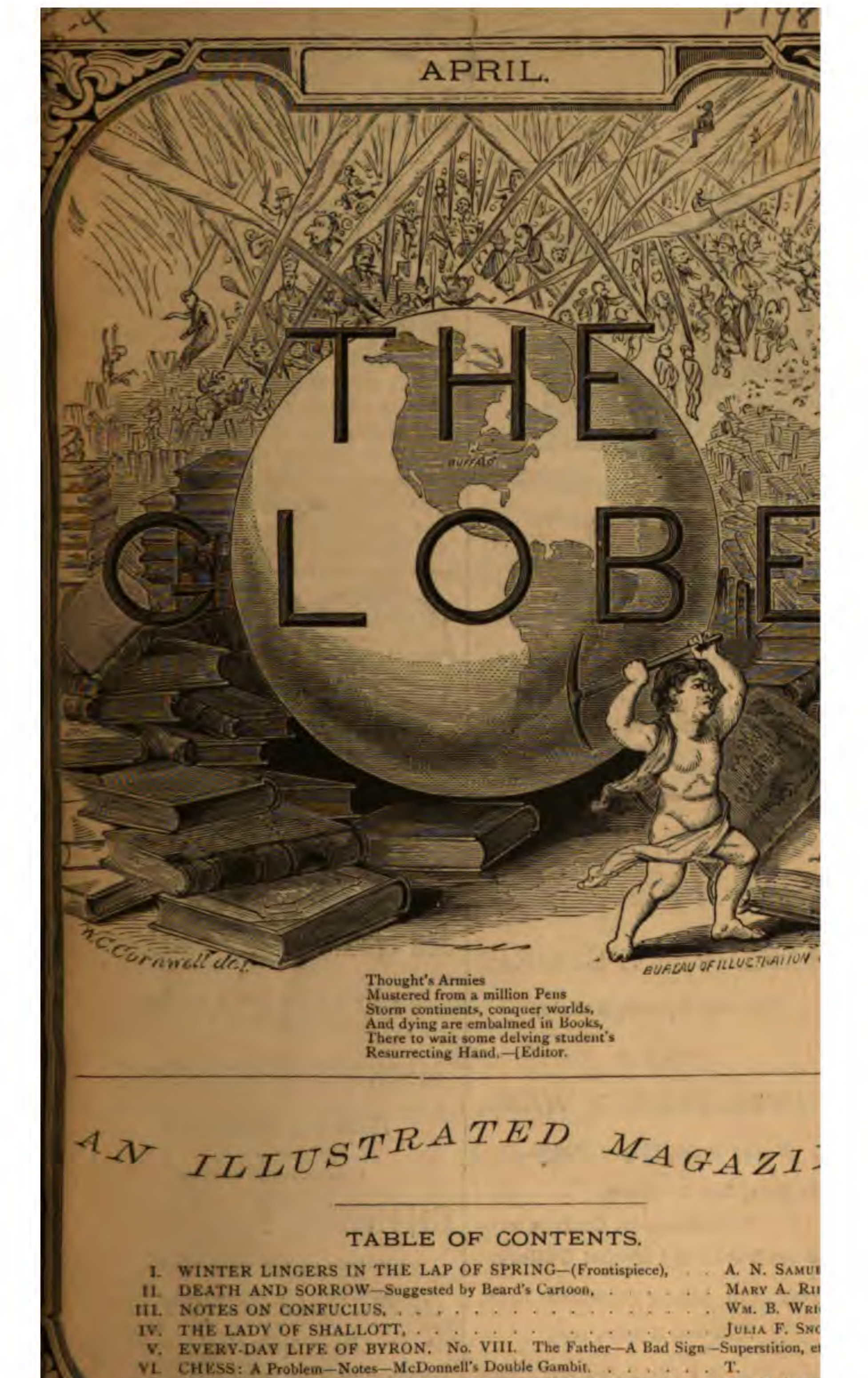
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

VOLUME III.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
PUBLISHED BY THE GLOBE COMPANY.
1876.

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THE
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Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
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Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.
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"WINTER LINGERS IN THE LAP OF SPRING."

THE GLOBE.

1876, March 30.

VOL. III.] APRIL, 1875. [No. 1.

DEATH AND SORROW.

SUGGESTED BY BEARD'S CARTOON.

Six thousand years after the flaming sword
Was set at Eden's gate, one dismal hour,
Death,—bony, fleshless, hungry, horrible,—
Stalked through the world, to see the bitter task
His pitiless brain had planned, his skill had wrought.
And tramping, with long stride, a desolate plain,
Wherefrom all life had gone, he smiled and said:
"Ah! death eats up the very light and hope
That sometimes creep about poor human ways."

But, in his path, a shrouded form in black
Knelt pleading; and he looked into the eyes,
Whose brightness long had perished in despair,
Upon the cheeks so white with pain's fierce grasp,
Upon the stricken life which barred his steps,—
And then a vision grew within his soul,
Of all the hearts that died beneath his tread,
Of all the miseries that woke and strove
With cruel strength to slay sweet beauty's bloom.
He saw and turned away; no triumph now
Sat regnant on his brow; he pled with God:
"Ah! Thou didst at the first give me the boon
To bless and not to curse; my snowy wings
Dropped benisons upon the sons of men,
And my fair face, and proud seraphic form
Were hailed with love by all who saw me come.
But when the blight fell over Eden's flowers,
And man was sent from out his Paradise,

Thou gavest another mission; then Thy hand
Smote my clear eyes so that they might not see
The ruin which I made, the woe I brought;
For knowing its height and depth, I could not do
The work Thou laid'st upon me. Thanks for this!

"But now mine eyes do look upon it all.
Have I not served Thee well? Look down, O God!
And hear me, in my new and quick remorse,
Recount my faithful deeds! Am I not Death?
And is not Death the essence of all woe?
Where hath there been a carnival of shame
And I not there—the ever-present Death?
Where hath there been the shout of victory,
And I not there to mingle blood with wine?
Have I not stood beside the mother's chair,
Who sang her boy to sleep with lullaby,
And changed her song of tender, tireless love,
To one o'erwhelming cry of agony?
Have I not gone down to the sea in ships,
And seized the helm, and sent the helpless bark
Upon the sharp teeth of the merciless rocks,
While a great wail rose up to Thee, Oh God?
Have I not been where'er a sinful soul
Drunk with all crime, black with all guiltiness,
Hath fallen forever from the hope of heaven?

"What horror is there which I have not made?
What spirit is cursed, and sealed not with my seal?
Oh God! release me from my dreadful task!
Remove this deadly mission from my life!
For see, I cannot look upon this form
That comes before me. See, I turn away,
For this sad Sorrow, with her keen reproach,
Would drive me mad! I cannot look at her.
But oh! I lift my crumbling hands to Thee,
And, if I might, I would besiege Thy throne,
And, pleading all my long fidelity,
Beseech, implore, aye, would almost demand
That this dark burden be cast off, and I
Be clad in brightness as I used to be."

MARY A. RIPLEY.

NOTES ON CONFUCIUS.

One needs to peel from a Chinese a goodly number of rather grotesque wrappages—social tissue paper and official silks for the most part—to make him rightly visible and substantial. Even when so divested, however, and presented in suitable *deshabille*, he is not without striking peculiarities, to which we accustom ourselves only by prolonged inspection, conducted in a catholic temper and with a philosophical turn of mind. Whimsical beyond belief are his ways, and calculated to turn topsy-turvy the mental associations of an American. For many things seem to be turned quite inside out, tilted on end, or standing head to ground; we may easily mistake his staidest decorum for a fantastic masquerade, and, on the whole, are far from clear how to comport ourselves, and what to take for jest and what for earnest. Let us have a hearty laugh, if need be, and give free voice to our astonishment. Then, remembering how the scientific explorer will pry into the most repulsive animal-forms that he may track organic life through its ever-winding coil, let us, as becomes earnest students, pass the hand through the bizarre superficies of our hero, and, holding the nose if we must, press forward in our researches, chanting for self-encouragement, "*Nihil humanum a me alienum puto.*" For, after all, a nation's habitudes are evolved from its own conditions of life, as a tree is clothed with its proper bark and leaves, and a comparative study of manners soon leads us to suspect that this stratum of conventionalities upon which we daily walk, as upon a floor of granite, is but the thinnest of pellicles, which, if not daintily trodden, may gape beneath us, letting us down into who knows what an abyss of barbaric ooze, the abode of wallowing animalisms. And then the best manners have only a provincial tone and value, the moment they are divorced from the perennial spirit of human gentleness and kindness, which they seek to embody. It is, moreover, not to be forgotten that our exterior is no less ludicrous in Chinese eyes than is theirs in ours. Catholic Huc tells us that the populace of their villages burst into shouts of laughter as they for the first time beheld the features of an European passing in his palanquin. Perhaps our occidental conceit should receive a wholesome shock from encountering on the other side of the planet a vanity more colossal and overweening than our own; though, against such a sensation from such a cause, no doubt the most of us are, whether happily or unhappily, proof. Yet, if we take an extreme case and compare the American or European coxcomb with his Mongolian analogue—for he grows luxuriantly in China—we shall be forced to confess that the former, with his dapper graces, his addle-hearted ritual of the *salon*, his talents for attitudinizing and dissipating character in a spray of affectations, is a figurante of no greater significancy than the latter.

Indeed, once tolerably acquainted with our Chinese brother, we discover him to be an eminently practical and highly ingenious person, armed with praiseworthy dexterities not a few, abounding in good and evil cunning, with a rather charming nonchalance and a curious knack of mendacity—one of his fine arts;—of an ineffable vanity, an invincible ignorance, and a persistency incredible. If we question him skillfully, surprising answers are forthcoming. With condescending politeness he announces that out of the celestial empire mankind is little better than carrion. He speaks of the antiquity of his race, and we discover that we are the merest prattlers and parvenus. He recounts, with a vain glory not unreasonable,

how the semi-mythical Hoang-ti helped the nation to its wits, equipping it with divers needful rudiments of knowledge—counting, weighing, measuring, and what not; how the great Yu set banks to the Yang-tse-Kiang ("river which is the son of the sea"), previously surging monstrously to right and left, through interminable morasses. With unspeakable fondness and reverence he dwells upon Yaou and Shun, two royal figures, resplendent in the dim past, whose long reigns were the beginnings of the national greatness, and whose lives were the quarry out of which heroic precepts were hewn for many an age. And so on through a score of dynasties till he comes to Chi-hoang-ti (237, B. C.), who built the great wall—a world's wonder. All the while you are stunned by a jargon of words, whose ragged nasalizations cut the ear like flints; sounds seemingly extracted by some phonetic corkscrew from recesses of the skull unknown to European anatomy. These are the names of gigantic cities, fabulous in their populousness. Especially does he point, with gestures of pride, to the Central Flowery Kingdom, the loveliest and most prolific of regions, which, by crafts of agriculture and architecture, highly admirable, he has converted into a garden. ' Nay, he assures you that, though his fellow bipeds stand almost shoulder to shoulder over the entire land, each has the laudable cunning to wrest from his hand's-breadth of soil a fairly satisfactory and honest maintenance. In due time—his garrulity having by this burst all bounds—we come to hear of poetries, philosophies, sciences, religions; and now our curiosity, long since languishing, is on the sudden all a-flame. For, however miraculous seemed the biennial rice-crop, the silk, the porcelain, and, above all, the tea, what are many scores of such prosperities in comparison with a nation's thought? Yes, it is true, then, that, in spite of the "three hundred rules of ceremony, and the three thousand rules of demeanor," the son of China has in his day and way put to himself the hard old queries of the intellect, and endeavored to frame some rationale of himself and his destiny. What fortune has befallen him in this enterprise is not only of grave moment to himself, but of deep interest to us; and, eagerly inquiring to whom we shall address ourselves for light, we are, with due ceremony of Kow-tow and the rest, introduced to one Kung-fou-tsze ("sage of the family of Kung"), who teaches, we are assured, what it most concerns the Chinese mind to know, whether for happiness or enlightenment. Not—vehemently protests our informer—that China has given birth to but one sage; on the contrary, no country has been blessed with superior or more numerous philosophers; but this man is typical, and may stand for the rest.

And, indeed, Confucius appears to have been a person of simple but very noble qualities. Looking into the three books which record his sayings and doctrines—Lun-Yu, Ta Hio, Chung-Yung—we find much to surprise and edify us. Plainly, this man was born with that which no civilization can manufacture to order, a massive and heroic personality; no ungrateful revelation for any nation. Great men, it is well known, benefit scarcely less by what they are than by what they say and do, and the magical currents which flow from them, bewitching their contemporaries and making them reverent and docile, have their sources in the inscrutable recesses of character. And for this reason they seem oftentimes quite inexplicable and divine to men of weaker vision and more sensual tendencies, who have no choice but to become their disciples and the humble recipients of their will. And while Confucius easily commands a place among the great teachers, born to interpret the human conscience and to found a national ethics, it must be confessed

that no one of his peers has been content with so homely an attitude. So few are his personal claims that the student may accept him for no more than he gives himself out to be; a reader, namely, and expositor of the writings of earlier teachers; a reproducer of what was most excellent in the past. "I cannot bear," he says, "to hear myself called equal to the sages and the good. All that can be said of me is, that I study with delight the conduct of the sages, and instruct men without weariness therein." But, beyond question, the divine conception of Duty had been incarnated afresh, and a man had arrived upon earth with a purer intelligence and of more stately proportions than China had yet known. To be sure the greatest men must inherit the richest legacies. "That a man should be able to make an epoch in the world's history," said Goethe, "two conditions are essential—that he should have a good head and a great inheritance. Napoleon inherited the French Revolution," etc. The great man organizes the *disjecta membra* of thought and belief that are adrift in the natural mind, into a living and powerful system. But, to accomplish this, a certain cosmical intelligence and a profound moral vision are required; and, above all, a way of life that vanquishes criticism by its austere practice and solid veracity. Men like Confucius always see at first hand and know where the fountains of inspiration are hidden. And if Dr. Legge, for instance, seeks to belittle him by exaggerating his indebtedness to former philosophers, he betrays a want of perception of the fact that he alone is a prophet who can make truth desirable and beautiful to men; that the power of character is superior to the power of dogma; and that he must be great indeed who is clothed with truth as with his proper garment, and whose glances, words and gestures are symbols and illustrations of goodness. None the less is Confucius to be arraigned for the excessive worship of antiquity which he riveted upon the Chinese mind; a tendency sufficiently strong at his advent, but which was by him made an element of the blood of the people. He set the eyes of China in the back of her head. Such progress as she has made has been by the sheer dragging of all her anchors. Scholarship, in time, became a languid and effeminate pedantry, disdainful of new wisdom, or glutted itself with the *caput mortuum* of the past, the rinds and parings of time. Yet similar things are not wholly unknown considerably to the westward of China.

Confucius was born B. C. 551, in the kingdom of Lu (modern Shantung), and "came into the world with hair on his head and a beard on his chin." In India, Buddha was nearly contemporaneous; in Greece, Pythagoras. His biography is not burdensome to read, but must be skipped in hasty paragraphs like these. Enough to say, that he traveled far and wide, gave a vast deal of political advice to kings and "kinglets," and taught a better way of life to all and sundry. He lived to be seventy-three years old, had three thousand disciples, "of whom five hundred attained to official station, seventy-two had penetrated deeply into his system, and ten, of the highest class of mind and character, were continually near his person." "On the top of his head," it is said, "was a remarkable formation, in consequence of which he was named Kew;" organ of veneration, phrenology will exclaim. Assuredly his entire nature gravitates in right lines towards moral beauty or goodness, and he abounds in the charm which makes greatness irresistible, a perception of the spiritual laws. And who can tell how large a debt intellect owes to such insight, and whether men do not often climb into the region of pure genius by this ladder. In general, Confucius was a political moralist, announcing man's relation to his fellows. But, since

every rootlet of the State ultimately strikes down into the bosom of an individual, thence to draw its juices, he must, in founding a civic polity, begin with private virtue. How make men sane and wise? Upon what cunning lathe shall we turn the rough stuff of humanity? Upon an austere ethics, he replies. Hence he propounds a system (if it merit so heavy a name) of self-culture, and provokes men to discipline themselves. Minutely scanned, his doctrines are rich, various and suggestive, and radiate in many directions. Our present comments will touch upon only one aspect of them.

Throughout, all is homely and for service; every maxim is intensely practical, of a solid texture and a singularly healthy and robust tone. Little imagination or power of illustration; little or no speculation or range of discursive thought. He eschewed dogmas, was not content to found a sect, hazarded no theology, and never distinctly claimed a supernatural mission. Though forever clinching his utterances by citations from the old King (" books "), no man could stand more stoutly upon the lesson of the passing hour. Indeed, most of the time he seems glued to the earth, clings like a lichen to the actual and do-able, and all too seldom risks a divine guess. We have no riddles about the "inconceivable" and "unverifiable." Free-will and necessity do not clash in his teachings, and he is as poor in " theosophic moonshine," on the one hand, as in a " philosophy of the conditioned," on the other. Of style, neither he nor any Chinese ever dreams; he picks the plainest phrase, hugs his text and pares down his statement. We miss the rich coloring, the literary garnish of Persian or Arabic thought, and into the dry pages would gladly interpolate a tale of Saadi, or a soliloquy of Omar Kheyám. Though with what lies beyond the clouds, the great Tsin or Heaven, he does not much meddle, he cherishes for its ordinations a due reverence, and for its unsearchable beauty a lawful worship. "The ways of Heaven," he says, "are without doubleness, and they produce things in a manner which is unfathomable. They are large and substantial, high and brilliant, far-reaching and long-enduring. He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray." "Worship as though the Deity were present." Usually he confines himself to man as the product of his own energies and strivings, as a creature whose business lies in a cis-celestial latitude, and who must mightily bestir himself to-day and to-morrow if he would leave behind him a niggard tithe of it honestly performed. He teaches the laws of moral self-reliance, the resolute tempering and sharpening of one's faculties. "As we cut and then file; as we chisel and then grind, so does the superior man cultivate himself." 'Tis the architectonic of character, the evolution of a will, the method of a life. Character is its own reward, and virtue is enough for the virtuous. "The man of character does not go out of his place; he is modest in speech, but exceeds in action. He will hold rectitude essential, bringing it forth in humility, performing it with prudence, completing it with sincerity. What he seeks is in himself." Extrinsic gains do not count, and the love of fame, the giddy waltzings of talent, the arts of capturing with light lasso the fancies of the rabble, are cheap and desecrating in the presence of ideal aims. "What needs no display is virtue." "It is the way of the superior man to prefer the concealment of his virtue, while it daily becomes more illustrious; and it is the way of the mean man to seek notoriety, while he goes daily more and more to ruin." The pathetic region to which Tyndall has relegated the religious sense—that of the emotions—Confucius does not tread. Only in the objective law, the adamantine Imperative of Duty, cold and austere, and lovely to heroes, would he bid

the moral sentiment find refuge. Gush and slabber, and all the tropical subjectivities lush with fierce juices and with heavy sensual odors—phenomena not unknown to us of the west—how can a lofty life be built out of such material? One right action out-values a Brazilian forest of these feathery and brilliantly-dyed sentimentalities.

He bases his ethics on the nature of man, laying his corner-stone with the simplest confidence, and apparently not doubting that, however it might be degraded by itself, it might by itself be renovated and uplifted. "Is any one able for one day to apply his strength to virtue? I have not seen the case in which his strength would be insufficient." "The Sheking says, 'Heaven created all men, having their duties and the means of performing them. It is the natural and constant disposition of man to love beautiful Virtue.' He who wrote this ode knew right principles." Free from distrust in man's moral sense, he could bid him heartily summon all his faculties to their appointed posts, train them to work in harmony, to rally and combine at need. He recognizes the simple sources of insight always at hand in every human being. "The Path is not far from man. When men try to pursue a course which is far from the common indications of consciousness, that cannot be considered the Path." "Is virtue far off? I wish to be virtuous, and lo! it is at hand. Virtue runs swifter than the royal postilions."

His inexorable demands on the beginner who enters the lists for excellence, are sincerity—the talisman of the soul—and love for truth—the axle of the soul. Bravely accept the fate-appointed fact and make it the base of your triangle. So long as a man will dodge himself or cog himself, or make some subtle pact with himself as against eternal rectitude and justice, his life is "a phosphorescence and unclean." "It is only he who is possessed of the most complete sincerity that can exist under heaven, who can give its full development to his nature." "Sincerity is that whereby self-completion is effected, and its way is that by which man must direct himself. It is the end and beginning of things; without sincerity there would be nothing, and on this account the superior man regards the attainment of it as the most excellent thing."

Towards Truth shall the seeker bend his steps, wherever it is to be found, whether in the world without or world within. "We must investigate the principles of all things we come into contact with, for the intelligent mind of man is certainly formed to know." "The object of the superior man is Truth—Food is not his object. He is anxious lest he should not get truth; he is not anxious lest poverty should come upon him." In this great life-hunt he commends a self-denying and athletic habit in the student. "The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar." But he does not, as do some of our philosophers, stake the single value of truth on the gymnastics which it affords the thinking faculty. Nay, all particular truths have ultimate significance only in so far as they conduct to perfect and central vision. "The master said, 'Ts'ze, you think, I suppose, that I am one who learns many things and keeps them in memory?' Tsze-Kung replied, 'Yes,—but perhaps it is not so?' 'No,' was the answer; 'I seek a unity all pervading.'" Here is evidently one who is able to apprehend Ideas and to rest in them.

To exhume intelligible conceptions from the rubble-heap which goes under the name of "Chung-Yung," or "Doctrine of the Immutable Mean," is no light undertaking. The text consists of a handful of poorly concatenated propositions, and the commentary reels hither and thither, as if distraught, being too often bound

to the text by the frailest filament of relevancy. Coördinated doctrines it does not propound, but the whole resembles a basket of sparry ores; rough crystals of sheeny lustres and beautiful enough. His conception of the "Mean" seems to be a highly mystical one. English and French commentators appear not to have made a very luminous exegesis of it, and it is, perhaps, best understood from the post-Confucian teachers of his school; notably from the writings of Choo-tsze (A. D., 1200), who gave to Chinese philosophy a permanent form. This "doctrine" is not to be confounded with indifferentism, from which it is *toto cœlo* removed. Nor is it passive, stoical endurance. It arises from a recognition of the duality of Thought. Unity and multiformity are the opposite poles of nature. Man is in the centre; a power to apprehend both and to "drag them together." On the one hand we discover that every thing is the resultant of manifold forces; that every fact is multilateral and stands correlated with an entire group of facts, and cannot be safely discussed without regarding these relations. Nothing is so simple as to be comprehended at a glance. As opposed to this region of the multiform, the intellect posits a primal and final unity, which rests in itself, absolute Being, unchangeable. The life of man is between these two, eternally tending to reconcile the Absolute and Relative. In thought this is impossible, for the understanding is incompetent; but in the soul, in the domain of the moral sentiment, this process is ever at work and never fully perfected. In the life of the saint the two opposites are melted into a living unity. But the full explication of this would demand a separate essay.

What is the aim of all? "To rest in the highest excellence," is his reply. An intellect that is centered in the contemplation of an all-pervading unity, and a moral nature that has achieved complete harmony with itself, are the two goals of effort. Hereupon follows a "calm imperturbedness," a "tranquil repose." The man is on the pinnacle of his life and the possessor of joy and serenity unspeakable. The currents of the universal soul circulate freely through him. Like the sphere of Empedocles,

'All round and in its joyous rest reposing,'

the sage moves upon his appointed orbit, forever fresh and young, and clothed with immortal splendor. 'Tis in depicting the traits of his ideal man that his enthusiasm kindles his cheek, while his style mounts to a loftier and more imaginative pitch. "Call him man in his ideal, how earnest is he! Call him an abyss, how deep is he! Call him Heaven, how vast is he! Who can know him, but he who is indeed quick in apprehension, clear in discernment, of far-reaching intelligence and all-embracing knowledge, possessing heavenly virtue?"

Here then is a daring idealist, beautiful in his kind. He cannot, perhaps, be termed the equal of Zoroaster and the Hindu sages, who snatch amaranth for us from the very edges of heaven, but he left behind a compact and substantial body of truth, which to-day furnishes the brains of more than 200,000,000 of mortals, and by which an earnest man, in China or elsewhere, might yet make shift to live.

THE LADY OF SHALLOTT.

It was a very rainy day, indeed—one of those November rains when, if you are nervous, you shudder at every blast, and dread your own shadow, and if you are industrious, you prowl in the garret among old boxes and trunks, or mend your clothes, or write confidential letters, or get up

nice hot dishes to surprise those who come home to eat them. Or if you are very idle, indeed as our friend Margaret Scott was, upon her first long visit to her grandfather's house, you insist upon being amused and diverted by somebody else, until everybody prays for fine weather, that you may go and inflict your idleness upon some other household.

Aunt Lois lay among her pillows, and was miserable, as she always was in winter. It was her spine, where she was hurt so long ago, that made the trouble. But she liked to have Margaret twitter about her in her bird-like way. Young folks did not trouble Aunt Lois.

Finally, Margaret settled down and began to brood over Aunt Lois, in her soft, pretty way, and took the slender, pale hand in her own plump fingers. "You dear, precious little aunty! How sorry I am you feel so badly to-day! We must certainly do something for each other. May I turn your pillows? May I get you some wine? Some jelly? If I give you some of the chocolate creams we made yesterday, will you tell me a story? For example, I am persuaded there is an untold tale relating to this strange, old-fashioned ring? Where did you get it? I am sure it was not a love-token, it's too old."

"Not to me," said Lois. "My grandmother Scott gave it to me. She said it had been in the family a long time, and I should have it for my name, the same as her's, you know. You knew that I was hurt while on a visit to her, and I used to like to lie and look at my ring, while I had to lie in bed so long. Grandma confessed that it was said not to be a lucky ring, but she felt that nearly the worst had happened to me that could, and as I took a fancy to it, she gave it to me.

"And, besides this broad ring, she left you broad acres and broad pieces of gold, too, didn't she?

"Yes, for it was all I could have, in this world, and she blamed herself for my hurt, in letting me ride that gay little horse. I never blamed her, not even for giving me the ring."

Margaret began to twitter. "Darling aunty, I wish I could look into that ring. You see it is awfully rainy, and you and I are all alone till dinner time. See how the fire glows and sparkles up! How the wind blows! All the leaves are fallen. I'm so glad we are all alone to-day—and here comes Annie with our lunch! Tongue, biscuit, chocolate for me, and wine for you. Jelly for both, chocolate cake and grapes! What a lunch! Seems Aldrich-y—don't it? You don't know what living you enjoy till you're let out of boarding school. Let me fix those troublesome pillows? There!"

And it was a pleasant picture. You can see it before you: Library—sofa—invalid—fire—lunch—youth, beauty, pain—life—the past, the future.

It all made a picture together. It was a mortal picture, too, for when Annie took away the tray, the two were talking quietly together, but in a frank, cheery way, not common to the poor invalid lady and her lively niece—who had not forgotten that she wanted a "story."

"It's such a strange shape," said Margaret; "so broad and flat! So unlike diamonds, now-a-days! I never saw a 'table' diamond before."

"If it had not been a table diamond there would have been no story for you, and I should not be as I am to-day."

"And why?" said Margaret, who "felt it coming in the wind."

"Somebody ought to know it," mused Lois, as well now as any time.

"'The lot is on me,'
Cried the Lady of Shallott."

Margaret drew a hassock to the sofa, took the little, pale hand in hers, and laid her warm, peach-like cheek upon it. It was an old trick of hers, and wondrously winsome.

"You know a good deal of the story now," said Lois. "You know

that grandmother gave me a great deal of money, first of all. Well, I was always glad of that, for I had lessons, all I wanted, and books, and care and shelter, and everyone was so kind to me that I half forgot that I could only walk with crutches, and was not nearly so pretty as my sisters—being very pale and sallow. Besides, I had a friend, May Elliott, who was a joy forever, just to look at, and so kind and devoted to me. I cannot begin to tell you how beautiful she was—like a superb moss rose.

"At this time I was seventeen; amazingly well-read in romances, poetry, history, and whatever I had fancied, for it was not allowed to cross me in anything, and was slowly gaining in health, being able to move a good deal with crutches. Nurse Norton, who was then quite a young woman, took excellent care of me, but, except for her and May Elliott, I was the loneliest creature on earth. But she came to see me every day—just across the garden.

"Brother Ed brought home a college friend that year. He was a good deal older than I, having been delayed in his college course by ill-health in boyhood. He was so good to me—helping Ed lift me in and out of the carriage, and waiting on me like a slave. He read all the new books to me—and the best ones; sung and played for me, and, before anyone thought of such a thing, he was my lover! I don't think anyone had thought of the lame sister having a lover. But when I thought it over and over, that it was really true that, spite of my lameness and plainness, I had a genuine lover for mine alone, 'to have and to hold,' there was no beauty that I envied, no good that I coveted. I seemed borne up by wings. I lived in a cloud of rosy delight.

"Perhaps the excitement was bad for me; but, before long, my health began to fail again. The physician ordered 'sea air.' So a party was made up. I invited May as my guest. Dr. Elliott was poor, and I was glad to do it. Mr. Faxon would join us, although not able to make the journey with us.

"I forgot to say that May had been away from home, and had never met Mr. Faxon until (I shall never forget it) the morning after his arrival. I presented him to my friend, she looking so dewy sweet with soft, downcast eyes, the tender bloom of the sea air on her cheeks. Nor how like a prince he looked—'every inch a king'"

"'You two must be friends,' said I, holding a hand of each, 'both being so dear to me.'

"What a fool I was! I was so young and simple then that I thought myself a good reason for their friendship. As if it was not sufficient reason for itself!

"We had a cottage, of course. A hotel would have been far too much for me to bear. It was quite near enough—across the croquet lawn, as it was. Mamma was still young, and my sisters went a good deal into society, and everything that was going on, especially the hops at the hotel, and I was left a good deal with nurse Norton. I did not object. The day held all the joy it could hold for me, and Philip never left me till nine—my early bed-time. I was very glad to have him go out with my friends. I could not bear the thought of caging up his brave young life to my early hours.

"My rooms were on the ground floor, of course, and I often sat on the piazza, watching the sun set over the glowing waters, and the gray twilight came down, before I went into the house.

"They had all gone that afternoon to a 'clam bake,' on an island across the bay, and I lay on the sofa, in my little parlor, in a happy dream of the sweet life to come, when I should no more mind my lameness, because of the strong arm upon which I should always lean, in the future years. The head

of the sofa stood toward the window. The western sun shone in, clear and strong, and I lay with the back of my hand across my eyes [like this]. There was no click of gate or crunch of gravel to warn me. I heard no sound. But mirrored faithfully in this tiny flat surface, I saw the two dearest of all others to me. His arm was around her waist, and she leaned against him, as if he were her wall of strength. They trod the soft sward as if shod with felt. As they turned toward the window he stooped, and his lips met her upturned face full on her rosy lips. It was no gay surprise, no mischievous gallantry, but full and fair consent with both. All this I saw mirrored faithfully in this ancient table diamond."

"Poor Lady of Shallott!" murmured Margaret.

"'My fair world crumbled into fragments. Woe is me!' I cried, silently, to my heart.

"In another moment the whole noisy party were in the room, all chattering at once. No body could have dreamed of what I had seen, with the sofa in that position, and I bit back the pain, and dissembled.

"I did not have to wait long. I had my tea quietly in my parlor, and the rest dressed for the grand hop. Dodsworth's band was already come, and in the bustle, nobody thought well or ill of me.

"Oh, May! how lovely you were in your white and rose color that night. How *could* you kiss me so tenderly, with Philip's kiss hardly cold on your mouth! And everybody seemed so happy.

"'Shall I help you to bed, Miss Lois?' said nurse Norton.

"'Not yet,' said I, 'give me my opera cloak, and something light for my head. I have a fancy to sit half an hour on the Ocean piazza and watch the dancers.'

"So Norton put on her decent Paisley shawl and helped me over. No one noticed us, as it was already dark, and we sat by the window and watched the crowd within. There were a good many others doing the same thing, and we were not conspicuous.

"I watched them dance. I heard the delicious music throb out into the night as it wafted the dancers over the floor; but there was but one story that it told—of joy to them, of light, love, music, perfume and flowers; and outer darkness to me. Then the ocean came in with its passionate whisper, 'Wish! wish! wish!' over the rippling sands as the tide came in. I only saw Philip and May in all the crowd, and the music bade them love and be happy; while I sat in the chilly night and heard the ocean tell me only to 'Wish! wish! wish!' At last the music ceased, and some of the dancers came floating out, filled with the lightness and grace of that last waltz. Philip and May came to the window and stepped within the heavy draperies which shut them from the ball-room.

"It was Philip who spoke.

"'My darling! how long shall we be so untrue to ourselves?'

"Yourselves!

"'Oh, Philip, I *cannot* tell Lois. It will kill her. How *dare* we be so happy.'

"'Kill her! And what will become of me? I shall die without you, May. Oh, May, what is this love of ours compared to the pitying tenderness, the compassion I feel for her? It's as pale and cold and imperfect as herself. God help her, she is good and pure as His angels, and I am only a man. This love is my very life. I could bend the world to my will if it gave you pleasure, dear, dear, dear May.'

"'But we are poor!' sighed May.

"'We can wait. My bondage cannot last long. Oh, my bird! for you I could wait a life-time if we could only meet at last. Maybe God will be merciful.'

"I don't know what else he said, it seemed so blasphemous to hope God would prosper such a cruel wish. I

did not faint, I rose in a kind of chilly stupor and said to nurse Norton that we must go home. She had heard it all as well as I, but I got back to my room before either of us spoke a word, and she helped me to bed in silence. When I was alone my trouble rocked and tore me like a wild creature, but I was alone and I called no one, and no one heard me moan or cry out. No one but Norton knew that I had left the cottage. Before daylight I had written to Philip:

"'PHILIP,—I thought I had your love, such as a man gives to the woman he wishes to make his wife. I do not want 'compassionate tenderness.' God has been merciful to me and kept me from tempting you into this great sin From this hour you are free. Go and tell May that you are free. From
LOIS.'

"Nurse Norton and I went home by the evening boat. Mother did not know what to make of it, but I told her that I was certain Philip and I had been mistaken in each other.

"He married her before long, and they are reasonably happy. They do not quarrel, and they care a great deal for their children.

"But, oh, Maggie, darling, be glad all the day long that you are fair and tall and straight, and not weak and lame like me.

"This was twenty years ago. I have had much comfort and some happiness. It was not what I expected, but such as came to me. Perhaps the other life might not have been best for me."

Margaret sat very still by the fire, holding the thin little hand under her cheek; then she laid it back on the poor weary breast, and looked out into the stormy afternoon.

Lois lay very still too, and the fire glowed and the pale twilight deepened, and they talked no more. But when grandfather came home and the lamps were lighted, and the dinner bell rang, Lois did not wake. It was so sound a sleep, so perfect a rest, that she will never again be weary or in pain. Her hand lay over her eyes in the old way—the open sightless eyes which were still gazing on the table-diamond on her fore-finger.

"'Her lot is on me,'
Cried the Lady of Shallott."

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF BYRON.

VIII.

(Jottings of conversation with the Poet, by Thos. Medwin, of the 24th Light Dragoons; published fifty years ago, and now out of print.)

THE FATHER.

"What do you think of Ada?" said he, looking earnestly at his daughter's miniature, that hung by the side of his writing-table. "They tell me she is like me—but she has her mother's eyes.

"It is very odd that my mother was an only child;—I am an only child; my wife is an only child; and Ada is an only child. It is a singular coincidence; that is the least that can be said of it. I can't help thinking it was destined to be so; and perhaps it is best. I was once anxious for a son; but after our separation, was glad to have had a daughter; for it would have distressed me too much to have taken him away from Lady Byron, and I could not have trusted her with a son's education. I have no idea of boys being brought up by mothers. I suffered too much from that myself: and then, wandering about the world as I do, I could not take proper care of a child; otherwise I should not have left Allegra, poor little thing!* at Ravenna. She has been a great resource to me, though I am not so

* She appears to be the Lelia of his Don Juan:
"Poor little thing! She was as fair as docile,
And with that gentle, serious character——"
—*Don Juan, Canto X, Stanza* 52.

fond of her as of Ada; and yet I mean to make their fortunes equal—there will be enough for them both. I have desired in my will that Allegra shall not marry an Englishman. The Irish and Scotch make better husbands than we do. You will think it was an odd fancy, but I was not in the best of humors with my countrymen at that moment—you know the reason. I am told that Ada is a little termagant: I hope not. I shall write to my sister to know if this is the case: perhaps I am wrong in letting Lady Byron have entirely her own way in her education. I hear that my name is not mentioned in her presence; that a green curtain is always kept over my portrait, as over something forbidden; and that she is not to know that she has a father, till she comes of age. Of course she will be taught to hate me; she will be brought up to it. Lady Byron is conscious of all this, and is afraid that I shall some day carry off her daughter by stealth or force. I might claim her of the Chancellor, without having recourse to either one or the other. But I had rather be unhappy myself, than make her mother so; probably I shall never see her again."

Here he opened his writing-desk, and showed me some hair, which he told me was his child's.

During our drive and ride this evening, he declined our usual amusement of pistol-firing, without assigning a cause. He hardly spoke a word during the first half-hour, and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. There was a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At length he said:

A BAD SIGN.

"This is Ada's birthday, and might have been the happiest day of my life: as it is ———!" He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. He tried in vain to rally his spirits, by turning the conversation; but he created a laugh in which he could not join, and soon relapsed into his former reverie. It lasted till we came within a mile of the Argive gate. There our silence was all at once interrupted by shrieks that seemed to proceed from a cottage by the side of the road. We pulled up our horses, to inquire of a *contadino* standing at the garden-wicket. He told us that a widow had just lost her only child, and that the sounds proceeded from the wailings of some women over the corpse. Lord Byron was much affected; and his superstition, acted upon by a sadness that seemed to be presentiment, led him to augur some disaster.

"I shall not be happy," said he, "till I hear that my daughter is well. I have a great horror of anniversaries: people only laugh at, who have never kept a register of them. I always write to my sister on Ada's birthday. I did so last year: and, what was very remarkable, my letter reached her on my wedding-day, and her answer reached me at Ravenna on my birthday! Several extraordinary things have happened to me on my birthday; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie Antoinette."

A FULFILLMENT.

The next morning's courier brought him a letter from England. He gave it me as I entered, and said:

"I was convinced something very unpleasant hung over me last night: I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead;—so it turns out! Poor Polidori is gone! When he was my physician, he was always talking of Prussic acid, oil of amber, blowing into veins, suffocating by charcoal, and compounding poisons; but for a different purpose to what the Pontic monarch did, for he has prescribed a dose for himself that would have killed fifty Miltiades', a dose whose effect, Murray says, was so instantaneous that he went off without a spasm or struggle. It seems that disappointment was the cause of this rash act. He had entertained too sanguine hopes of literary fame, owing to the

success of his 'Vampyre,' which, in consequence of its being attributed to me, was got up as a melo-drama at Paris. The foundation of the story *was* mine; but I was forced to disown the publication, lest the world should suppose that I had vanity enough, or was egotist enough, to write in that ridiculous manner about myself.* Notwithstanding which, the French editions still persevere in including it with my works. My real 'Vampyre' I gave at the end of 'Mazeppa,' something in the same way that I told it one night at Diodati, when Monk Lewis, and Shelley and his wife, were present. The latter sketched on that occasion the outline of her Pygmalion story, 'The Modern Prometheus,' the making of a man; (which a lady who had read it afterwards asked Sir Humphrey Davy, to his great astonishment, if he could do, and was told a story something like Alonzo and Imogene;) and Shelley himself, or 'The Snake,' (as he used sometimes to call him,) conjured up some frightful woman of an acquaintance of his at home, a kind of Medusa, who was suspected of having eyes in her breasts.

"Perhaps Polidori had strictly no right to appropriate my story to himself; but it was hardly worth it: and when my letter disclaiming the nar rative part, was written, I dismissed the matter from my memory. It was Polidori's own fault that we did not agree. I was sorry when we parted, for I soon get attached to people; and was more sorry still for the scrape he afterwards got into at Milan. He quarreled with one of the guards at the Scala, and was ordered to leave the Lombard States twenty-four hours after; which put an end to all his Continental schemes, that I had forwarded by recommending him to Lord ——; and it is difficult for a young physician to get into practice at home, however clever, particularly a foreigner, or one with a foreigner's name. From that time, instead of making out prescriptions, he took to writing romances; a very unprofitable and fatal exchange, as it turned out.

SUPERSTITION.

"I told you I was not oppressed in spirits last night without a reason. Who can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second-sight. Rousseau tried whether he was to be damned or not, by aiming at a tree with a stone: I forget whether he hit or missed. Goëthe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water, to determine whether he was to prosper in some undertaking. The Italians think the dropping of oil very unlucky. Pietro (Count Gamba) dropped some the night before his exile, and that of his family from Ravenna. Have you ever had your fortune told? Mrs. Williams told mine. She predicted that twenty-seven and thirty-seven were to be dangerous ages in my life.† One has come true."

"Yes," added I, "and did she not prophecy that you were to die a monk and a miser? I have been told so."

"I don't think these two last very likely; but it was part of her prediction. But there are lucky and unlucky days, as well as years and numbers too. Lord —— was dining at a party, where —— observed that they were thirteen. 'Why don't you make it twelve?' was the reply; and an impudent one it was—but he could say those things. You would not visit on a Friday, would you? You know you are to introduce me to Mrs. ——. It must not be to-morrow, for it is a Friday."

* He alluded to the Preface and the Postscript, containing accounts of his residence at Geneva and in the Isle of Mitylene.

† He was married in his twenty-seventh, and died in his thirty-seventh year.

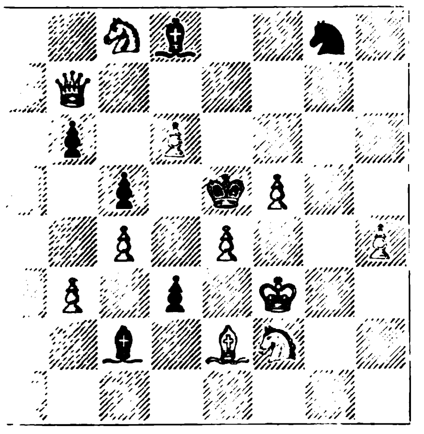
CHESS.

[We need offer no apology here for the introduction of a Chess Department. The best educated in all climes and centuries unite in commending the game as both a mental and recreative exercise. Calculation, foresight, care, caution, patience, perseverance, temper and a dozen other good habits are in constant cultivation under its influences. If any reader of the GLOBE is lacking in these qualities, we recommend to him the game, and a thorough perusal of the chess columns of this and other magazines.—ED. GLOBE.]

PROBLEM.

No. 1.—BY GEO. H. THORNTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

—A very interesting chess tournament is now in progress in Philadelphia, which promises to afford many exciting encounters. By the liberality of the friends of the game in that city, twenty-six beautiful prizes are offered, and are being contested for with a good deal of zeal. We shall endeavor to present some of the games in a future number. The Philadelphians seem to be looking forward with great prospects for some of the prizes in the Grand International Chess Tournament which is to take place at the Centennial Exhibition, and in which it is said prizes to the amount of $5,000.00 will be contested for.

—The following highly exciting contest, which occurred at the rooms of the Columbia (S. C.) Chess Club, we take, with the notes, from Prof. Brownson's Journal, which credits it to the *Columbia Advocate:*

McDONNELL'S DOUBLE GAMBIT.

White. (Gen. Wade Hampton.)	Black. (I. E. Orchard.)
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..B to B 4	2..B to B 4
3..P to Q Kt 4	3..B takes P
4..P to K B 4 *(a)*	4..Kt to Q B 3 *(b)*
5..Kt to K B 3	5..K Kt to K 2 *(c)*
6..Castles.	6..K Kt to Kt 3 *(d)*
7..P takes P	7..Q Kt takes P
8..Kt takes Kt	8..Kt takes Kt
9..Q to K R 5 *(e)*	9..Q to K 2 *(f)*
10..B to Q Kt 3 *(g)*	10..Castles *(h)*
11..P to Q B 3 *(i)*	11..B to R 4
12..P to Q 4	12..Kt to Kt 3
13..P to K 5	13..B to Kt 3 *(j)*
14..K to R 7 *(k)*	14..P to Q 3
15..B to K Kt 5	15..Q to K
16..Kt to Q 2 *(m)*	16..B to K 3 *(n)*
17..Kt to K 4 *(o)*	17..B takes B
18..Kt checks.	18..P takes Kt
19..B takes P	19..B to Q 4
20..Q to K R 6	20..B takes P ch
21..K to Kt 1	Resigns.

(a) This very brilliant gambit was invented by the greatest player England has yet produced, Alexander McDonnell, who played it with almost unvarying success against the strongest players of his day. Why this opening has fallen into disuse it would be hard to say. Mr. Mongredien, President of the Liverpool Chess Club, in his memorable encounter with Paul Morphy, having the attack in the first game of the match, essayed to play this dashing gambit, and, though the redoubtable champion conducted the defence in accordance with the best theory of the debut, he barely succeeded in drawing the game.

(b) This is not regarded as strong as the move recommended by Lewis, namely, P to Q 4.

(c) Kt to B 3 would have been much better.

(d) Another very weak move. It will be seen that the defence in this game is not conducted in the proper style. Black makes a series of eccentric manœuvres, which considerably weaken his game; while white presses his attack with great vigor and accuracy.

(e) This move will give Black some trouble.

(f) Obviously his only move to save both the Kt and the K B P.

(g) This is a tame and ineffectual move apparently, but in reality it is the best play on the board, and denotes a player well skilled in the science of countermarches.

(h) This is probably Black's best move.

(i) White might also play here P to Q 4, but the move in the text is equally as good.

(j) Threatening Kt takes K P.

(k) The correct move.

(m) This is the winning *coup*. Gen. Hampton here announces that he must win in six or seven moves.

(n) As good as anything, but nothing can save the game.

(o) Gen. Hampton, who was justly celebrated during the late war for his valor and military prowess, was especially noted for the rapidity and precision with which he executed the most difficult military manœuvres. The same power of strategy that was brought to play on the field of battle he brings to bear on the field of chess. It is true that the General has not made a serious study of the game, but the irreproachable manner in which he has conducted the attack in this instance shows conclusively that should he choose to do so he would soon become one of the most powerful chess-players of our land.

"APRIL SHOWERS."

A LEAF FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

Drawn by Wm C. Cornwell.



THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

A BREATH OF SPRING.

Such words as Moss Rose, Wood Violet, Clove Pink, etc., are odorous reminders of balmy spring and summer weather. And the reminder is none the less real when the perfumes of these flowers—delicate and sweet—is enclosed in glass bottles with "Seward's" name upon them. Caspian Bouquet, White Jasmine, Musk, Spring Flower, etc., make complete the list of Seward's elegant Floral Perfumes.

THE VERDICT OF PURCHASE.

There is no better tribunal as to the merit of an article than the popular one of universal Purchase. The use all over the world of a single brand of manufacture; the highest award at exposition after exposition; the pronouncing of it as Standard by governments, all these are sure testimonials of solid merit. The Fairbanks Scales have experienced all these signs of advancement. There is not a country in the known world where they are not used; there is not a person in civilized lands that has not heard of them; and from all quarters—in the chinking words of the Celestial, in the thick spoken language of Germany, in the smooth linguals of the Frenchman, and from Swedes, Italians, Englishmen and Americans—comes the one popular verdict declaring the Fairbanks the Standard.

FLOWERS.

Flowers originated in Paradise, and are one of the blessings which Adam's sin failed to deprive the world of. People who have no time nor space for raising them find the want supplied by the Greenhouse-keepers. Mr. W. J. Palmer is a practical florist, and there is probably no better place to find beautiful flowers than at his depot, 362 Main street. The brilliant display in his windows just at this time attracts many customers.

AS GOOD AS NEW.

Now that winter is over, the bright spring colors in leaves and flowers, and the bright spring sunshine make winter clothes look worn and faded. In these close times not every one can afford to throw off last year's outfit altogether, and so the arts of cleaning and dyeing are brought into use. These arts if skillfully practiced (and everything depends on that) are wonderful renovators, making old new in a magical way. Any one wishing to make the experiment successfully should try the largest and most complete works west of New York city, those of Thebaud Bro's, 16 S. Division St., Buffalo.

NOTES.

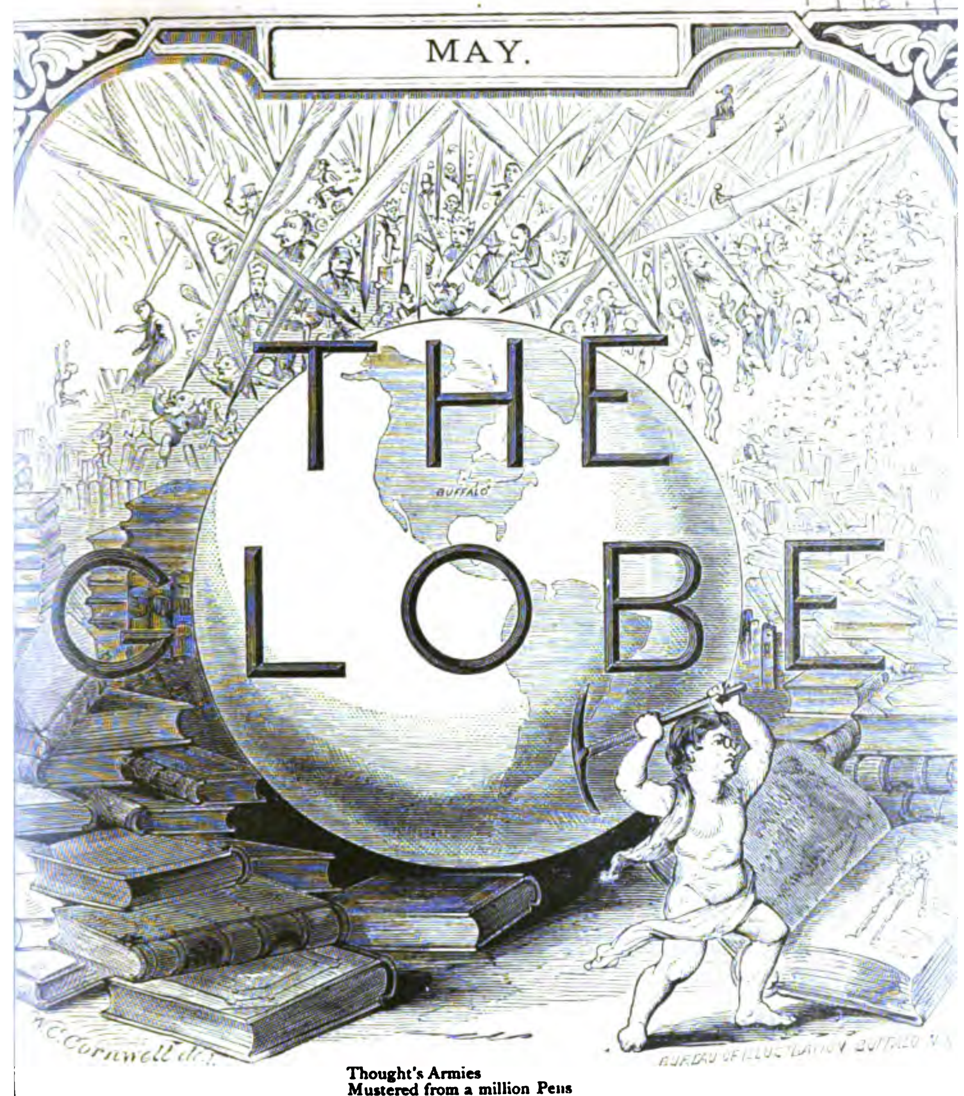
The *Daily Graphic*, one of the most enterprising of modern journals, has undertaken the illustration of American cities, devoting a separate edition to each city, and representing, pictorially, the commercial, picturesque and business interests of the place. The efficacy of pictures as lightning mediums of communicating ideas is something too well known to need demonstration here; and now that Buffalo will be one of the cities which the *Graphic* will illustrate shortly, we call the attention of Buffalo business houses to the advantageous means offered for advertising in the edition. Over thirty-five thousand copies of the issue are, we understand, already ordered, and the benefit of the *Graphic's* extended circulation throughout the country is added. Mr. Deshler Welch has charge of the enterprise here, and is pushing it through to a most successful termination. Every Buffalonian should possess a copy of the paper when it comes out.

—If a newspaper man wants to keep the rust off, a very valuable means is Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s *Newspaper Reporter*, which each week gives fresh, sparkling news, ideas and gleanings concerning the newspaper business throughout the United States.

—If one wishes to observe the advance of both Art and Literature in America, he has but to run through *Scribner's* for April. In fact he need turn no further than the opening poem to see some very fine achievements in these two branches of culture. "The Proud Lady of Stavoren," by Elizabeth Akers Allen, with its beautiful frontispiece by Miss Mary A. Hallock, is enough of a gem to make readers of the magazine proud of it because it is American, even if the number we have referred to were not replete to its last page with good things for all tastes.

There is nothing so annoying and disastrous to family happiness as poor flour. If the bread is poor, the whole meal is spoiled, everybody is cross, and discord is the general result. Hence brands of flour which cannot be depended on are to be avoided. J. L. Ring & Co.'s "German Haxall" Flour is made by the real Haxall process, and is to be depended on as the best of Family Flour.

Prof. H. W. Longfellow. Cambridge. Mass.



Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

BUFFALO.

THE GLOBE.

VOL. III.] MAY, 1875. [No. 2.

KILLED ON PICKET.*

A DECORATION DAY MEMORIAL.



I.

Far on distant outposts pacing,
Twilight shadows round him chasing,
Watchfully his danger facing,
Walks the sentinel alone :
Tried and true in many a battle,
In the fiercest din and rattle,
In the charge of men and cattle,
Foremost ever was he known.

II.

Pauses he—and it were seeming
That his mind, in fancy teeming,
Was of home and loved ones dreaming,
As he pauses thus alone :
Dreaming of his father—mother—
Dreaming of his sister—brother—
Dreaming, too, of still another,
While the stars above him shone.

* Going out just before the morning to relieve the outpost picket, we found him with his face turned to the stars, white and cold, while an ugly wound in his side revealed the cause of his death.

III.

Happy dreams of coming pleasure,
When from war he would have leisure
For enjoyment, without measure,
With the loved ones dear at home:
And his eye lit up more brightly,
And his heart beat fondly, lightly,
As he thought how they would nightly
Think of him where'er he'd roam.

IV.

Thus he stood, and dreamed and pondered,
Dreamed of home, and never wondered
If those ties would e'er be sundered—
Happy, heedless sentinel.
Ye who will in this life borrow
Trouble for the coming morrow—
Add unto your store of sorrow—
That the future's hid, is well.

V.

As the panther, ere its leaping,
Stealthy foemen now are creeping—
Creeping on the almost sleeping
Sentinel, who stands alone;
For his thoughts seem to have bound him
Senseless to the danger round him;
Soon his comrades will have found him
Stark and dead, and cold as stone.

VI.

Closer, closer, now they near him,
Pausing in their breath to hear him;
Six to one—ye need not fear him,
Heedless sentinel alone.
See! they are upon him rushing—
From his heart his life is gushing—
With an iron hand they're hushing
Back the sentinel's death groan.

VII.

Gathered round a family altar,
Though the tones will often falter,
Are the loved ones dear to Walter,
Praying for his safe return.
Ah! they have not heard the story,
How, in manhood's might and glory,
That his comrades found him gory
In the moonlight cold and stern.

VIII.

How a coffin rude they made him—
How to sleep they gently laid him—
O'er his grave a farewell paid him—
Left him there to sleep alone;
'Neath the pine trees' shade reclining,
O'er his grave the wild flowers twining,
Brightly still the stars are shining
O'er the sentinel alone.





CASCADE AT TIVOLI.

A DAY AT TIVOLI.

It was on a beautiful morning in May, 187—, that we took our seats in the carriage which was to convey us to the site of the ancient Tiber. For you must know, that, although our friends at home had held up their hands in holy horror at the idea of our going to Rome in April; had warned us of Roman fever, and in a solemn tone had advised us to make our wills; yet we had braved all, and therefore, on this bright morning, we started off, full of health and happiness. Passing the glistening domes and towering campanile of Santa Maria Maggiore, we made our exit from the city by the Porta San Lorenzo. Leaving the vine-clad ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica on our right, we watched the grand old arches of the Claudian aqueduct far out upon the Campagna. Beautiful as a summer garden is the Campagna at this season, one grand expanse of flowers of every form and hue; scarlet poppies adorn every ruin, brighten every field and vie with the blue gentian in weaving the rich tapestries beneath our feet. Far and near roam the handsome white oxen, their nostrils sniffing the morning air, their soft brown eyes watching, and their long horns warning the intruder of their undisputed possession.

About four miles out we cross the Anio by a famous old bridge, and anon we pass ruined tower or arch, the home or the tomb of some old Roman, who has long since turned to dust. A strange odor of brimstone

greets our nostrils, and behold, we are crossing a sulphur stream, heavy and white, which carries off the water from the lakes of La Solfatara into the Teverone. As we drive along and advance toward mid-day, we are thankful that, although the sky is as blue, and the sun as bright as in our native land, yet our own sun-striking heat and glare are absent. Turning from the road to Tivoli, we diverge to the right, and ere long we arrive at the far-famed ruins of Hadrian's villa. They are by far the most extensive and best preserved ruins in Italy, and the visitor is constantly discovering new wonders, a surprise at every turn, theaters, Greek and Latin, schools of philosophy, Tartarus, Elysian Fields, Imperial Palace, River Peneus, lake for naval battles, indeed, almost everything of interest here found its representative. Temples of Apollo, Venus, Diana, Bacchus and Mercury abound; empty and desolate now, they are said to have enshrined many a world-famed statue; the Faun, Antinous, Venus de Medici and many others were transferred from here to their present positions, where, perhaps, under the name of the beautiful, they have still as devout a crowd of worshippers as in the olden time. We explored the palaces, invaded the temples,roamed in the Vale of Tempe, imagined the proud old emperor back in his Elysian Fields, and could not wonder that he should choose such a charming retreat from the noisy capitol. The whole villa is said to have covered eight or ten miles; but we must leave the interesting scene, and journey on towards Tivoli.

Over some of the ruins ivy grows luxuriantly, nature thus springing up, ever fresh and new, over crumbling tower and ruined arch. Some sprigs of ivy this narrator planted in earth, and hoped to bring as a memento from the old world to the new, but, after making it a constant companion for weeks, she was at last constrained to leave the few dried stalks which remained with mine host of the Bernerhoff. After an hour or two more driving, we clatter in to the little stony town, alight at the little stony inn, march across the stony floor, up the stony staircase and into the best apartment, the stony floor of which has been carpeted in deference to effeminate English and Americans. Here we rested a short time on a stony sofa, partook of red wine and stony cakes, and started on our excursion to the falls.

We walked through the stony streets full of children and donkeys, until we arrived at the entrance to the ravine. Here, overhanging the valley of cascades, is an ancient temple of Vesta; but the vestal virgin no more enters its solemn portals with her veiled countenance, no more trims her shining lamp. The sacred fire has gone out; but the temple remains, mournful shrine of a forgotten worship! Near by is a temple of the Sibyl, also awakening reminiscences of that which shall be again, never more.

And now we begin our climbing; we climb up and climb down, over stones, over damp ground and dripping moss, here being helped by our guide, there showing our native agility, until we reach the grottoes, which are very picturesque, both Neptune's and the grotto of the Sirens. The falls of the Anio are beautiful now, but in former times a much larger quantity of water descended over these rocks, as one may well see, for the hard travertine is worn and grooved as smooth as any sea pebble washed upon the beach. An inundation which occurred in 1826 caused so much damage that it was found necessary to divert the course of the river; it was done by cutting two tunnels through the limestone rocks of Monte Catillo, thus forming the new falls upon the other side of the valley. After climbing up part of the path again, we met our donkeys, and right glad were we to avail ourselves of the ease afforded by these much abused animals and their com-

fortable, chair-like saddles. My own especial beast was a dear little dapple gray, which well merited the oft-repeated encomiums of the young Italian driver, who, every now and then, looked in my face and said, "Ver goot little donk." I as often responded in the affirmative, and he finally grew more emboldened, displaying his small stock of English in the same undismayed manner that your humble servant employed her choicest Tuscan.



"VER GOOT LITTLE DONK."

The ride around the valley is charming. The water falls in one grand mass over three hundred feet; and, as we advance, we come upon one little cascade after another, rippling down in sunny, dancing streams. Finally the valley bends slightly, and such a view meets our entranced eyes, as once seen, we hope may never fade away. On the one hand green hillsides and blue mountains, on the other, verdant valley and rushing river; while in front, stretches the broad Campagna far away unto the City of the Seven Hills; and the great dome, rising in silent majesty, finishes the picture. While we gaze, enchanted, up comes the donkey man, and touches the sublime with the ridiculous "Ver bootful voo; ver bootful voo, indeed!" I assent with as much grace as is vouchsafed to me. Pointing to St. Peter's, he caps the climax with "Chutch, chutch!"

As we wind homeward, the classical member of our party quotes a great deal of Latin poetry, and talks vaguely about "Horace's Sabine farm," until he really thinks he has located it; he points it out to us, and we gaze and believe, until that aggravating, disenchanting Murray tells us it is eleven miles off; and that was before we could write home that we had seen it. I wonder if a man sleeps well who is always telling people that things are not the things they ought to be, and that, if there ever was such a place at all, it was somewhere else. I would keep him awake one night, if I had the opportunity.

And now we come back to our host of the little inn, ready for our "piccolo pranzo," and if you don't know what that is, you don't know a very nice thing. It is a little dinner, all by yourselves, of soup, one or two dishes of meat or fowl, vegetables, and fruit for dessert; and that is all it is; but it *isn't* a *table d' hote* repast with a great many courses, a great deal of time, very few waiters and a little to eat, ending up with chicken and salad, except when it ends with salad and chicken. Dear friends, bear with me one moment, while I speak of the cherries with which we ended our "piccolo pranzo." I feel that if I neglect those ambrosial cherries in this account, all cherries would neglect me hereafter. Was ever nectar sweeter? did ever gods feed on richer food? luscious fruit! crimson beauties! I drink to thy sweetness!

The drive back to Rome is, in my memory, a gallery of beautiful pictures; soft lights and shades, purple hills, snowy mountain summits, setting sun and brilliant after-glow painting the horizon with amber; until the lights of the city welcome us back "in among the sons of men," and our day at Tivoli is passed.

THE FLIGHT OF A BIRD.

A lover of birds readily finds much in almost every feature of bird-life that interests him. But every true student of ornithology soon discovers certain phases of the lives of these little creatures that possess special interest to him. Hence we find in the study of birds, as in every department of scientific inquiry, that men easily fall into that line of thought which is most pleasing to their tastes, and which, at the same time, furnishes the most interesting field for investigation. In this way investigators of nature are led to make their best contributions to science. Indeed, it is very true that no man in the present advanced stage of many of the sciences, can make any valuable additions to them, unless he selects a certain aspect of some one of these, and devotes himself to it with unflagging enthusiasm.

The writer of these lines, however, lays no claim to the title of a discoverer. He does not pretend to have found anything hitherto unknown in the principles of flight. Nor does he wish to be understood as writing in the spirit of a scientific inquirer. His purpose is not to attempt any enlargement of ornithological science. He offers these notes simply as a lover of birds, and with the humble purpose of merely trying to state the main features of a bird's flight, in the hope that such an effort may lead some who have never given this subject any attention, to become interested in it, and in so doing, derive from it something of the pleasure that it has afforded the author.

That a bird should fly, at first thought appears the most natural thing imaginable. But a very little attention to the matter is enough to satisfy any one of the fact that, though the performance is a perfectly natural one, it, nevertheless, is an exercise that is in many respects quite remarkable. And any one who will give the matter even a moment's careful thought, can not avoid being impressed with the conviction that this mode of locomotion has that in it which is very unlike any other, and which makes birds a class of animals quite unique. The fact is, most persons become so accustomed to seeing birds fly, that it does not occur to them to inquire how they do it, and failing in this way to discover the subtle principles involved, as well as the delicate instruments employed, they lose the charm that it possesses for one who sees all of these things.

It does not seem at first so remarkable a thing that a bird should be able merely to rise from the ground and move through the air at a moderate rate of speed and for a short distance. But it is remarkable that many of them should be able to do this with such apparent ease, and at such a wonderful rate of speed, and the endowment that enables them to perform these long journeys, and do a thousand other curious and truly amazing feats of wingmanship, is no ordinary capacity. To be able to do these things with such apparent ease and with such wonderful rapidity, they must be peculiarly constructed. This, even the slightest examination shows to be the case. The whole make-up of a bird is peculiar; and this peculiarity of structure has direct reference to the mode of life which it is destined to lead. Being intended to pass much of its time upon the wing in the air, it is provided with special facilities for doing this. These facilities are so perfectly adapted to this purpose, that most birds apparently are even more completely at ease on the wing than men or other land animals are upon their feet. So that it seemingly requires less expenditure of muscular energy to fly than it does to walk.

This, at one time, seemed so remarkable, that the popular belief was

that birds were lighter than the air, and that they consequently floated on the atmosphere, very much as a balloon does. But a moment's reflection ought to convince any one that this can not be the case. For, in that event, the wonder would be, not that birds fly, but that they ever light. Besides this, any one who has ever handled the body of a bird, either living or dead, must be aware of the fact that they are all heavier than the air. If this were not so, flight would be utterly impossible. Since in that case, the wind, and not the bird, would be the master. How, then, is it, that a bird is able to lift itself from the earth and to move away with such great ease and rapidity? The answer to this question must contain the main points involved in the philosophy of a bird's flight.

1. The first thing that strikes us as being remarkable in a bird's outfit for flying, is its very great strength, as compared with its very moderate weight, and the amount of energy seemingly needed for the purposes of flight. It is a well established fact in comparative anatomy that birds, as a rule, are much stronger than other animals of corresponding weight. To secure this, and at the same time to avoid excessive weight, recourse was had to three things in particular: (1.) The bones of birds were made larger and more hollow than those of other animals of the same size, their strength being thus increased. (2.) The larger part of the flesh of the bird was wisely distributed about those parts of the body where the greatest exertion was to be made, thus dispensing with needless flesh, while strengthening those parts where great power was needed. (3.) The entire body was traversed by air-cells for the purpose of aërating the blood, with a view to raising the bird's temperature and adding to its muscular energy. These peculiarities of structure render the bodies of birds real marvels of firmness, combined with a comparatively small amount of weight. By this means they are provided with such a stock of muscular force, with which to propel the machinery of flight, that they are enabled to perform journeys of long distance with a facility that seems almost incredible.

Such a thing argues, not only that they are endowed with a higher degree of energy than other animals, but that they are so constructed as to be able to preserve that energy or expend it with very great economy. Nor is this all. For the rapidity with which the muscles of most birds are susceptible of being worked, is one of the most astonishing things connected with this interesting problem. In fact, the muscular action involved in the wing-movements is one of the most wonderful features of the whole subject of flight. Indeed, this action is so remarkable, that it is almost impossible for us to believe that any bird is capable of working its wings with such rapidity as the best authorities on this subject claim to be true of some species. For instance, if it be true that a bird, such as the ordinary heron, makes from 140 to 150 downward strokes and as many upward movements of the wing every minute, what must be the rate of the wing motion of the humming bird? The first of these is confessedly one of the slowest-flying birds that we know, moving its wings with a deliberation and steadiness, not surpassed by the measured step of an army veteran, and yet whoever will take the pains to watch these movements for a minute, marking them carefully, can not help a feeling of surprise when he foots up the count. But if his surprise is great here, it becomes far greater when he turns to such birds as the pigeon or the partridge, whose wing-strokes almost baffle every attempt to calculate them. Still, if his amazement is not yet complete, all he has to do is to turn from these and watch a humming-bird poising itself before a flower, where the movements

of the wing are so rapid that any effort to count them is utterly useless. These illustrations are sufficient to impress any thoughtful person that an extraordinary endowment of muscular energy is needed to enable any bird to move its wings thus rapidly. Nor does the interest of this action lie merely in its rapidity. The long period of time through which certain birds are capable of sustaining this movement is none the less interesting. All of which goes to show that the energy of birds is no ordinary matter, and that their outfit in this particular is a wise provision for the mode of life which they were destined to lead.

2. The second thing of interest in the question of flight is the wonderful adaptation of the wing of a bird to the function it is intended to perform.

At first sight a bird's wing does not seem to be an extraordinary thing. Indeed, it is apparently one of the simplest things imaginable. It is usually a very plain, unpretentious affair, its looks giving but little indication of the many wonderful things it is capable of doing. But if it be examined with care it is seen to be no ordinary piece of mechanism. We are impressed with this, whether we view its various parts separately, or take it as a whole. If, for instance, we scrutinize the material of which the wing is composed, a number of things strike us with peculiar force. The texture of the feathers is extremely delicate, and yet it is wonderfully firm and susceptible of enduring a remarkable degree of straining. In this respect it is an object of rare interest. But this is not all. The bones furnish us another object of interest. The unusual size of these, their number, the plan of their union with each other and of the feathers with them, are all peculiar. If we turn from the substance, to the union of the wing with the body of the bird, we are at once impressed with a feeling of surprise at the marvelous strength of this attachment. Any one who has ever skinned a bird must have been impressed with this fact, even in the case of very small ones. The firmness of this union is something truly astonishing. But it is no more surprising than it is wise. For it must be remembered that no small part of the efficiency of the wing, as the grand instrument of flight, depends upon the completeness of its union with the muscles of the body, which furnish the motive power with which the machinery of flight is driven.

If we next consider the relation of the feathers to each other, this same wise provision is evident. These are so laid the one upon the other, that they overlap each other in such a manner, that as the wing descends these fit closely together, thus effectually preventing any air from passing through them. On the other hand, as the wing ascends preparatory to a new stroke, the primary, that is the longest quills, gently separate, allowing the air to pass freely through them. Owing to this peculiar relation of the feathers to each other, as the downward stroke of the wing is delivered the air is driven before it, or rather is compressed beneath it, and as the atmosphere naturally resists this downward movement of the wing, it furnishes a kind of basis upon which the wing acts very much after the manner of a lever upon a fulcrum. The wing being the lever, the air the fulcrum, and the body of the bird the weight to be raised, the result is, that whenever the wing strikes the air vigorously the body of the bird receives an upward impulse; and in order to prevent this upward impulse from being counteracted by the resistance that the air offers to the upward movement of the wing, the wing-feathers gently part, as just stated, permitting the air to pass through, and thus preserving the effect of the downward stroke as far as possible. For it is not possible to wholly neutralize the effect produced by the resistance of the air to the up-

ward motion of the wing. In consequence of this a portion of the force of every wing-stroke is lost. Yet this is so slight as not to prevent the bird from rising very rapidly into the air. Consequently, all that a bird has to do to enable it to overcome the force of gravity and rise into the air, is to use its wings vigorously, and these are so perfectly adapted to the work of raising it, that the moment they begin to move, the action upon the atmosphere is such that the bird at once begins to rise.

But we have so far spoken only of the adaptation of the wing to the purpose of lifting the bird into the air. We must now endeavor to explain how it is that a bird equipped with this instrument is enabled to move forward through space. Any one who has ever examined a bird's wing, even casually, is aware that it is slightly concave on the under surface, with a corresponding convexity above. The object of this is two-fold. First, this cup-like form of the lower surface causes the wing in descending to gather, hold and compress a volume of air beneath it. This volume of air is thus collected and held to be used, as we shall soon see. Secondly, this rounded shape of the upper surface enables the air to glide off from the wing more readily as it ascends, thus reducing the friction produced by atmospheric resistance. Now, as it is well known that the atmosphere presses equally heavy in all directions, the resistance to the forward motion of the bird will be just as great as that offered to its rising. Hence, the bird must be provided with facilities for conquering this resistance and compelling the air to aid it in flying. It is here that we see the value of that peculiar shape of the wing alluded to above. As the wing falls, instead of descending exactly perpendicularly it passes slightly backward along the side of the body, the front edge being a little lowered, while the rear edge is correspondingly elevated. By this means two advantages are gained. First, the direction of the stroke tends both to elevate and propel the bird forward. Secondly, the rear edge of the wing being turned slightly upward allows a part of this volume of compressed air to escape, while the remainder of it presses against the solid upturned surface of the front part of the wing, thus increasing the effect of the wing-stroke, and helping to send the bird on its way.

From all this it will be seen that a bird's wing is admirably suited to the purposes of flight. If the bird desires to rise, instead of striking the the air obliquely, it slightly elevates the head, depresses the tail and delivers the wing-strokes almost perpendicularly. The result is that the elasticity of the air tends to throw the bird rapidly upward. When a desired altitude has been attained, the head is lowered, the tail elevated, the body assumes a horizontal posture, the strokes are delivered a little to the rear, and the bird glides away.

What is known as "hovering;" in which certain birds, for instance, the king-fisher, the fish-hawk, etc., seem to poise themselves in the air, is achieved in a very simple way. For example, the head of the bird is raised while the tail drops, the body is placed at an angle of about 60 degrees, the action of the wings almost ceases, that part from the shoulder to the elbow remaining quite stationary, while only the last section moves, and this only very gently. By this means, there is reached a most delicate balancing of forces, and the bird has the appearance almost of hanging suspended in the air. When this has been done as long as it is desired, the bird drops its head, resumes its horizontal posture, delivers full-length and slightly oblique wing-strokes, and is off again.

The "turning" of birds on the wing, is also a very interesting phase of flight. Some of these feats are performed so quickly, so neatly, and apparently with such ease that they are truly astonishing. The principle upon

which this is done, was long a matter of dispute among ornithologists. But it seems to be pretty generally conceded of late that this most charmingly graceful movement is achieved simply by first getting well under way, then, when the momentum and velocity are at their highest, the wings cease their action and become rigidly stiff, while the body is lowered on one side and raised on the other, that side being always lowered that is in the direction that the turn is desired to be made. In this way the bird comes round with a whirl that fairly startles one when witnessing it.

What is called "soaring," is done in the same way, only the action is gentler. The bird first acquires a a certain momentum, then holds the wings in a given attitude, and glides gently onward, changing his course at will by lowering or raising first this side of the body, then that. By this means, it is said the albatross, the largest of ocean birds, is often seen to make the entire circuit of a ship under sail without delivering a single stroke of the wing.

But, interesting as this problem is, we must stop. As we do so, however, we are painfully aware of the imperfections of this sketch. Especially do we feel the impracticability of an attempt to discuss this question in so brief a space. Yet hoping that these notes, brief and imperfect as they certainly are, may help us in some small measure to explain the principles of flight, and thus to increase the interest of, at least, a few of those under whose eye they may come, the author submits them with diffidence.

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF BYRON.

IX.

(Jottings of conversation with the Poet, by Thos. Medwin, of the 24th Light Dragoons; published fifty years ago, and now out of print.)

ODES.

"A fine day," said I, as I entered; "a day worth living for."

"An old wag of the world!" replied he, shaking me by the hand. "You should have been here earlier. T—— has been here with a most portentous and obstetrical countenance, and it seems he has been bringing forth an ode—a birthday *ode*—not on Ada, but on a lady. An *odious* production it must have been! He threatened to inflict, as Shelley calls it; but I fought off. As I told him, Stellas are out of date now: it is a bad compliment to remind women of their age.

"Talking of days, this is the most wretched day of my existence; and I say and do all sorts of foolish things* to drive away the memory of it, and make me forget.

* "So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief, or gladness!—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me!"
—*Childe Harold, Canto III, Stanza 4.*

EPIGRAMS.

"I will give you a specimen of some epigrams I am in the habit of sending Hobhouse, to whom I wrote on my first wedding-day, and continue to write still:

"This day of ours has surely done
Its worst for me and you!
'Tis now *five* years since we were *one*,
And *four* since we were *two*.

And another on his sending me the congratulations of the season, which ended in some foolish way like this:

"You may wish me returns of the season:
Let us, prithee, have none of the day!"

DINNER WITH BYRON.

I think I can give no stronger proof of the sociability of Lord Byron's disposition, than the festivity that presided over his dinners.

Wednesday being one of his fixed days: "You will dine with me," said he, "though it is the 2d January."

His own table, when alone, was

frugal, not to say abstemious;* but on the occasion of these meetings every sort of wine, every luxury of the season, and English delicacy, were displayed. I never knew any man do the honors of his house with greater kindness and hospitality. On this eventful anniversary he was not, however, in his usual spirits, and evidently tried to drown the remembrance of the day by a levity that was forced and unnatural;—for it was clear, in spite of all his efforts, that something oppressed him, and he could not help continually recurring to the subject.

One of the party proposed Lady Byron's health, which he gave with evident pleasure, and we all drank in bumpers. The conversation turning on his separation, the probability of their being reconciled was canvassed.

"What!" said he, "after having lost the five best years of our lives?—Never! But," added he, "it was no fault of mine that we quarrelled. I have made advances enough. I had once an idea that people are happiest in the marriage state, after the impetuosity of the passions has subsided—but that hope is all over with me!"

THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

Writing to a friend the day after our party, I finished my letter with the following remark:

"Notwithstanding the tone of raillery with which he sometimes speaks in 'Don Juan' of his separation from Lady Byron, and his saying, as he did to-day, that the only thing he thanks Lady Byron for is, that he cannot marry, &c., it is evident that it is the thorn in his side—the poison in his cup of life! The veil is easily seen through. He endeavors to mask his griefs, and to fill up the void of his heart, by assuming a gaiety that does not belong to it. All the tender and endearing ties of social and domestic life rudely torn asunder, he has been wandering on from place to place, without finding any to rest in. Switzerland, Venice, Ravenna, and I might even have added Tuscany, were doomed to be no asylum for him," &c.

* His dinner, when alone, costs five Pauls; and thinking he was overcharged, he gave his bills to a lady of my acquaintance to examine. He ordered the remnants to be given away, lest his servants (as he said) should envy him every mouthful he eats. At a Christmas-day dinner he had ordered a plum-pudding *à l'Anglaise*. Somebody afterwards told him it was not good. "Not good!" said he: "why, it ought to be good; it cost fifteen Pauls."

LADY NOEL'S DEATH.

I observed himself and all his servants in deep mourning. He did not wait for me to inquire the cause.

"I have just heard," said he, "of Lady Noel's death. I am distressed for poor Lady Byron! She must be in great affliction, for she adored her mother! The world will think I am pleased at this event, but they are mistaken. I never wish for an accession of fortune; I have enough without the Wentworth property. I have written a letter of condolence to Lady Byron—you may suppose in the kindest terms—beginning, 'My dear Lady Byron.

"'If we are not reconciled, it is not my fault!'"

"I shall be delighted," I said, "to see you restored to her and to your country; which, notwithstanding all you say and write against it, I am sure you like. Do you remember a sentiment in the 'Two Foscari?'"—

'He who loves not his country, can love nothing.'

"I am becoming more weaned from it every day," said he after a pause, "and have had enough to wean me from it!—No! Lady Byron will not make it up with me now, lest the world should say that her mother only was to blame! Lady Noel certainly identifies herself very strongly in the quarrel, even by the account of her last injunctions; for she directs in her will that my portrait, shut up in a case by her orders, shall not be opened till her grand-daughter be of age, and then not given to her if Lady Byron should be alive.

"I might have claimed all the fortune for my life, if I had chosen to have done so, but have agreed to leave the division of it to Lord Dacre and Sir Francis Burdett. The whole management of the affair is confided

to them; and I shall not interfere, or make any suggestions or objection, if they award Lady Byron the whole."

I asked him how he became entitled?

"The late Lord Wentworth," said he, "bequeathed a life interest in his Lancashire estates to Byron's mother, and afterwards to her daughter: that is the way I claim."

Some time after, when the equal partition had been settled, he said:

"I have offered Lady Byron the family mansion in addition to the reward, but she has declined it: this is not kind."

CONTEMPORARY POETRY.

The conversation turned after dinner on the lyrical poetry of the day, and a question arose as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, beginning, "Ye clouds"; others named some of Moore's Irish Melodies, and Campbell's Hohenlinden; and, had Lord Byron not been present, his own invocation to Manfred, or Ode to Napoleon, or on Prometheus, might have been cited.

"Like Gray," said he, "Campbell smells too much of the oil: he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over-polish— the sharpness of the outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced.

"I will show you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth." With this he left the table, almost before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine, from which he read the following lines on Sir John Moore's burial, which perhaps require no apology for finding a place here:

[Here follows the well-known poem by Wolfe, beginning:

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

The authorship of this was then unknown, and Medwin very easily falls into the error of crediting it to Byron. —Ed. Globe.]

The feeling with which he recited these admirable stanzas I shall never forget. After he had come to an end, he repeated the third, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines

"But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

"I should have taken," said Shelley, "the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's."

"No," replied Lord Byron, "Campbell would have claimed it, if it had been his."

I afterwards had reason to think that the ode was Lord Byron's;* that he was piqued at none of his being mentioned; and, after he had praised the verses so highly, could not own them. No other reason can be assigned for his not acknowledging himself the author, particularly as he was a great admirer of General Moore.

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* I am corroborated in this opinion lately by a lady, whose brother received them many years ago from Lord Byron, in his Lordship's own hand-writing.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

"FANTACY" VS. NATURE.

At a late New York Art exhibition, a visitor was standing before a somewhat peculiar picture, painted in that unnatural manner which so depressingly forces the idea of *paint* upon the observer, when the artist himself, a German, came up, and the following dialogue occurred:

Visitor.—"Is this a sketch from Nature?"

Artist.—"No—no. Dat is made up from va-ri-ous sketches. Dat is—idea—vat you call—Fantacy. *You don't find noting like dat in Nature.*"

Now, of course the artist meant to convey the fact that his picture was entirely composition—an original; but if one took the words at their literal meaning, it would far more nearly express the truth, not only in this instance, but in that of the pictures of many and many another artist. "You don't find noting like dat in Nature" would be the just verdict upon scores of admired canvases.

But the artist in question was not really voluntarily painting something which he knew to be false. He had copied so much from other men's works that Nature, seen through the dim glass of their productions, had become a far off and jumbled mass, and his own "Fantacies" were the result. There are many artists, however, who wilfully and proudly distort Nature. They are of what Hamerton designates as the classical school. "These painters do, indeed," he says, "work from Nature, but they adapt all they find to preconceived ideas in their own minds, formed from famous pictures in the galleries. They are painting from Nature in quite a peculiar sense. Claude and Poussin stand between them and everything they see. When they see anything in Nature, that is like Claude, they think it good for Art, and introduce it; first carefully altering it in a Claudesque manner. When they find things not to be found in Claude or Poussin, a circumstance that must very frequently occur to them, they reject them without hesitation, as unfitted for artistic purposes. I have actually heard of two foreign artists of this kind, one of whom, when traveling in the Highlands, on seeing a magnificent effect at Loch Awe, rather contemptuously observed to the other, 'that the effect was false,' though in Nature itself; his standard of truth being not Nature, but Claude.

"Suppose this painter," Hamerton goes on to say, "had seen a true *picture* of the effect which he called false in Nature, would he not have called it false also in Art?

"Yes; and there is another thing to be said:

"Other people, who would not have dared to call the effect false in Nature, would have called it false in Art, though truly painted; and they do so constantly."

Now, Hamerton wrote these things years ago, but they are true now as then; and he tells us of an invention intended for the especial use of students of this "classical" school of Art.

It is a small black mirror called a Claude glass, intended to blacken natural color to the hues of old pictures in the galleries, which, in addition to their own inherent want of color, are darkened by the dirt of centuries. The author gently dismisses the article and its votaries in these words:

"The invention answers its purpose perfectly, and confirms the wilful purblindness of the human owls who use it."

How different these artists from

that one who, to paint Cuirassiers, "must needs see them;" and who, in order more perfectly to paint a "charge" of these mounted gentrys, is said to have had a track laid in order that he might accompany them by train as they galloped furiously onward.

But neither is the true artist a mere camera. Nature tells him *her* story, and he, throwing his whole soul into it, tells it to the world.

"LOUD."

The word "loud," as used of persons or things to indicate their departure from the prescribed path of taste and culture, although not exactly itself a refined form of expression, will on analysis be found to be not altogether inappropriate.

Noise is the stamp of imperfection. Grating machinery is imperfect. Discordant tones jar harsh and loud upon the ear. Thunder is an indication of inequality in the atmosphere. Shrieks, groans, yells and oaths testify of pain or passion.

"Children," says Emerson, "cry, scream and stamp with fury, unable to express their desires. As soon as they can speak, and tell their want and the reason of it, they become gentle."

Now, it is this element of inability to express ideas fully and in detail that causes the brawling contests in the families and neighborhoods of the ignorant poor. An Irishman wishes to upbraid his wife for a non-performance of some duty. He goes at her with great oaths and loud talk and passionate gestures, and ends with clubbing her. The cultured and elegant, but none the less cruel, master of language, cuts the soul (as deeply as his Irish counter-part, the flesh) by soft, deliberate, low-toned but cold, biting and persistent sarcasm. Wit at the tables of the vulgar is loud revelry, boisterous laughter, and shouting, screeching merriment. Over the cloth of men of culture, it is smooth-flowing, sparkling silver. Between these two classes the difference, more marked than the cut of cloth, or the elegance or poverty of surroundings, is the difference in degree of noise. Hence the use of the word "loud," stamping men and things as beneath the grade of the best taste.

ART AMONG THE BOYS.

The pastime among children of erecting snow men during the snow season is almost as old as snow itself: but we have noticed a perhaps new feature in this sport during the past cold period. Instead of building up the traditional snow-man, with his usual body shapeless to the chin, and there surmounted by a head of no particular cast, having attached to it a pug nose, below which, from an indented slit, protrudes a pipe—instead of this old fashioned figure, the boys have adopted another method in the use of snow. A pile of the material is packed firmly up against the side of a brick wall until it projects a half foot or more. Then the young builder, with a spike, his mittened thumb, the end of a broken broomstick, and any other tool which happens to be at hand, proceeds to model some head of man or beast as his fancy dictates. It is a sort of bas-relief or alto-relief in snow, and we have seen some quite creditable performances of the kind. Whether this is not an indication of the growth of art in this country, we leave wise men to judge. It certainly shows a love and a feeling for æsthetics among children, which is by no means a bad indication.

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.

HERE is an account from a paper of some score or so years old, which announces the death of a character well known then to the Art fraternity of London and the Continent:

"DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

"On Tuesday an inquest was held by Mr. Wakely, M. P., at the Feathers Tavern, Warren street, Fitzroy Square, on the body of John Ennis, aged 95. It appeared that the deceased was considered one of the

finest men in Europe, and had amassed a little independence by sitting as a model for nearly all the principal sculptors and painters of the present day, foreign as well as English. He enjoyed excellent health, and wore his beard nearly to his waist for Scriptural subjects, in which his portrait may be seen at the Royal Academy and other institutions. Mr. Belmes, the sculptor, waited upon the deceased at his residence in Hollroot-Court, and requested permission to take a cast of his face for a bust, but this he refused. He resided with his daughter and grand-daughter, and, as was his usual custom, on Thursday morning week left home for Covent Garden Market to purchase vegetables. On his return home, whilst crossing Soho Square, he was for the first time in his life suddenly attacked with illness, but bore up against it, and managed to walk home. On entering the place he exclaimed, "I am struck with death." His daughter desired him to let her run for a doctor, but he peremptorily refused, saying he never had had occasion for one, and he never would. In five minutes after he was a corpse."

THE following is a veritable incident:

A little four-year old toddling around one day near where his young father was working, heard him use the expression "By gosh," unaware that the little boy was near him. A few days after he himself used the words in his father's presence, whereat the latter reproved him. He replied that he heard his father say so himself, and the latter, rather cornered, took the shortest cut out by telling him that anyway he must not use the words until he became a young man. A few evenings after when the nurse was taking him to bed, he carelessly asked her, "Anna, ain't I a young man?" The nurse, in a spirit of praise, answered that he certainly, and of course, was.

"Well then, Anna," said he, pointing up at the wall, "by gosh! look at those flies!"

THERE is a genuineness about the following which many a weary toiler will recognize. It was dashed off by a correspondent in a moment's relaxation from the demands of business, which for nearly a double score of years have restrained his pen from anything of the sort, and its music, although it savors of the years ago, is none the less pleasant.

THE BOOKKEEPER'S LAMENT.

Silent has been my Harp for many a year,
It's tones o'ermastered by the painful clang
Of busy life's great brazen trumpet blown
In my poor nervous ear. As the sad ox,
With blue and purple ribbons on his horns,
To the cold shambles takes his quiet march,
So I to "business," day by day, am driven!
Shall I still plod the stony pave of toil
And never see the stars! Come, come my Harp,
From the thick dust of years—most painful years—
I call thee! Let me feel the thrill of joy
Thy music gave me when I was a boy!
Sweet memories of younger days—sweet hopes
Of sweet rose-colored youth—Lights of my heart
Return and rest once more upon the Hours,
Like rainbows, flowers and music in the soul
Of Boyhood! For one single, sunny day
Now to the woods and fields and hills away.
Good-by old day-book "Y" and ledger "K."

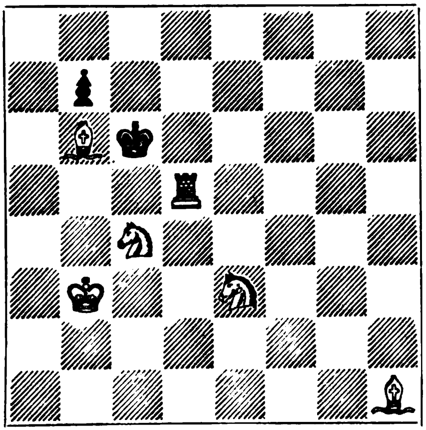
No—no—no—no—here is my task—this chain
Clanks all God's music from my soul—My brain
A slave of slaves--in bondage must remain,
And suffer life-long *loss* for other's *gain!*

IN a letter to the editor, Prof. Henry W. Longfellow says some very pleasant things about THE GLOBE for March. He calls the illustration of the poem, "A Night of Winds, a Night of Clouds," "beautiful," and "the poem itself beautiful and suggestive." The poem is by Miss Annie R. Annan, and praise from such a source cannot but be exceedingly gratifying to the gifted writer.

CHESS.

PROBLEM.
No. 2.—By Geo. E. Carpenter.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

—The various chess clubs in the country seem just at present to be unusually belligerent. The tournament in the Philadelphia Chess Club is progressing finely, and will be concluded about the tenth of this month.

—The New York players, not to be behind their Philadelphia brethren, have commenced another tournament at the Café International. Forty-six players have entered the lists; all of the strong players in New York and vicinity being included in this number. In the late tournament at this café, the prize winners were Messrs. Mason, Delmar, Perrin and Alberoni.

—The University clubs of Yale and Harvard are to have an intercollegiate match.

—The Buffalo chess players, long backward in such matters, are talking of a tournament here, and although no definite plan has been made, another month will very probably see one in progress.

—One of the most remarkable instances of simultaneous chess playing on record occurred recently in Paris. Rosenthal played at the Palais Royal twenty-seven games at once with that number of strong French and foreign players. It was stipulated that Rosenthal should have only one minute for each move, passing along the twenty-seven tables in order, and, of course, each of his antagonists had time to study their moves while Rosenthal was busy at the other twenty-six tables. The contest lasted from nine o'clock in the evening until two in the morning. The result was marvelous. Rosenthal won twenty-three games, three were drawn, and he lost only one, which was won by a Hungarian named Rakowski. Such exploits as this we may admire and wonder at, but cannot propose to emulate.

—We have received the first number of a new monthly entitled *The American Chess Magazine.* The publisher is E. A. Kunkel, Hartford, Ct. It promises to be a first-class magazine, and should be in the hands of every chess player. Terms, $2 a year.

—The following game, played by correspondence in the match between Yale and Cornell, is taken from the *Hartford Times*, and notes from the *American Chess Magazine*:

MUZIO GAMBIT.

White. (Yale.)	Black. (Cornell.)
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..P to K B 4	2..P takes P
3..K Kt to K B 3	3..P to K Kt 4
4..K B to Q B 4	4..P to Kt 5
5..Castles.	5..P takes Kt
6..Q takes P	6..Q to K B 3
7..P to Q 3	7..B to K R 3
8..P to K 5	8..Q takes P
9..B to Q 2	9..Q to Q 3 *(a)*
10..Kt to Q B 3	10..Kt to K 2
11..Q R to K sq	11..Q Kt to B 3
12..Kt to Q Kt 5 *(b)*	12..Q to Q B 4 ch
13..K to R sq	13..Castles.
14..Kt takes B P	14..Kt to K 4
15..Q to K R 5 *(c)*	15..Q takes Kt
16..R takes Kt	16..P to Q 3 *(d)*
17..R takes Kt	17..Q takes R
18..Q takes B	18..B to K 3
19..R takes P *(e)*	19..K to R sq *(f)*

White announces mate in five moves.

(a) Not good. Kt to K 2 is the recognized best move here.

(b) We should have preferred Kt to K 4.

(c) A good move. Both sides are playing well at this point.

(d) P to Q 4 would have been better.

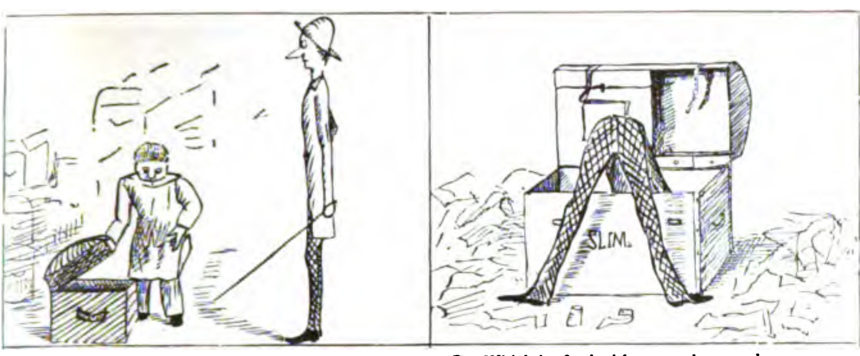
(e) A threatening move, to say the least.

(f) The Black monarch seems to be courting an attack, which the Yales promptly meet. P to Q 4 might have prolonged the contest.

Solution to Problem No. 1.

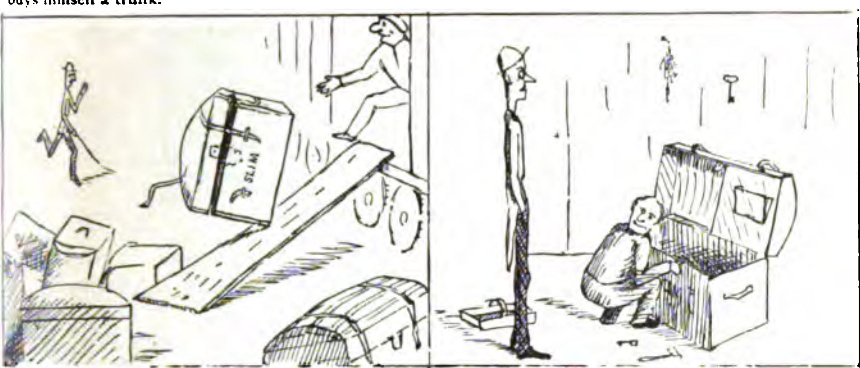
1.—Q to Q R 7 1. Anything.
2.—Mates accordingly.

MR. SLIM'S TRIALS WITH A TRUNK.



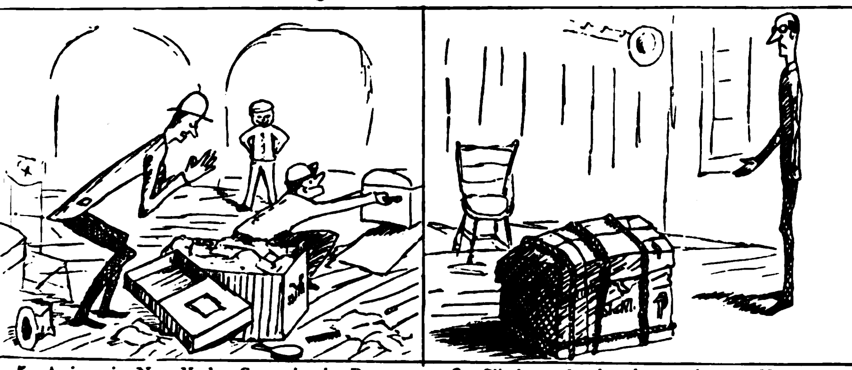
1.—Mr. Slim, contemplating a trip to New York, buys himself a trunk.

2.—Which he forthwith proceeds to pack.



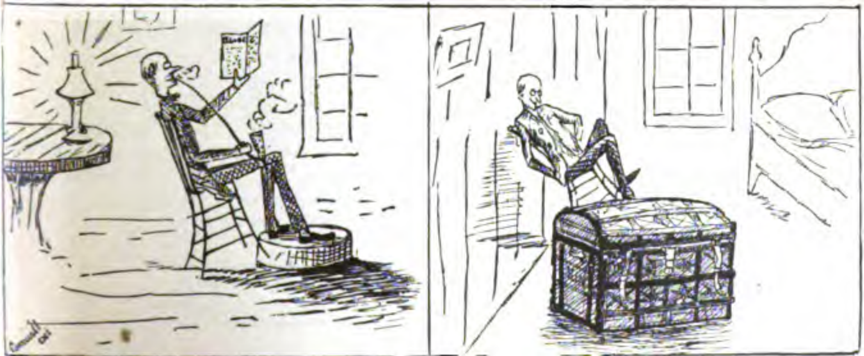
3.—He observes at a distance with alarm the manner in which trunks are handled on leading railroads.

4.—And is compelled to stop for repairs.



5.—Arrives in New York. Scene in the Baggage Room. Terrible condition of Slim's trunk.

6.—Slim's trunk when he got home. He resolves never to travel any more.



7.—But reads in THE GLOBE of the superior quality of trunks made by S. H. Runcie & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and, being compelled to make another journey,

8.—Concludes to buy one.
And is delighted to find after much traveling that his trunk is as good as ever. (See next page.)

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

THE CARTOON.

Few people who travel (and few do not) have failed at some time in their experience to feel the necessity of a good substantial trunk. The baggage-smasher is a character in real life as in literature. The experiences of Mr. Slim, pictorially set forth on another page, are not wild exaggerations. Still less wild is the conclusion at which he arrives, namely, to purchase his trunks of a first-class reliable house. The house is that of S. H. Runcie & Co., Buffalo, established in 1838, and thoroughly tried in the years since then.

Buffalo people have little idea of the extent of this firm's business. Theirs is the only trunk factory of any size in Buffalo or Western New York.

To the retail department, which had become very large, there was added four years ago a wholesale department, which has been a steadily increasing success, until now thousands of trunks are turned out each season, strong and substantial in make, and stylish and beautiful in appearance.

Their customers are scattered all through the West, and their manufactory is one of the busiest in the city. In the course of the spring season, which has been none too active in other lines, their manufacturing facilities have been taxed all the time to the utmost; their hands being employed quite frequently in working over-time. The trunks are made of the best material, and the hands are paid by the day; that is, they have no reason for hurrying up jobs, as is generally the case when work is done by the piece.

The retail department is always largely stocked with traveling bags of every variety, in the newest styles, for ladies' and gentlemen's use, besides containing all other things in their line of business, such as Shawl Straps, Baggage Straps, Book Straps, Shoulder Straps, etc., all of which are sold at reasonable prices. The stock of trunks includes ladies' and gents' "Sole-Leathers," "Saratoga," "Eugenie," and all styles of "Barrel-Tops." In fact the man who travels is thoroughly taken care of here, and to anybody who has experienced the disasters of Mr. Slim's trip, and to those who contemplate traveling themselves, or selling to others,—to all we say, buy your trunks of S. H. Runcie & Co., 194 Washington street, Buffalo.

CURIOUS SCALES.

It is a matter of great interest to glance through the handsomely gotten up illustrated Catalogue of the Fairbanks Scale Co., and note the vast variety of Scales which are in use all over the civilized world. Picking out a few of the curious ones, here is for instance a "Cloth Beam" for determining the weight per yard by weighing the piece. Another, the Paper Beam, for determining the number of pounds to the ream by the weight of *one sheet*, a very important machine we should say for paper dealers. Then there is an immense Canal or Weigh-lock Scale, for weighing from 25 pounds to 500 tons, and this accomplished *at once*, as soon as the boat is placed in the lock and water removed. Then there is a Gold Coin Detector, much used by brokers and a curious, neat little instrument which it is a pleasure to handle, especially if one has the coin to test it with. A Silk Scale with iron columns and iron beams is represented, and it will tell a true story from one hundred pounds to one-sixteenth of an ounce.

Altogether there are over one hundred varieties, and the wonderful part of it is, that the Fairbanks Company make them not for the use of Americans alone, but adjust them to the standard of weights of all nations—English, French, Spanish, Portugese, German, Holland, Russian, Turkish, Chinese, &c., &c.

In place of the usual advertisement of Seward & Co., will be found in this number the card of a new firm, Seward & Liebetrut, successors to the other, embodying all its good qualities, only in a stronger degree and with others added. For while Seward's favorite perfumes, essences and general shelf goods will still be manufactured and wholesaled as before, a well furnished retail drug store will be carried on, and everything in the line of business kept on hand at 544 Main st.

SLATE.

The wicked little school-boy, with an unceasing hatred of his school-master, has been accustomed, from time immemorial, to draw pictures of that gentleman when the latter was not looking, which, in their tendency and tone, did not much differ from this:



representing the usually dignified pedagogue in a state of grim and disgusted defiance. These pictures were generally executed in a corner of a slate, so that a dash of the moist hand would wash them out of sight of the watchful instructor; and this use of slate for the purposes of the school was for a long time the only one to which the material was applied. People little thought that this substance, so common and so comparatively useless, would come to be of vast importance in the arts and sciences of every-day life. Yet so it is. To-day there are an actual hundred different uses, architectural and domestic, to which slate is applied. And the reasons for this are these:

1. Slate does not absorb water;
2. It does not rust;
3. It is durable as iron;
4. It is easily worked;
5. It is cheap.

One of the first new uses which was found for this material was that for roofing purposes. Its water-shedding qualities, its excessive durability and comparative cheapness, its protection against fire, and its beautiful appearance in greens and grays on a roof, in pleasing contrast with the stone color and marbles of the other parts of buildings, gave it at once the preference in the architectural market over all other roofing materials.

But the development of its advantageous use did not stop here. It was found that by means of a slate enamel the most beautiful designs, equal to the effects of the most expensive colored marbles, could be produced, and that, too, at a low cost. The idea of slate mantles suggested itself and was carried out with unexpected success. By covering slate backgrounds with the enamel, any pattern, however elaborate, could be perfected. Stopping not long since to look at some of these mantels, at the Mantel and Grate Warerooms of D. B. McNish, we were struck with their peculiar beauty and what might be called their "immense cheapness." Here were surfaces carved in the most elaborate designs and having all the appearance of the most costly malachite—deep brilliant green curled and frescoed into black underneath a surface smooth and polished, and reminding one of some transparent forest pool reflecting the green leaves in its cool depths. There were others in Sienna that bore a close resemblance to the highly polished surface of French walnut—some in black and gray and gold—some like to Scotch granite and Porphyry, and others still having a character peculiarly their own, and beautiful in the extreme. The very best builders accept and advise the purchase of these mantels, and some of our finest houses have them in all rooms. The fact that they will stand a high temperature without cracking, that smoke will not discolor them, nor will grease, oils or acids, and that their durability and wear is far in advance of anything else, carries great weight with purchasers who have had their white marble mantels stained and defaced by coal gas, etc., and crumbled and cracked by heat.

But let it not be supposed that mantels are the only things into which the usefulness of slate has entered. The smooth hard slabs of the article form splendid sides and ends for wash tubs and sinks. Perfectly water tight, with no possibility of rust, they are the cleanest, freshest things that can be thought of for this purpose. The sweetness and purity of the material make it also a grand article from which to make meat chests. It is matter of great interest to note the number of other things for which slate is used, as enumerated in a catalogue which can be obtained from D. B. McNish, 304 Main street, Buffalo. Among some of the most prominent of the hundred mentioned are these: Cisterns, Butter and Lard Vessels, Cider Tanks, Wine Bins, Portico and Piazza Steps, Milk Vessels, Pastry Boards, Salting Vessels, Table Tops, Billiard Table Beds, Coach-house Floors, Corn Bins, Mangers, Pig Troughs, Printers' Slabs, and Stable Flooring on edge.


AT RETAIL.
Until further notice, we will sell at Retail, from our Wholesale Stock of
PARLOR FURNITURE,
AT OUR FACTORY,
39 & 41 Perry Street.
We are manufacturing a fine line of
Parlor & Library
SUITES,
Easy Chairs, Rockers, etc.
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From the best materials and in the best manner, which we have heretofore been selling at wholesale only.
We propose for the present to give the citizens of Buffalo an opportunity of buying
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AND THE ADVANTAGE OF BUYING OF FIRST HANDS.
ALBERT BEST & CO.,
39 & 41 Perry St., near Main.


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#THE GLOBE.

Vol. III.] JUNE, 1875. [No. 3.

AMOR ULTIMUS.



I love a little maiden, as I never loved before,
  Though many have received and believed in my vows;
I confess I have been fickle many times, perhaps a score,
And have suffered Love's revenges quite as often, maybe more.
But, at last, peace has entered at my bosom's open door,
  And the olive branch descends upon my brows.

I know that I am selfish—I was always rather so—
  And I ought to be ashamed to have aimed at such a bliss;
But, although she's not my first love, I am quite assured, you know,
That the little heart I boast of yields to me its freshest glow;
That the lips that smile so sweetly, and beguile my fondness so,
  Never proffered any other man a kiss.

I suppose some other fellow will be coming by and by,
  With a silly blooming face, and some grace that I've out-grown;
He will toss his flippant gauntlet, for this prize with all to try,
And, perhaps, she'll let a new love crowd the old a little by;
If she does, I'll smile heroic, and I'll never, never sigh!
  Nor meander, all disconsolate, alone.

My penulti-mate, still faithful, will rejoice at my return;
  She knows that I'm a dunce, and at once will take me in.
But against that sprig I've mentioned, should some senile choler burn,
I shall know just how to jar him with a set back in return,
"You imagine she adores you; I don't doubt it, sir, but learn
  That her first love 'twas another's bliss to win."

She will look a grand denial, but a trouble will prevail,
  For boys will be such asses, it surpasses all belief;
He'll consume with inner burning, and his jaunty airs will fail,
Till she reads her father's riddle, that some comfort may avail,
And confusion crown my rival; Ah, well, time will tell the tale.
  But just now she's my bonanza, and I'm chief.

Just a little, little longer, then the changing year on year,
  And I wonder, while I ponder, can a lover ever know,
'Till he thrills, his arms a cradle, all the birth-throes of a tear,
All the joy of smiles and kisses; will he hold my darling dear
With a love that knows no wavering, a faith that knows no fear?
  Helpless love sighs only: "Father, make it so!"

J. HARRISON MILLS.

DENVER, COL., 1875.



I had camped out in the Adirondack, I had made a sketching tour along the Southern coast, I had spent weeks on horseback among the Florida Pines, I had summered it at Long Branch, Saratoga, Fire Island, and Cape Ann—in fact, I had spent an annual vacation in almost every imaginable way—but one. I had never taken a trip up the Lakes.

And so, one summer not long ago, I settled on that as a programme for myself; and, with my sketch book in my pocket, I found myself at the close of a sunny day in June, sauntering down to the docks of the Western Transportation Company and the Anchor Line in the direction of the propeller ——, which lay moored there, and whence my traveling bag had preceded me.

My state room, a neat little four by nine, was the first acquaintance I made after boarding the staunch propeller, and we were good friends during the entire voyage; for, if there is one thing a tourist enjoys, it is sleep while he is on the wing, especially when there is given so cosy a place for its enjoyment.

The bang-bang of boxes and barrels being stowed in the hold, the chungling roll of the trucks as they went and came with freight, and the voices of busy men and neighing horses, were the sounds which enlivened the air for some little time before our departure; but, by and by, the last load was stowed, the rolling of wheels ceased, there was a moment's calm, and then the

bell sounded, the water far below us rushed and hissed and gurgled, and we were fairly under way.

I had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with my fellow-passengers that evening. The wind blew rather roughly; a thunderstorm gathered and spent a little fury on us, and the waves ran high, but the staunch propeller glided on as steadily as if the water were calm as glass.

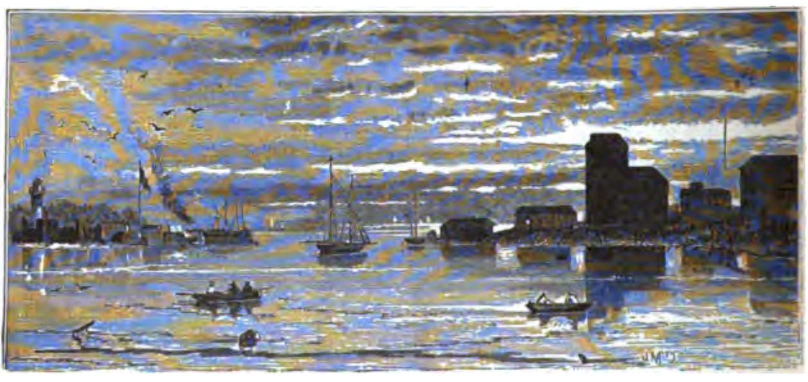
By and by the clouds cleared away, the moon came out, and the wind died down. Sitting there on deck behind the twinkling light of my Flor del Fuma, there stretched far ahead of me the great waters of Erie; a silver path shot across them, reaching over the clouds to the low moon, and behind, the twinkling lights of the city were dying away; while the black shore stretched out a great dark arm and lost itself in the gloom.

So we rode, and it was not long before the deck began to fill with passengers, who had shut themselves at first in the cabin in expectation of a wild night. Forms, whose heavy shawls could not hide their grace, were intermixed with male figures, who had followed my example, and the moon showed many a fair face that was drinking in the loveliness of the scene.

So we rode, till by and by the deck began to clear again as the hours stole away, and before long the white moon shone on the deserted planks, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the sweeping rush of the water under our bow, the occasional footfall of the sailors, or the quick roll of the wheel as it turned in the pilot's hands.

The morning sun shining past my window awoke me. I was too old a traveler to feel any qualms, but I judged from the slim rally at the breakfast table that there were some, new to the water, on board. Around the dinner table, however, a full force mustered, and from the justice which was done to the repast, I have no hesitation in saying that none could have been seasick then; in fact we were traveling along over a smooth sea, and there was no possible cause for sickness. As for the dinner itself, it was thoroughly first-class. *Anything* would have tasted good to an appetite sharpened by lake breezes and freshening sunshine, but the viands served by our steward were of the first and most appetizing quality. The long tables were comfortably full, and it took little time to make the acquaintance of my fellow passengers. There was not a human being on the boat that I did not know at the end of the next twenty-four hours.

On that first glorious day out, the forward deck was the popular resort, and the officer in charge the man who received the most attention; in all probability because he was the



SUNSET AT SARNIA

man that knew the most—at least of the subject which had the greatest interest to us passengers, namely, lake navigation in general, and our propeller and its progress in particular.



GRATIOT LIGHTHOUSE.

What with good cigars, my sketch-book, and plenty of conversation, the day passed quickly. My fellow passengers were of all desirable types. There were accomplished and genial old gentlemen, lovely young ladies, full-of-fun boys, and one or two old mariners who were acquainted with every foot of water on the route, and could locate many a wild story of lake adventure at different points as we passed. And many were the stories—jolly and heroic as the case might be—which whiled away our hours, day and evening, in the course of the next few days.

Early one bright afternoon, after our water journey had been diversified by several stoppages at intermediate points, we reached Detroit, and were given an opportunity of exploring the City of the Straits. Thence, steaming on up the beautiful Detroit river, with its picturesque windings, past the pretty little Belle Isle, we came into Lake St. Clair through the flats. This little lake is about twenty-five miles long and no wider than that at its broadest. It is but a shallow flat of water, which the recent government improvements have made more passable to very large vessels.

And now the little lake narrows to a river of the same name, up whose waters the propeller steams between the two banks, one American, the other Canadian, which, from one end of this four hours' ride to the other, vie with each other in beauty. The shores are well in view, and a fertile and prosperous country stretches away on either side, wooded and shrubbed, with enough of civilization here and there, in the shape of some thriving settlement, to keep it subdued in its wild picturesqueness. There is a strong current all through, formed by a descent of about fifteen feet in the forty-eight miles of river.

We arrived at Port Huron, opposite Sarnia, near the entrance to Lake Huron, when the sun was far down in the west, throwing the great elevator and warehouses of the Grand Trunk into deep shadow, and touching the citadels and roofs of distant Sarnia with brilliant flame. My sketch-book has recorded some slight reminiscence of the beauty of this scene.

Port Huron is a growing town, situated at the mouth of Black river, which runs through a rich pine country, and throws a large lumber business into the Port. It is, in connection with Sarnia, the terminus of the Grand Trunk, and receives the benefits of the position. Two miles above is Fort Gratiot, with Point Edward for a *vis-a-vis*, and a thousand feet of river to separate them—and river flowing too at so rapid a rate as to seem to be running down hill by observers on either shore. The Gratiot lighthouse, a somewhat picturesque old landmark, I brought away with me in pencil in my sketch-book.

The gathering darkness as we passed this point was in part dissipated by the rising moon, and a few minutes after we were gliding through the deep blue waters of Lake Huron.

The bracing air, the grand expanse of water, the soft moonlight flooding the decks, the presence of pleasant companions, all these combined to make this first evening on Lake Huron a never-to-be-forgotten one. Now and then some sweet song would float up and mingle with the hum of conversation, then die away over the waters. The great propeller dwindled into insignificance before the vast and seemingly illimitable waters that stretched out ahead of her, and as we ploughed on there more and more came upon us the feeling that we were now out at sea. For Lake Huron is a young ocean in the centre of a continent. Standing on the deck of the propeller next day, with not a vestige of land anywhere visible, the deep green waters rolling beneath us, the angry froth restlessly and ceaselessly changing form on the surface, it did indeed seem as though we were in mid-ocean. At the wrong season of the year, Lake Huron storms are furious; but the deepest of the lakes was kind and gentle to us, and some score or more hours from the time we touched her waters, and after a charming sail through the Straits of Mackinac, passing several beautiful islands, we steamed up to the little dock on the Island of Mackinac itself.

My sketch-book has recorded our first view of Mackinac. The place is picturesque in any light, perhaps more beautiful in the broad moonlight, as we saw it afterwards.



MACKINAC.

Good luck favored us as to time. Our propeller was to spend several hours here, and abundant opportunity was given, and taken advantage of, in which to make something of a tour of the Island. There are any number of points of interest here. To young people, perhaps, that spot called the "Lovers' Leap" is the most attractive. The story has been many times told—an Indian story of love and tragedy.

I heard it for the first time from the lips of one of the passengers, an old lake traveler, and as I

was putting the last strokes on my pencil sketch of "Sunset at Lovers' Leap," and he was just closing the story, the hoarse voice of the steamer sounded out a recall, which echoed over the water and suddenly terminated our two operations.

Once more aboard, we had plenty to talk about, for we had not all taken the same direction. We had learned, among other things, that the air of Mackinac was wonderfully pure, bracing and invigorating; that it was in fact one of the healthiest places in the wide world; that many an invalid had found it so; and that, what with good hotels and ample accommodations, it had become a famous summer resort.

I had nearly forgotten to mention, that which no traveler who has ever been there has failed to record, namely, the crystal clearness of these waters. So transparent are they, that every bit of silver gravel, every shell, each darting fish, are clearly visible in the depths below, and your boat, whose anchor you trace along the descending cable into the sand far underneath, seems to be suspended in mid air.

Leaving the beautiful island with its lovely surroundings, only glad that on the return we would have another opportunity of visiting here, we steamed through the Straits of Mackinac, and now were on the waters of still another lake, with a different disposition entirely; for there seems to be a marked individuality about all of these great waters. Erie is fierce and Atlantic-like; Huron, grand, solemn, omnipotent; while Michigan is sweet and lovely in disposition, much like the Pacific, but, like all calm spirits, with a reserve power of its own, which it knows well how to use. It is about 350 miles long, 80 broad, and averages 700 feet in depth. Our ride on this great lake was diversified, in the early part of it, by a stop at Beaver Island, whose fishery business is a large and growing one, and farther on by an excursion up Pine river to the little lake of the same name, amidst some of the most picturesque scenery we had yet encountered. Pine Lake is a beautiful little sheet of water about fifteen miles long, and surrounded by bold wooded shores, which rise mountainously in places, and give it an altogether old-world look. Not the least pleasant thing about the excursion referred to, was our sail in a little Pine Lake craft to the other end of the lake and back.



SUNSET AT LOVERS' LEAP.

Again on board the propeller and fairly under way, we hugged the eastern shore of Lake Michigan for a time;

passed the Manitou Islands, and by and by the Sleeping Bear.

The warm sunshine, tempered by a lovely breeze, had made the afternoon, that it took us to make the distance from Pine river to this point, delightful. As the evening shadows gathered, the moon came out once more and showed us Lake Michigan in silver. What between dancing in the cabin, lounging on deck, listening to stories, singing sweet songs and all, there were few evenings on that pleasant voyage when we retired early, and this was not one of them.

The next afternoon Milwaukee, the Cream City, began to show her spires in the distance, and before long we were on her docks, up her streets, visiting her vast breweries, gazing at her long vistas of yellow brick buildings; in fact "doing" the place in all manner of different ways.

Late in the evening our bell sounded, and we steamed away from our moorings out of Milwaukee river, and next morning when we woke at six o'clock we were lying, nautically speaking, alongside of the Chicago dock of the Western Transportation Company and the Anchor Line.

To speak of miraculous Chicago is to repeat a story many times told. She is in one sense the wonder of the world—a city of two resurrections—the Arabian Night's tale of Aladdin's palace come true in this nineteenth century, not in the shape of one palace, but in palaces by the thousand; for those grand buildings of stone and iron and massive architecture are naught less than palaces. With the one exception of Paris, there is probably no city in the whole world so massively magnificent as this; and we of the lake trip found our days full, what with parks, galleries, public works, etc., to visit, and the numerous matters of interest, with which this Western life teems, to observe.

But the time came for our propeller to start again, and we gathered on her decks with a feeling of home-like cosiness. Of the return trip these limits allow no mention; suffice it to say that we enjoyed over again the ever new lake-life which had marked our westward voyage; that when the familiar spires of old Buffalo hove in sight, and by and by we neared the docks and came to say good by, our hearts were less light than they had been at any time since we had shipped together for our pleasant voyage.

And here let me say a word to tourists. There is no pleasanter trip in the world than this one up the lakes. The boats of the Western Transportation Company and the Anchor Line are spacious and elegant. The Captains are all of them gentlemen and thorough lake sailors; the stewards are such providers as one would wish, and *these* things, as every traveler knows, go far towards making a trip attractive. In addition, there are such incidents, such glorious weather, and such beautiful, sometimes magnificent, scenery, as has been jotted down in these brief notes. And, although there are many more expensive, perhaps more celebrated, ways of spending a summer vacation, there is certainly none that will yield more genuine enjoyment than this same Trip up the Lakes.



SLEEPING BEAR.

A SUMMER AT ELYSIAN GROVE.

"Now," said I (to my good husband, laying down the law in that gentle and persuasive way which made him believe the idea had originated in his own brilliant imagination), "now, Jonathan, you know that the matter of country board must be settled very soon, so that I can go on the first of May to visit mother, taking the three cherubs with me, and leaving you here until the first of June, when I will return and we will go immediately into the country for the summer."

"Capital," exclaimed Jonathan. "I was just thinking so myself. To be sure, it will be a little lonesome when you are gone with all the children, but then I suppose they must go to their grandma's once a year—so as I have the Herald I will look for country board."

Jonathan turned over to the advertisements, and perching his feet one round higher on the chair before him, I suppose on account of the importance of the subject, he began:

"Country board on the Hudson. That won't do, for it's up the river, and you say we must go by boat and not by car. Country board in Summat—but you want bathing. Country board in Bergen—but the mosquitoes. Oh! here's the very place:

'COUNTRY BOARD—at Elysian Grove, on Staten Island. Cool and delightful rooms, beautiful view, excellent table—bathing, fishing and stabling. Five minutes from landing. Apply at ——, No. — street.'"

"Splendid, Jonathan! go quickly, before the rooms are taken—it's only a little ways from here, and we can find out all about it this evening."

So Jonathan threw aside his slippers, while I ran for his overcoat and hat, so fearful was I that every room would be gone at Elysian Grove before we could apply.

Jonathan was gone a long time, a *very* long time; it was quite evident he intended to make an evening of it. I began to suspect that he had taken the occasion to go to the theatre. At last I heard his step on the stair. The dear creature! he had brought home a little tin pail of most delicious roasted Saddle Rocks, all steaming hot, a paper of crackers in his overcoat pocket, and a bottle of ale under his arm.

I forgot all the reproaches I had prepared for him, and ran instead to clear off all the books, work baskets and toys from the centre table, to make ready for our feast.

"Now, Jonathan, how in the world are we to eat them? for it is too late to ring the bell, and I believe every servant in this well ordered boarding-house is asleep before this time."

"Oh! I have it. Now, you shall take the pail and I the cover. Here's the shovel out of Fan's little kitchen for your fork, and here is Kitty's little dust-pan for mine."

So with shovel and dust-pan we went merrily to work, and over our oysters we discussed the subject of Elysian Grove.

"How did she look, Jonathan, and what's her name!"

"Her name is Mrs. Squibs. She looks rather dark and sharp, but she says she has kept a boarding-house several years, and that no one was ever dissatisfied—that her house it was always a *home* for her boarders—and we have only to apply to those now with her to feel perfectly satisfied. She had a plan of her house, and I selected rooms; but you are to go with her to-morrow and see them if you like. So you see, dear, you shall have your own choice. Splendid! Now let's clear off the table and go to bed."

If there had been any grass on that frostry morning it would not have grown under my feet, for Mrs. Squibs was going to her house on Staten Island, and we had to take the nine o'clock boat.



MRS. SQUIBS.

When I rang the bell at her house she appeared all cloaked and furred, and accosted me thus:

"Oh! you have come, Mrs. Sanguine. I was afraid you were going to be late. I am never late myself. Step in a moment, while I leave some directions with my help."

I stepped in as she said, and while she was gone I tried to make up my mind what I should say to my little Fan, who had charged me to see if she had a kind face. Her eyes were black and piercing—her features a little determined and hard I thought, and her face scarred and seamed by some past conflict with the world. "Some fall, some accident must have caused it," thought I. "She is not to blame for that, surely; and perhaps her face might have been soft and gentle without it." So I concluded, on the whole, that I would tell little Fan she had a kind face.

Just then she appeared and hurried me to a stage, which bore us quickly down Broadway and landed us at the ferry, where we had to wait some time; but Mrs. Squibs lost not a moment. She bought a Herald and devoured the advertisements, all the time talking and taking notes of those who wished for board. The ride on the boat was cold, but Mrs. Squibs asserted that it would not be so long—that the sail was charming—that no one ever took cold, or if they did, it was not a kind of cold that could hurt them any—that her house would open on the first of May, by which time the weather would be pleasant.

I stated my plans about a visit to my mother, when I saw a cloud come over the face of Mrs. Squibs, but she said, "Well, we will see how you like the rooms, and make those arrangements afterwards."

At last we reached Staten Island. There was a stiff breeze and an air that chilled us through and through. but Mrs. Squibs assured me that it would all be gone on the first of May. I said the way seemed long, but Mrs. Squibs laughingly remarked, "My advertisement said 'five minutes from landing,' but I did not say whether that was riding or walking." At last we arrived. The door was opened by a colored boy of rather a dejected air, who seemed to be seized with little fits of trembling whenever the keen, sharp eyes of his mistress were turned upon him.



THE COLORED BOY UNDER FIRE.

Mrs. Squibs lost no time, but went directly to work showing me all the advantages of Elysian Grove—throwing open each room with an exclamation of admiration, mingled with the timely reflection that they would look so much better when they were in order.

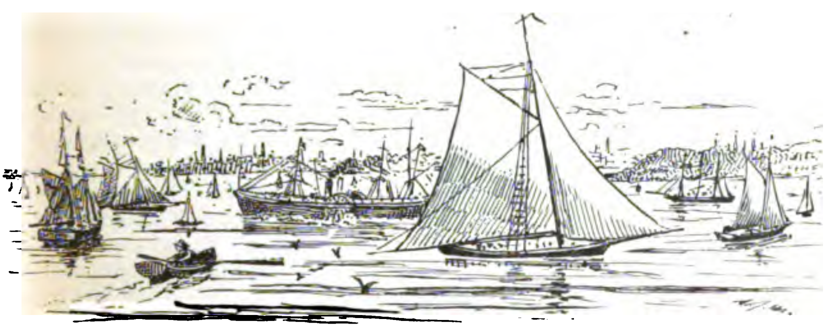
At last we reached the rooms allotted to me. I observed that they were

up a back stair, and also remarked that the ceilings were low. Mrs. Squibs appeared not to hear me, but hurried me into a rocking-chair before the window, and bade me look at the view. It was charming. All New York Bay lay spread out before me, with New York in one direction and Brooklyn in the other. An ocean steamer was sailing by in gloomy majesty, and the blue water was covered with snowy sails. My delight was pictured in my face, and in that fatal moment Mrs. Squibs read me through and through. She saw—weak and simple creature that I was—that I would forego anything to secure that view. I rose, and, looking about the room, was making some other truthful and not flattering remarks, when, I hardly know how, I was once more gently forced into the rocking-chair and once more enraptured with the view.

Mrs. Squibs seized upon this moment to recur to the subject of my visit home. She assured me that it would be dangerous to delay my decision even a day; that she had in her pocket applications to fill her house twice over; indeed, that one party desired her entire house. She added, warningly, "I shall open my house on the first of May; I am sure not a room will be vacant, and it would be impossible to reserve rooms for any one beyond that time." I almost trembled with anxiety. I felt that my chance hung upon a thread. I dared not delay a single moment. and hastened to reply, "I will take the rooms and give up my visit!"

Do not imagine that this was no trial to me; nothing but the deepest necessity would have forced me to such a step. Had I not fondly cherished this visit all the cold, dreary winter; had we not talked of it—the dear children and I—dreamed of it and looked forward to it for months, and now the time was so near.

I wrote to my mother, and when her answer came it was full of tender reproaches and regrets. "Never until your children are married and gone from you," said she, "and then treat you with such indifference, will you feel what a blow you have given me." And much more in the same strain followed, making me very sad and discontented.



THE VIEW.

I resolved to see Mrs. Squibs again and suggest that I would make my visit, and on my return if the rooms were not taken I would then engage them.

I went once more to Elysian Grove and made my proposition, but to my astonishment the black eyes flashed fire upon me, the face grew dark and the mysterious scar turned red, but she only said in a determined tone, "Mrs. Sanguine, I consider the rooms engaged from the first of May."

The words were not so decisive as the manner; but something, I could hardly tell what, crushed me to that degree that I had not another word to say; I felt the matter was settled beyond all dispute. I went to Jona

than with my troubles, but he only laughed at my discomfiture; indeed, I suspect he felt a sly pleasure to think he had kept us with him after all.

All this time I could not persuade him to go over and see the rooms It took too much time, he said; and if they suited me, that was enough. He went over with me once more to the house in town, to settle the few remaining matters, and close the bargain, as the men say. As we were rising to leave, Jonathan said, "The price is settled, I believe, Mrs. Squibs?"

"Yes; but thinking it over, Mr. Sanguine, I am afraid that it is not enough."

"Ah!" said Jonathan; "well, you must not take us cheaper than you can afford; call it five dollars more then."

Oh! how I burned with indignation and rage. Such a price—up a back-stair—low ceilings—hot in summer—no gas—nothing in fact, nothing, but the view.

Jonathan knew the battery of my eyes was turned upon him. I have never been able to understand why he is not more afraid of their fire; to be sure they are small, and he is big and brave; at any rate, he took a mean way to escape. He looked at me laughing and said, "Are you satisfied, my dear? if not, speak out now, and not scold me when we get home."

Why is it that I can never think what I want to say at the right time? I knew the rooms were not worth the price, but I had said they suited me; and, as I could not think of anything else to say, I replied that I was satisfied.

We walked home in silence; I felt that Mrs. Squibs had gained her second victory over me; but, as before, it was too late to make any change.

At this interview, Jonathan had asked, "Have you any mosquitoes on your place?"

"Not any," said Mrs. Squibs. "I had mosquito bars made when I went to the Island, but have never used them. There have been mosquitoes on the Island at different times, but only when there was a wind blowing from Jersey. One night we had them so that we could not eat without putting them in our mouths, but they were all of them gone the next day. It happened there was just that wind blowing from Jersey that brought them over."

"Have you ague on your place?" continued Jonathan.

"Not any," replied Mrs. Squibs. "I have seen one case, that of a young man who came to my house from the army with the worse kind of ague, contracted at the South. He shook fearfully, but we cured him up, and he has never had a shake since."

"Capital!" exclaimed Jonathan. "I would not go if you had ague, and I shall certainly leave if you have mosquitoes."

The next few days were all hurry and confusion, packing and preparing to leave. My nurse took this occasion to object to the country. So, with all the rest, I had to look for a new servant. After I was wearied with searching, I finally took one, not so much from her prepossessing appearance as from her recommendations, each from ladies with whom she had lived four years, and each stating that she was everything desirable. I knew she was not a beauty, and feared she was a little antique, but I was not prepared for the shouts of laughter with which Jonathan greeted me the moment we were alone.

"Why, Dolly," said he, "I told you to get a nurse young, little and pretty, and now you've gone and got one as tall as a giraffe, as ugly as an owl, and as old as my grandmother."

"Jonathan," said I, with emphasis. "I did not consider beauty an essential, I took her for her worth."

Jonathan is a dear, good soul, and he never said another word, but only indulged in a sly convulsion in a corner every time he looked at her.


THE NEW NURSE.

At last came the day to leave. It was late before we were ready, and after the luggage was all on the dray, it took the men two mortal hours to find the tenement house where the ghoul, as Jonathan called her, kept her trunk, so that it was nightfall before we crossed the ferry, and pitch dark before we reached the Island. As it was only five minutes from the landing, we started to walk. The air was damp and chilly, the way was dark and dreary, and long after the five minutes had elapsed no house appeared in view. The aged nurse lagged far behind, panting and fainting under the weight of the baby. Jonathan snatched him from her, and we trudged along as best we might, dragging the children after us, till a faint light loomed up in the distance, and I exclaimed, "There, Jonathan, that's the house."

"What, on that side of the street, so far away from the water? Why, I never would have come if I had known it—and this great pool of standing water to give us all the ague. Oh! Dolly, how could you do so!"

In short, the plot was thickening, and Jonathan was getting cross. At last we arrived, all feeling very much as the baby Fred expressed it by saying, "Mamma, I'm hick and tired, and c'oss and heepy."



EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

OUR GRANDFATHERS' STORIES.

It is wonderful as well as gratifying to note how suddenly and fervently the Centennial bonfire has leaped to flame. Three years ago, when the subject began to be mooted, it was received with little attention and much cold indifference. But the spark was a-light and grew warmer and brighter, until there came to be needed only the strong rays of the breaking day of Lexington's and Concord's hundred years to set the pile a-fire. The general effect so far has been surprising. The press has teemed with revolutionary statistics, the magazines have published pages of revolutionary poems and historical reminiscences, the people have begun to talk revolution and to feel it too, and a tender respect for the old times and the old heroes has been unconsciously growing in American hearts.

As a result of all this, the older part of the community, not the very old, but the middle aged, are beginning to remember the stories their grandfathers and grandmothers used to tell them of the war of the Revolution and of the individual parts they took in it. These stories are some of them creeping into type and being spread on the broad printed wings of the press far and wide, to be read with great interest by an awakened people.

Now, we desire here to make a plea for just these stories. Preserve them. Don't let them be forgotten. Don't let them be lost. They are valuable, as the war-story literature of the Revolution; they are valuable as the minor pulse of that great throbbing life that meant Liberty; they are the heart part of the history. The record itself; the order of battles and the number of killed and wounded and the statistics and stratagies and all these things, constitute, as a whole, the skeleton that we look at with interest andadmiration, and yet—it is a little cheerless and anatomical and dusty. These stories of the individual war-life and incident and feeling are the flesh and blood. They fill up and warm and give life to the bony facts.

In our own Rebellion we read with immense interest the telegraphic reports of battles and the mathematics of the dead and wounded and imprisoned; but how eagerly we turned to and devoured the letters of the newspaper correspondents. Their vivid pictures of the life of the camp, and the battle, and the hospital were what we looked to for our real idea of the war. The old stories do for the Revolution what these letters did for the Rebellion. They show us of the heart-life of our gallant ancestors; they sweep aside the misty curtain that these hundred years have pinned up, and let the sunshine flood across the old scenes until they live anew. Do not, then, let the stories die out for want of a recorder. If you do not write yourself, let some one else who does, take up the pen while you tell the story.

One thing more: tell it true, just as you heard it from the lips that speak now no more. Add no burnish, but let it come, as it came then, from the heart. So shall the literature of the Revolution be enriched; the old days made to live again; the old patriotism to burn, and through other centennials than this one, will be perpetuated the good effect of these simple stories, so full of heart, that our grandfathers used to tell.

"SUNSET AT SARNIA."

The sketches which illustrate the attractive series in the "Trip up the Lakes," in this number, were executed by Mr. Chas. Graham, now of

Paterson, N. J., a young and rising American artist, whose work is gaining for him a high place among landscape draughtsmen. All of the sketches have the real ring to them —perhaps the most pleasing is the "Sunset at Sarnia," and here we cannot refrain from letting a share of praise fall to the engraver. Careful observers will notice in the right hand foreground, scarce rising above the tone of the rippling water, the modest letters "J. McD." These are the initials of the name of Mr. Jno. MacDonald, an engraver who, though young in years, has executed some work which should give him high rank. The engraving of the Bryant vase, which appeared in a recent number of Appleton's Art Journal, was of his handiwork, and a beautiful thing indeed. The Sarnia Sunset engraving in question is a piece of thoroughly artistic work. The steel of the engraver has followed the delicate feeling of the artist's brush, and translated light and shade so softly and deliciously as to make the picture as a whole seem like a bar of sweet music. We write this with the carefully taken artist's proof before us. What the swift flying jaws of the steam-press shall make of it we dare not guess, but we do know that such work as he is doing now will make MacDonald of Park Row one of our first engravers, and we can wish Mr. Graham no better luck than that his effective and beautiful pictures may always fall into the hands of so conscientious a translator as MacDonald.

A QUAKER STORY.

A contributor sends the following: Old Jake M–ll–r of Buffalo was as fond of jokes as he was of whisky, but perhaps better than either he loved money. He kept a livery stable, with not the most magnificent stud of horses in the world, nor the most elegant turnouts imaginable.

On one occasion, a quiet looking Quaker, apparently a stranger, came to him and hired a horse and buggy for the afternoon. Old Jake had a very ordinary rig "hitched up" for him, and the Quaker started out. In the course of an hour or two he came back, and there were evidences that the animal had needed some urging to make him keep off a walk. The Quaker, however, said nothing about the shabbiness of the rig, but quietly asked, "How much?"

Old Jake, knowing the man to be a stranger, and thinking that he was possibly somewhat verdant, replied, very politely, rubbing his hands:

"Oh, four dollars."

The rate was an exorbitant one for those cheap times, even had the turnout been first-class.

The Quaker pretending to be a a little hard of hearing, put his hand to his ear inquiringly.

Jake repeated very obsequiously:

"Four dollars."

"Oh," said the Quaker, "thee did not understand me. *I did not inquire the price of thy horse and wagon*, but how much is thy charge for the use of it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said Miller, as he joined in the laugh against himself which burst from the crowd of loungers who always infest a livery office. A quiet smile played around the lips of the Quaker as he bowed good afternoon and left.

ELYSIAN GROVE SKETCHES.

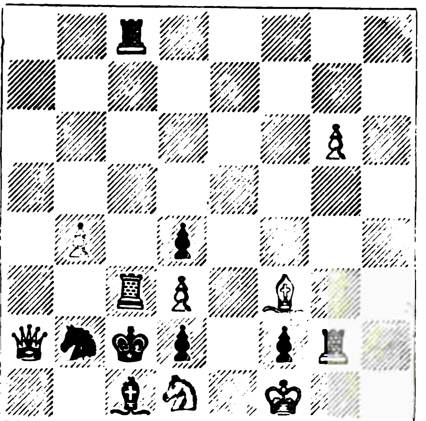
The sketchy illustrations that brighten the opening chapter of "A Summer at Elysian Grove" are from the pencil of Mr. A. J. Maerz, an artist whose fine work in another vein has already appeared in previous numbers of the magazine. The faces are full of character, and the features of the "new nurse" will force a smile from the most sober lips. Mr. Maerz will continue in future numbers his pointed illustrations of this pleasant summer story.

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 3.—By X. Hawkins.

BLACK.



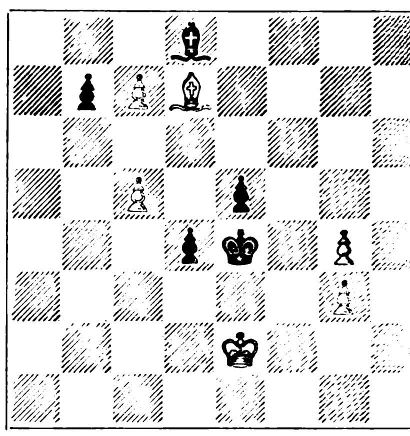
WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM.

No. 4.—By Richard Lacy.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

The Philadelphia Chess Club tournament has concluded, B. M. Neill, editor of the chess column in the *Danbury News*, winning first prize, a fine musical box.

—Our chess exchanges are as usual full of interesting matter, games, problems, etc. We should hardly be doing justice if we did not return thanks to them for the various complimentary notices with which our chess column has been received.

—The English and Scotch chess players are to have an International match at Glasgow, commencing this month. Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort are to be present and play blindfold games and simultaneous games with all comers. Some fine playing may be expected.

—The following game was recently played in this city:

Game No. 3.

EVANS GAMBIT.

White. (Geo. H. Thornton).	Black. (A. W. Ensor).
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..Kt to K B 3	2..Kt to Q B 3
3..B to Q B 4	3..B to Q B 4
4..P to Q Kt 4	4..B takes P
5..P to Q B 3	5..B to Q B 4
6..Castles.	6..P to Q 3
7..P to Q 4	7..P takes P
8..P takes P	8..B to Kt 3
9..B to R 3 *(a)*	9..B to K Kt 5 *(b)*
10..P to Q 5	10..Kt to K 4
11..Q B to Kt 5 +	11..P to Q B 3
12..P takes P	12..P takes P
13..B to R 4	13..B to B 2
14..Kt to Q 2	14..K Kt to K 2
15..R to Q B	15..Q to Q 2
16..Q to B 2	16..B takes K Kt
17..Kt takes B	17..Kt takes Kt +
18..P takes Kt	18..Castles K R
19..B takes B P	19..Kt takes P
20..Q takes Kt	20..Q takes Q
21..R takes Q	21..B to Kt 3
22..B takes P	22..R to Q
23. P to K 5	23..R to Q B
24..R to Q B	24..R takes R *(c)*
25..R takes R	25..P to K B 3
26..P to K B 4	26..K to B 2
27..K to Kt 2	27..P to K R 3
28..P to Q R 4	28..K to K 3
29..B to B 7 dis +	29..K to Q 2
30..B takes R	30..K takes R
31..B takes B	31..K takes B
32..P to K 6	32..K to B 2
33..P to K B 5	33..K to Q 3
34..K to B 3	34..P to Kt 3
35..K to Kt 4	35..P takes P
36..K takes P	36..K to K 2
37..P to K B 4	37..P to Q R 4
38..P to K R 3 *(d)*	38..P to R 4
39..P to K R 4	39..K to Q 3
40..K takes P	And Black resigns.

a. This move is condemned by Gossip in his "Manual of Chess" as weak. None of the authorities on this opening recommend it. P to Q 5 is doubtless much better.

b. This is the accepted reply to Q B to R 3, and is considered to give Black the better game.

c. Black can hardly afford exchange.

d. If the pawn had been advanced to R 4 it would have given Black an opportunity to draw; but this move forces Black to withdraw his K at his 39th move, and enables White to win with ease.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 2.

1. Kt to K Kt 2.

TWO WAYS OF PULLING A STUMP.

THE CHAMBERLIN SCREW STUMP MACHINE.



THE LITTLE GIANT, OR MAN-KILLER.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

THE CARTOON.

Cartoons should speak for themselves, and the most careless observer can see on the preceding page the superior advantages of the Chamberlin Machine. The dog in harness is of course a bit of pleasantry; but the fact of the superior Strength, Ease and Time-Saving qualities of the screw stump-puller remain the same. Here let the manufacturers speak for themselves:

"The amount of power required to pull stumps makes it just as absurb to attempt to pull stumps with hand or man power machines, as it would be to harness men to wagons or mowing machines This is plainly seen in our picture, where it takes six men to do the work of one horse. The horse's labor is worth 50 cents per day, and the six men worth $9 per day. Judge for yourselves which is the most profitable machine for you to buy, or if you wish further particulars, prices, etc. Address, GEO. CHAMBERLIN & SON, OLEAN, N. Y.

A DESIRABLE SUMMER TRIP.

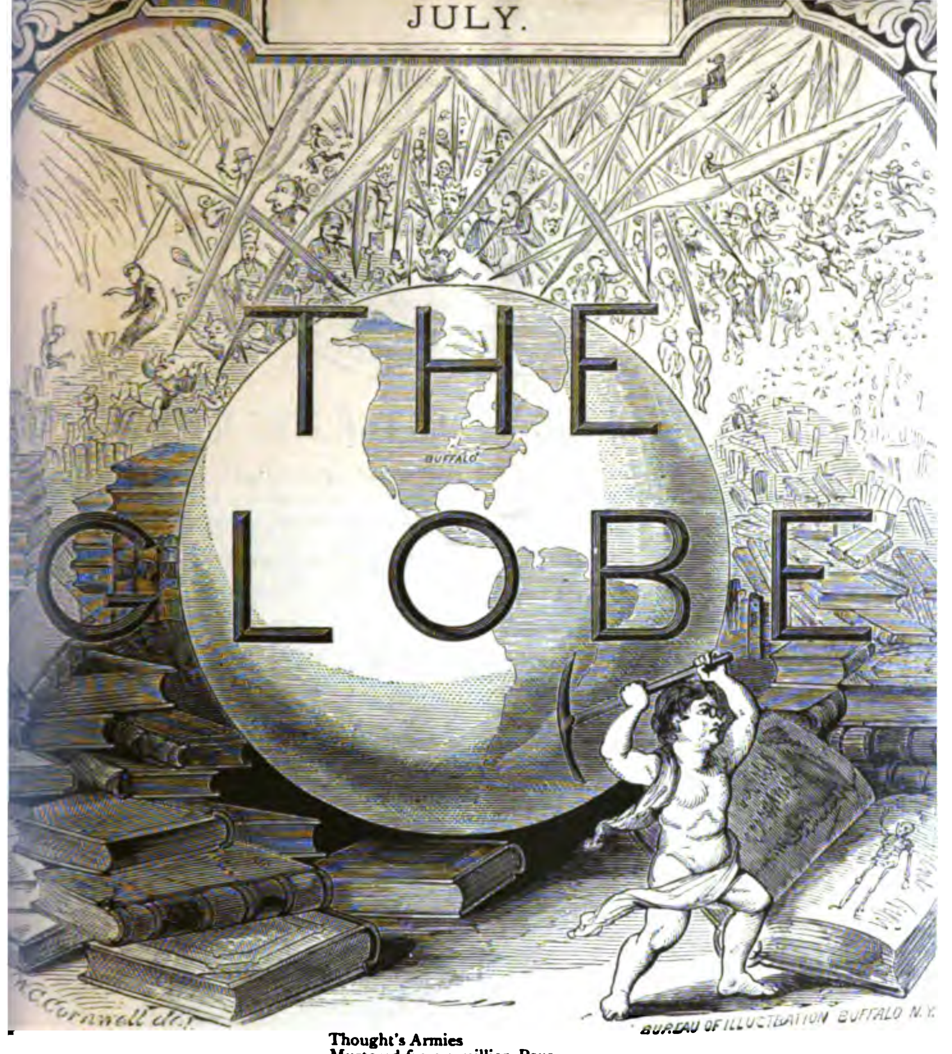
On another page will be found the prospectus of a "Pleasure Excursion," which fully covers the meaning of the words. Those who have read the delightful experiences of an artist in a Trip up the Lakes, will turn with the more eagerness to the time-table of the Western Transportation Co. and the Anchor Line. And no doubt many a reader will make up his mind to take advantage of the very fair rates and the very splendid accommodations of these elegant passenger steamers, and forthwith proceed to pick out the day and the propeller for a start. We refer all such to Mr. Rufus M. Choate, Buffalo, the Passenger Agent of the Companies, who will take pleasure in answering all inquiries and giving all information and accommodation that can possibly be required.

TRADE LEECHES.

It is the inevitable bane attending the growth of a very good manufactured article, that when it once attains a first-class reputation it becomes the target of a hundred worthless imitations that assume its name and possess none of its merits. This has happened in the case of the Faber Lead Pencil, Colt's Revolver, Gillott's Pens, the Sheffield Cutlery, and a dozen other manufactures that have attained a world-wide reputation.

In the same connection we notice that lately the Fairbanks Scale Co. have begun to sound the note of warning. In a recent notice they say: "The well-earned reputation of our Scales has induced the makers of worthless and imperfect balances to offer them as Fairbanks Scales, and purchasers have thereby in many instances been subjected to fraud and imposition. If such makers were capable of constructing good scales they would have no occasion to borrow our name."

The public should be as jealous of such fraud practiced on a first-class article as the manufacturers themselves. If every individual would be careful to expose and publish known cases of this kind, these parasitical trade leeches would have a short existence.



Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

BUFFALO.

THE GLOBE.

1876, March 30.

VOL. III.] JULY, 1875. [No. 4.



Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
  With me the muse shall sit, and think.

THOMAS GRAY.

A SUMMER AT ELYSIAN GROVE.

(Continued.)

Of course, we were too late for dinner, and had to wait an inconceivably long time before we could have any prepared. With the exception that there had been kerosene in the milk pitcher, it was very good when it came, and our landlady waited upon us in a most gracious manner. There dined with us upon this occasion a dapper little young man called Jim, who excited my curiosity in a remarkable degree. Too humble for a boarder, he seemed still a little too dignified for a servant. He was entirely at home, and waited upon himself and us without embarrassment. His devotion to Mrs. Squibs was that of a son; but son she had not. Who could he be? No sooner had we reached our room than I confidentially whispered, "Jonathan, that must be Squibs," for thus our landlady always designated her spouse.

Jonathan laughed immoderately (he was better-natured after dinner); and at last declaring, "I'll give you one hundred dollars if that is Squibs," he decided to take his cigar down stairs, and, by slightly mixing with the family, tried to discover if there were not some older and more dignified Squibs than the one we had seen.

In the meantime I commenced unpacking, and did not miss him until he returned triumphant and beaming at my discomfiture and the loss of my one hundred dollars.

"Well, Jonathan," said I, "did you see him?"

"Why, yes; he is a good-natured and jolly old fellow—quite a suitable husband."

"Well, then, who is the mysterious individual?"

"*Why, he's Jim.*"

"Don't I know that, but *who is Jim?*"

"That I can't tell you, only Mr. Squibs calls him Jim, Mrs. Squibs calls him Jim, their little daughter calls him Jim; I believe the very dogs and cats about the establishment must also call him Jim. But what his mysterious connection with the family can be from, what his devotion more than that of a son, his obedience more than that of a servant, I cannot imagine. He is a clerk in a rubber house, he keeps his tobacco in a rubber pouch, and smokes it in a rubber pipe, writes with a rubber pencil, combs his hair with a rubber comb, cleans his teeth with a rubber brush, drinks from a rubber tumbler, and carries about with him wherever he goes a faint smell of rubber."



JIM.

I afterwards learned that Jim was the house slave—the one who in an emergency puts his shoulder to the domestic wheel—the one who does the errands, takes the blame of everything that goes wrong, and makes things generally easy for the rest—such a person "is handy to have in the house."

We were both fearfully tired, and were soon ready to tumble into bed and spend an oblivious night of dreamless sleep; but, ah! little do we ever know what is before us.

We had a bed which, doubtless in the halcyon days when Mrs. Squibs and her spouse were young, had been the very lap of luxury; but when we prepared to seek its balmy influences, it was aged, infirm, and hopelessly broken in the back. Jonathan got in first, and straightway rolled directly in the middle. When he saw me pouting because he had the best place, he generously resigned me the first chance, and from my side I also rolled without a moment's warning directly in the middle. Presently Jonathan came tumbling down from his side, like a thousand of brick, directly in the middle. As danger of annihilation seemed imminent, I scrambled up and clung with hands and feet to the edge of the bed, and thus passed the night, except when in moments of sleep, relaxing my grasp, I rolled again into the cavity, which must of a necessity belong to Jonathan. To be sure, I could not envy him much, for the descent being from the four sides, he was forced to assume a spherical form, by no means desirable, and I finally learned to look down upon him in his "Valley of Humiliation" as though I had been on the very summit of the "Delectable Mountains."

After a restless night, we awoke to a contemplation of our situation, and viewing it from every standpoint, Jonathan finally exclaimed: "I shall request her to give us a bed of shavings, of corn-husks, or of anything that will keep its place, rather than one of movable camel's humps and rhinoceros' backs."

Besides the discomforts of the bed, we were perishing with cold. The balmy breezes Mrs. Squibs had foretold had not yet appeared. The room had that chill and damp that creeps through you in the best room of a country house, in which a fire is never lighted. There was not even a chimney for a stove hole.

At this juncture Jonathan began to look about the room, and finally exclaimed: "Ceilings low—only one window—up a back stairs so queer and crooked that they certainly must be an invention of the adversary,—no gas—no fire. Oh, Dolly! why on earth did you take these rooms?

" 'No warmth—no light—
Yet here I'm kept this freezing night,
Although not mad'——

"Not mad—ah! yes—I swear I'm mad."

After this impressive burst of eloquence he looked at me for a reply.

I answered faintly: "Jonathan, have you seen the view?"

"The view? Confound it. How can a man look at a view when his very vitals are freezing with cold. Don't talk to me of a view."

As there was nothing more to be said, I kept quite still. When we went down stairs Jonathan expressed his views in no measured terms to the amazed and confounded Mrs. Squibs. She in her consternation fled from one proposition to another, and from one price to another, until her mind became so confused that she would have offered us any room in the house at any price we suggested. But we did not take advantage of her dilemma; to tell the truth, she had no room that I would change for mine. I gloried in immense closets that no other room



THE HUNT FOR THE PLATED SPOON.

could boast; and then—there was the view. I didn't dare say it in words, but I privately and obstinately made up my mind that nothing should make me change my rooms. So, after the matter had been discussed several times, Mrs. Squibs sending for Jonathan each night as soon as he reached home and announcing some change in her mind during the day just past, the matter was finally settled by her returning to her original price.



THE DIGNITY OF OFFICE.

I had been a meek and quiet audience to several lectures from Mrs. Squibs on the subject of children and nurses, so that I was no stranger to her views. I knew that she regarded children as a necessary evil, something that she had made up her mind must be patiently endured; but nurses I knew she considered as a direct emanation from the evil one—a natural enemy, such as sin is regarded by good people, to be fought against and resisted even to the death. Still, I was hardly prepared for the combat which she immediately commenced upon my ghoul. I must acknowledge I was disappointed in her myself; for, to say nothing of Jonathan's constant amusement at my expense, I had not found her the seamstress that her recommendations would lead me to expect. I had given her a play apron to make, and observed that when it was finished the little grus at the sides were not cut off, but left hanging down like dogs' ears, and were carefully hemmed with stitches which were tall and stately like the Anakins of Old Testament renown, and too far apart even to deserve the name of neighbors.

Besides this, I had overheard her scold the children, and upon these grounds I announced to her that I should be obliged to change. As to sewing, she said I had told her the apron was a common one, and she need not be particular. "Certainly," said I, "but I never saw such sewing on anything." "Oh! I can sew beautifully; try me on drawers—try me on button-holes," shouted she, with the energy of despair. I then added that she was not patient with children. "In faith, every one always said I was awful patient with childer, ma'am," said she; "and now I am out of a place, ma'am, when so many ladies came to me after engagin' to you, ma'am—an' I will have to pay for my trunk back and for another advertisement, ma'am." "Oh!" said I, "I will pay for your trunk and for another advertisement." "Well, ma'am, an' you're very good if you do as you say." So the matter was amicably settled, and she left, only avenging herself by going two days before my other maid could come, and informing the children that their mother never had such a superior nurse before—that she could read and write—that she had one silk dress and several good clothes besides—that she only left because she did not like the place, and that the new nurse was very much pockmarked in the face. It is true that the new nurse *was* pockmarked. She was pretty, young and small. I had hesitated about the pockmarks, and had decoyed her under a gas-burner in the hall that Jonathan and Mrs. Squibs might walk by and see if she would do. They had both consented to overlook this one indiscretion, and I had engaged her, but as she could not come immediately we were obliged to take the baby Fred to sleep with us that night.

He carried a shovel and hoe to bed,



EXIT.

to which we meekly submitted, for Jonathan said it was not best to break the boy's spirit; and I considered privately that, having playthings when he awoke in the morning, perhaps he would not feel it so incumbent upon himself to wake up for company. So we, uncomplainingly, slept with the shovel and hoe, but when he arose at daybreak, and brought in also a wheelbarrow, which he rolled up and down over our helpless bodies, all the time singing, "Over hill and dale, dear Grandmamma to see," I was indignant, and lifted my head for the purpose of administering immediate retribution, but reflecting that it might end in a stormy discipline, probably lasting till breakfast time, robbing myself and every one else of sleep, I concluded to choose the least of two evils, and quietly lay down again, determined to become a hill or valley, whichever Fred might desire.

Thus, I had my trials, but poor Mrs. Squibs had hers also.

She was continually plunged in some depth of distress or trouble, and being of a discursive and communicative temperament, we were continually called upon for sympathy. Servants were the very bane of her existence. She always chose colored people; she declared she would have no other help. At first we had a waiter named George. He seemed faithful and obedient, but always under a cloud, and whenever the black piercing eyes of his mistress were fixed upon him he trembled. Once when she was in good humor, she asked him why this was. "I don't know, maim, I allus feel jes though you was a gwine to say suffin." "What of that?" insisted she, "I don't scold you, do I?" "No," replied he, "but I allus feel as though you was jes a gwine to." I suspected he had some private reason, poor fellow! as one night I knew of his wandering about, gloomily, from room to room, to find a plated spoon that was missing. It was drawing near midnight and the search seemed hopeless, but the fiat had gone forth that he should not sleep until the spoon was found. At any rate his reign was brief; he departed, and his mantle, in the shape of a linen coat and white apron, a livery Mrs. Squibs kept for all her servants, fell unto a small black object of humanity, so minute that he was quite buried up in the badges of his office. It was ludicrous to behold him as he stumped about in his long apron, vainly trying to run his absurd little head above the voluminous shoulders of his spacious coat. He seemed to feel the difficulties of his situation, for he escaped the first night, only one eye-witness being able to testify that, in the darkness, he had climbed a high fence at one edge of the lawn, and quietly dropping down upon the other side, had never more been seen.



THE OTHER EXTREME.

Such being his melancholy end, he was soon followed by another, great and tall, as much too long for the coat and apron as the last incumbent had been too short. Vainly did he try to cover his ungainly wrists with the sleeves, which so perversely stopped too soon, to hide his crane-like neck under the collar, or to convince disinterested beholders, that his long slim waist really stopped where the buttons of his coat would naturally suggest.



A PIOUS DARKEY.

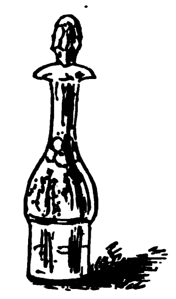
He was a pious darkey, always saying his prayers behind the pantry door, singing psalm tunes over the dish pan, and carrying on long conversations with himself, in which he asked questions and answered them all in the same breath, in regard to the spiritual condition of himself and the stable boy. Notwithstanding his piety, he showed an over-weaning desire to prolong that life which he considered so unworthy, for he was discovered to be in the habit of drinking vinegar every day. He said his grandfather had done so, and had lived to be a hundred. His reign at Elysian Grove was short.

The fact was, Mrs. Squibs was yearning over a certain Charley—the perfection of a waiter, and the original owner of the coat and apron. She had taken him when a contraband, remunerating him with food and clothing. He had been decoyed away by the unrighteous offer of $10 a month, and never, ungrateful fellow that he was, did he consent to return to his first allegiance until Mrs. Squibs tendered him the same generous remuneration for his valuable services.

Jonathan was not fond of Mrs. Squibs, but we generally managed to be on good terms. Only on one occasion did he divulge the depth of his feelings. It was when we stood before the family picture which had been painted of her in her youth. It portrayed a gentle, lovely creature with eyes so sad and downcast that, as we stood looking at it one day, I said, "A repentant Magdalen, is it not?"

"No," said Jonathan fiercely, "for we read she had seven devils cast out of her, and surely in this our friend there can be no less than five remaining."

If, however, she had performed no other pious work on earth, she certainly had made an angel of the person she called Squibs. He was energetic and industrious withal, working from morning until night for his family, and might have supported them in a humble way, for Mrs. Squibs often said when over-vexed with the trials of what she called her "thankless office," "I believe I'll give up and live on Squibs' salary." Doubtless she might have done this had it not been for the aspiring aims she cherished for her darling Sappho.



THE NEGRO'S ELIXIR.

(To be continued.)

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF BYRON.

X.

(Jottings of conversation with the Poet, by Thos. Medwin, of the 24th Light Dragoons; published fifty years ago, and now out of print.)

SWIMMING.

One day after dinner our conversation turned to the subject of swimming, Byron said:

"Murray published a letter I wrote to him from Venice, which might have seemed an idle display of vanity; but the object of my writing it was to contradict what Turner had asserted about the impossibility of crossing the Hellespont from the Abydos to the Sestos side, in consequence of the tide.

"One is as easy as the other; we did both." Here he turned round to Fletcher, to whom he occasionally referred, and said, "Fletcher, how far was it Mr. Ekenhead and I swam?" Fletcher replied, "Three miles and a half, my Lord." (Of course he did not diminish the distance.) "The real width of the Hellespont," resumed Lord Byron, "is not much above a mile; but the current is prodigiously strong, and we were carried down notwithstanding all our efforts. I don't know how Leander contrived to stem the stream, and steer straight across; but nothing is impossible in love or religion. If I had had a Hero on the other side, perhaps I should have worked harder. We were to have undertaken this feat some time before, but put it off in consequence of the coolness of the water; and it was chilly enough when we performed it. I know I should have made a bad Leander, for it gave me an ague that I did not so easily get rid of. There were some sailors in the fleet who swam further than I did—I do not say than I could have done, for it is the only exercise I pride myself upon, being almost amphibious.

"I remember being at Brighton many years ago, and having great difficulty in making the land—the wind blowing off the shore, and the tide setting out. Crowds of people were collected on the beach to see us. Mr. —— (I think he said Hobhouse) was with me; and," he added, "I had great difficulty in saving him—he nearly drowned me.

A SWIMMING MATCH.

"When I was at Venice, there was an Italian who knew no more of swimming than a camel, but he had heard of my prowess in the Dardanelles, and challenged me. Not wishing that any foreigner at least should beat me at my own arms, I consented to engage in the contest. Alexander Scott proposed to be of the party, and we started from Lido. Our landlubber was very soon in the rear, and Scott saw him make for a gondola. He rested himself first against one, and then against another, and gave in before we got half way to St. Mark's Place. We saw no more of him, but continued our course through the Grand Canal, landing at my palace-stairs. The water of the Lagunes is dull, and not very clear or agreeable to bathe in. I can keep myself up for hours in the sea: I delight in it, and come out with a buoyancy of spirits I never feel on any other occasion.

"If I believed in the transmigration of your Hindoos, I should think I had been a *Merman* in some former state of existence, or was going to be turned into one in the next. * * * *

FALIERO.

"When I published 'Marino Faliero,' I had not the most distant view to the stage. My object in choosing that historical subject, was to record one of the most remarkable incidents in the annals of the Venetian Republic, embodying it in what I considered the most interesting form—dialogue, and giving my work the accompaniments of scenery and manners studied on the spot. That Faliero should,

for a slight to a woman, become a traitor to his country, and conspire to massacre all his fellow-nobles, and that the young Foscari should have a sickly affection for his native city, were no inventions of mine. I painted the men as I found them, as they were,—not as the critics would have them. I took the stories as they were handed down; and if human nature is not the same in one country as it is in others, am I to blame?—can I help it? But no painting, however highly colored, can give an idea of the intensity of a Venetian's affection for his native city. Shelley, I remember, draws a very beautiful picture of the tranquil pleasures of Venice in a poem* which he has not published, and in which he does not make me cut a good figure. It describes an evening we passed together.

"There was one mistake I committed; I should have called 'Marino Faliero' and 'The Two Foscari' dramas, historic poems, or any thing, in short, but tragedies or plays. In the first place, I was ill-used in the extreme by the Doge being brought on the stage at all, after my Preface. Then it consists of 3,500 lines; a good acting play should not exceed 1,500 or 1,800, and, conformably with my plan, the materials could not have been compressed into so confined a space.

ON THE STAGE.

"I remember Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, telling me, many years ago, that I should never be able to condense my powers of writing sufficiently for the stage, and that the fault of all my plays would be their being too long for acting. The remark occurred to me when I was about 'Marino Faliero;' but I thought it unnecessary to try and contradict his prediction, as I did not study stage-effect, and meant it solely for the closet. So much was I averse from its being acted, that, the moment I heard of the intention of the managers, I applied for an injunction; but the Chancellor refused to interfere, or issue an order for suspending the representation. It was a question of great importance in the literary world, of property. He would neither protect me nor Murray. But the manner in which it was got up was shameful!† All the declamatory parts were left, all the dramatic ones struck out; and Cooper, the new actor, was the murderer of the whole. Lioni's soliloquy, which I wrote one moonlight night after coming from the Benyon's, ought to have been omitted altogether, or at all events much curtailed. What audience will listen with any patience to a mere tirade of poetry, which stops the march of the actor? No wonder, then, that the unhappy Doge should have been damned! But it was no very pleasant news for me; and the letter containing it was accompained by another, to inform me that an old lady, from whom I had great expectations, was likely to live to an hundred. There is an autumnal shoot in some old people, as in trees; and I fancy her constitution has got some of the new sap. Well, on these two pleasant pieces of intelligence I wrote the following epigram, or elegy it may be termed, from the melancholy nature of the subject:

"Behold the blessings of a happy lot!
My play is damn'd, and Lady —— not!

THE REVIEWERS AGAIN.

"I understand that Louis Dix-huit, or *huitres*, as Moore spells it, has made a traduction of poor 'Faliero;' but I should hope it will not be attempted on the *Theâtre Francois*. It is quite enough for a man to be damned once. I was satisfied with

* The lines to which Lord Byron referred are these:
"If I had been an unconnected man,
I from this moment should have formed the plan
Never to leave fair Venice—for to me
It was delight to ride by the lone sea;
And then the town is silent—one may write
Or read in gondolas by day or night,
Having the little brazen lamp alight,
Unseen, uninterrupted: books are there,
Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
Which were twin-born with poetry,—and all
We seek in towns, with little to recall
Regrets for the green country. I might sit
In Maddalo's great palace," &c.
—*Julian and Maddalo.*

† Acted at Drury Lane, April 25, 1821.

Jeffrey's critique* on the play, for it abounded in extracts. He was welcome to his own opinion,—which was fairly stated. His summing up in favor of my friend Sir Walter amused me; it reminded me of a schoolmaster, who, after flogging a bad boy, calls out to the head of the class, and, patting him on the head, gives him all the sugar-plums.

"The common trick of Reviewers is, when they want to depreciate a work, to give no quotations from it. This is what 'The Quarterly' shines in;—the way Milman puts down Shelley, when he compared him to Pharaoh, and his works to his chariot-wheels, by what contortion of images I forget;—but it reminds me of another person's comparing me in a poem to Jesus Christ, and telling me, when I objected to its profanity, that he alluded to me in situation, not in person! 'What!' said I in reply, 'would you have me crucified? We are not in Jerusalem, are we?' But this is a long parenthesis. The Reviewers are like a counsellor, after an abusive speech, calling no witnesses to prove his assertions.

"There are people who read nothing but these *trimes-trials*, and swear by the *ipse dixit* of these autocrats—these Actæon hunters of literature. They are fond of raising up and throwing down idols. 'The Edinburgh' did so with Walter Scott's poetry, and, —— perhaps there is no merit in my plays? It may be so; and Milman may be a great poet, if Heber is right and I am wrong. He has the dramatic faculty, and I have not. So they pretended to say of Milton. I am too happy in being coupled in any way with Milton, and shall be glad if they find any points of comparison between him and me.

"But the praise or blame of Reviewers does not last long now-a-days. It is like straw thrown up in the air.

A LETTER TO BARRY CORNWALL.

I told Lord Byron that I had a letter from Proctor,† and that he had been jeered on "The Duke of Mirandola' not having been included in his (Lord B.'s) enumeration of the dramatic pieces of the day; and that he added he had been at Harrow with him.

"Aye," said Lord Byron, "I remember the name; he was in the lower school, in such a class. They stood Farrer, Proctor, Jocelyn."

I have no doubt Lord Byron could have gone through all the names, such was his memory. He immediately sat down, and very good naturedly gave the following note to send to Barry Cornwall, which shows that the arguments of the Reviewers had not changed his Unitarian opinions (as he called them):

"Had I been aware of your tragedy when I wrote my note to 'Marino Faliero,' although it is a matter of no consequence to you, I should certainly not have omitted to insert your name with those of the other writers who still do honor to the drama.

"My own notions on the subject altogether are so different from the popular ideas of the day, that we differ essentially, as indeed I do from our whole English *literati*, upon that topic. But I do not contend that I am right, —I merely say that such is my opinion; and as it is a solitary one, it can do no great harm. But it does not prevent me from doing justice to the powers of those who adopt a different system."

* "However, I forgive him: and I trust
He will forgive himself:—if not, I must.
Old enemies who have become new friends,
Should so continue;—'tis a point of honor."
—*Don Juan, Canto X, Stanzas* 11 *and* 12.

† Barry Cornwall.



THE BRYANT TESTIMONIAL VASE.

THE BRYANT TESTIMONIAL VASE.

Last autumn, on the occasion of the eightieth birthday of the distinguished poet William Cullen Bryant, the Century Club of New York city decided to present a testimonial to him, and a committee was appointed for the purpose of giving the idea direction. This committee, which consisted of some of the leading citizens of New York, decided that the testimonial should be in the form of a silver vase, a work of art, to embody scenes illustrative of the life or works of the Poet. It was further decided that the subject should be presented to the leading American art workers in silver, for the preparation by them of competitive designs. Among the competitors were Tiffany & Co., the Gorham Company, Starr & Marcus, Black, Starr & Frost and the Whiting Company. All of the designs were beautiful specimens of art, some of them exquisite in parts.

To the house of Tiffany & Co., however, belongs the honor of having presented the design which was accepted; and readers who love art will be gratified to find the superb engraving of it whieh appears on another page. The design is that of Mr. James H. Whitehouse, head artist of the celebrated house, and himself justly celebrated. It is said of him that he never fails to carry off the palm when his house is entered in competition with its rivals. We are fortunate in being able to present with the engraving the full text of Mr. Whitehouse's remarks made before the committee in explanation of his design. Let the reader take it, and, with the design before him, follow carefully the train of thought as it grew and blossomed and took form and became beautiful in the mind and under the skillful hand of the artist, and he will know a small something of the pleasure, which has in it an attribute of the divine, with which artists, whether they be painters, sculptors, or workers in silver, are inspired in the origination of their productions. Before proceeding to this, let it be here set down that the engraving is the work of Mr. Jno. MacDonald, an engraver of whom we have before had occasion to speak, and whose work here displayed fully justifies all we have said of the rare skill of his graver.

Here, then, is the substance of Mr. Whitehouse's remarks:

When the Bryant testimonial was first mentioned, my thoughts at once flew to the country—to the crossing of the boughs of trees—to the plants and flowers, and to a general contemplation of Nature, which, together with a certain Homeric influence, produced in my mind the germ of the design, the form of a Greek vase with the most beautiful of American flowers and plants growing around and entwining themselves gracefully about it, each breathing its own particular story as it grew. All this was suggested by the poet's minute, cheery and loving study of the works of Nature, and by the sublime moral lessons taught therefrom, and none of these rich surroundings interfered in the least with the simplicity of the vase.

To give these ideas expression in actual form, I have adopted the style of treatment seen in the design; that is, I have taken a vase, which, in consideration of the nature of Mr. Bryant's life and works, is of simple and classic form, and have built upon it a series of symbolic studies from Nature, which entirely covers the surface and illustrates the career of the poet from his early years to his ripened maturity, and, in order to preserve an unbroken outline, no part of the ornamentation is allowed to project. The groundwork, having the effect of being cut down to the depth of a quarter of an inch, produces a graceful, light and rich decoration, and, at the same time, retains quiet harmony in its entirety. This

treatment is original and somewhat of a departure; the subject demanding it.

The vase will be of oxydized silver, thirty inches in height, and covered with a fret-work. The chief lines are formed of the apple branch, which (with its blossoms, a great favorite with the poet) suggests that his writings as verse are not only beautiful, but that they all bear a moral; the fruit being in fact the moral to the verse. Running under this, and forming the finer lines, is the Eglantine, the spirit of true poetry, and the Amaranth (the flower that never fades) the emblem of immortality, and these traverse the entire composition.

The most prominent object on the side of the vase is the head of Mr. Bryant in high relief, crowned with a bay wreath, and surrounding the piece are medallions in low relief, representing various scenes in his life and works. In the first, his father instructing him in versification, points to Homer as his model.

"For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of Verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses."

The second shows the poet in the woods.

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world,
So full of guilt and misery, crimes and care
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature."

It also suggests the Thanatopsis.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

The third medallion shows his life as an editor; and the fourth commemorates the fact that he, when past seventy years of age, translated the Iliad and Odyssey. Above the head of the poet, the lyre for his verse, and below, the most primitive form of printing press, for his journalism, are worked into symmetrical ornament, and beneath this, holding a somewhat prominent position, is the Waterfowl, "Lone wandering but not lost," which is introduced, not simply to illustrate this particular poem, although the one most widely read, but as the key-note to the general religious tendency of his works—a never wavering faith.

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky his certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

The lower part, or cup of the vase, is ornamented with the Indian Corn and Cotton, staples of America.

As the Greeks introduced their water ornaments on the lower part of their vases, so I have ornamented the foot of this vase with the Water Lily, the emblem of eloquence for our poet's oratorical power, for it is said that good speaking should flow as smoothly as water where the lilies grow undisturbed.

The handles are in harmony with the outline, and here again are brought in, with the same intention, the Maize and Cotton. The Bobolink is also found here, which, while purely an American bird, represents his humorous verse, as "Robert of Lincoln." The Primrose, for early youth, and the Ivy, for age, form a border around the lower part of the neck, and the lines running up from it are formed of the stems of the field flowers, which spread out into blossom above. Here also is the fringed Gentian, which Mr. Bryant remembers in his poem as always pointing to Heaven.

"I would that thus when I should see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope blossoming within my heart,
May look to Heaven as I depart."

The famous lines, commencing, "Truth crushed to earth," are here introduced in the shape of an ornamental border. They are given literally, for they are in themselves so grand and so beautiful, that to touch them in the way of illustration is simply to weaken them.

On the base which supports the vase are the crossed pens (prose), the lyre (verse), and the broken shackles, in recognition of the poet's services in the cause of emancipation.

This vase, if unearthed in the centuries to come, would tell its own

tale. Suppose it lost, and many years later found by some old antiquarian. First will be noted the bay-crowned head and the lyre, indicating the poet; then the Indian Corn and Cotton will show his nationality; the floral and symbolic decoration, that he must have been a lover and student of Nature; the subjects introduced and their meanings reflected upon, that his teachings must have been of a faithful, moral character. The Water Lilies softly mark his eloquence, and the old printing press will add the last link that leads directly to the name of Bryant.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

The charge is brought against Americans that they are the most extravagant race on the face of the earth. In one sense this is probably true. Large fortunes easily amassed, and many of them, do not tend to teach people the value of money. Financial troubles are the result and the antidote, of the free practice of this vice. American experience in the last few years has proved this, and useless expenditures have been checked in a degree. But it has become the habit of the sensible and the economical to stigmatize every large outlay not absolutely necessary, as extravagant, no matter what the circumstances. The subject deserves discriminative thought under these wholesale charges. What is real extravagance? The term is certainly comparative. A poor man who lives from hand to mouth, and whose income is barely sufficient to provide necessaries for his family, would be considered extravagant, and justly so, if he purchased a bronze ornament for the parlor when he had no parlor for the ornament. The same piece of bronze, if a work of art, would be an appropriate furnishing to the rooms of any one whose income allowed it without encroachment.

When not one ornament nor a dozen are purchased, but a whole house full—rare, costly, beautiful—the question whether the purchase is an extravagant one still depends upon the question of income. Can the purchaser afford it? Are his debts paid—not to his butcher and grocer alone, but to his own kind and to his God? Then, if there is left enough for these things, works of art, elegantly wrought silver, quaint artistic furniture, rich carpeting, delicate frescoes, beautiful pictures and breathing marbles, then, and only then, are these things not extravagant. For art is an educator of a higher grade than the spelling-book or the atlas, and to the man who can afford it it is not only not extravagance for him to beautify his home in a costly, tasteful manner, but it is praiseworthy in a high degree.

The reader will please to observe in the preceding remarks that the lavish and reckless expenditure of money is by no means advocated, be the spender never so able to afford it. The purchase of anything costly, out of the pale of taste or use, is extravagance. The purchase of a heterogeneous avalanche of works of art, and the crowding of walls, floors and ceilings with them regardless of artistic effect, and for the

mere purpose of display, is extravagance—the most foolish. We can forgive a man who, in moderate circumstances and scarcely able to afford it, perhaps not at all so, yearns for some sweet picture and is finally tempted to buy it, even though his purse gaps open-mouthed in astonishment. It is, perhaps, a lovely figure of some waiting Hero, or a sweep of green waves along a white beach, or a crimson break of sunset through the woods; and, hanging there in his room, it opens a new world to him away from the dust and hum of his every-day one. We can forgive him this purchase, be we ever so mercenary, even praise him for it with justice, for, though its price may be beyond his means, yet in the new life it gives him, and the new thoughts, there may be more dollars and cents than those he has paid to the dealer.

But when a person with plenty of means uses them in conglomerating articles of value and stacking them in staring profusion where they will catch the eye and not the heart, that person proclaims glaringly the fact of his money possessions, together with that other fact, equally glaring, of his lack of brain, and our indignation first, and after that, pity, go out to him. His is foolish, censurable extravagance.

But this is only a small division of the subject. It would take many times more space than is here permitted to discuss its numberless ramifications, its relations to dress, articles of use, architecture, etc. Enough, however, has been written to show that this, and a hundred kindred every-day subjects, are deserving of more thought than is usually given them.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

The curious lines which ensue are from the pen of Thomas Hood. Most bards find it sufficiently difficult to obtain one rhyming word at the end of a line, but Hood secures three with an ease which is as graceful as it is surprising.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic Pitt sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves do enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But, frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble,—"Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls,
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charlie, or Billy, willy-nilly;—
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Glames,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those beaux' woes!

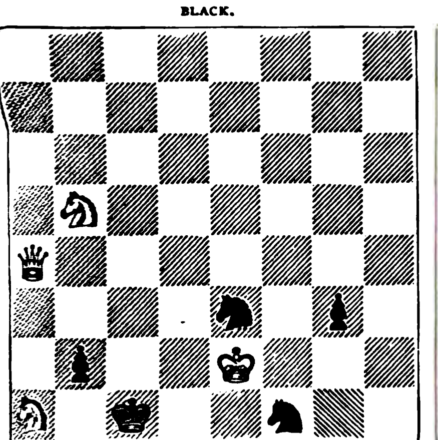
FALL AND VELOCITY OF RIVERS.—The fall of a river influences in part the velocity or force of its current, but not to such an extent that the rate of fall could be taken as a scale for the rate of velocity. The Rhine, Danube, and Elbe are very rapid rivers, yet they only exhibit a fall of one or two, and very seldom, three feet per mile. The "gentle Tweed," with an average fall of nearly eight feet from the affluence of Bigger Water to the sea, is freely navigated by small boats, while a fall of only two feet in the Danube causes the greatest obstacles to navigation. The Severn and the Shannon are much alike in magnitude; the average descent of the former is 26.6 inches per mile; of the latter, only 9 inches; and yet the Severn pursues its course without any rapids or falls; whilst the Shannon forms the magnificent falls of Doonas, equaling the most celebrated in Europe.

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 5—By Geo. H. Thornton.

BLACK.



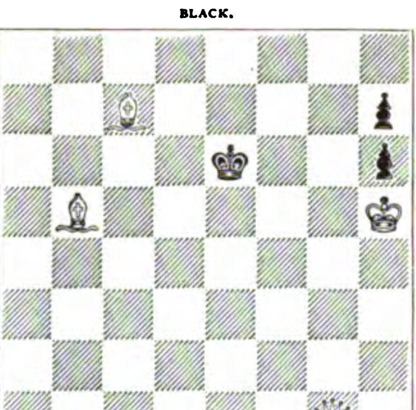
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM.

No. 6—By Miss Bianca Fleischmann.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS LITERATURE.

With the exception of those players who apply themselves to the study of the game, most persons would be somewhat astonished at the amount of chess literature published in book form; and persons unacquainted with the interest taken in chess might be equally surprised at the extent and progress made by the periodical chess literature of the day. The various chess libraries in the world are a sufficient proof of our first assertion. Notably among these is that of Dr. Van der Linde, of Berlin, whose library now numbers over 1,100 volumes, and we doubt very much whether even this large collection includes all the works now extant.

As to the periodical literature, we take pleasure in referring our readers to our own exchanges, which will, we think, substantiate our statement. In the United States there are now three monthly magazines devoted exclusively to chess. These magazines are very ably conducted, and among their contributors are numbered the best players of our land. The *Dubuque Journal*, edited by Prof. O. A. Brownson, Jr., is conducted with all the talent and energy which are characteristic of its worthy editor, who is doing much to advance the interests of chess by publishing a thoroughly first-class, interesting and instructive chess magazine. *The Review*, published by J. K. Hanshew, Frederick, Md., also claims the attention of the chess student. Its table of contents is always replete with good games, problems, miscellany, etc. It is meeting the success it justly deserves. The *American Magazine*, published by E. A. Kunkel, Hartford, Conn., we have had occasion to mention in a previous number. It is a new magazine, and has prospects of holding rank with its predecessors, judging from its able editorial corps, and the numbers which have already appeared. *The Record* is a semimonthly publication printed in Philadelphia. Aside from these, the weeklies furnish a large amount of valuable chess matter. The *Detroit Evening News* has a very interesting

and finely conducted column, and many of the New York city, New England and Southern weeklies contribute a column each week to the periodical chess literature of the day. In England, France and Germany there is a large and increasing number of chess periodicals, all of which testify to the growing interest in the game. Altogether chess literature is making rapid progress, and presents a list of publications of which the chess devotee may well feel proud.

—Buffalo is having a chess tournament. There are twenty competitors, and considerable progress has already been made. Mr. Ensor, the winner of the championship of Canada, is looked upon as the undoubted winner. We shall give more particulars in our next issue.

—Since chess prodigies are the order of the day with some of our contemporaries, we give an example of what we call a real display of natural talent in this line, and challenge our friends to produce an equal. Problem No. 6 is by a young lady of twelve summers, who has only known the moves in chess about six months. Considering the circumstances, we believe it excels any instance we have yet seen of extraordinary aptitude for the game.

ENSOR'S CHESS DREAM.

The following is believed to be the most astounding game on record, "barring" Nasby's effort in the *Review*.

"VERY IRREGULAR GAMBIT."

White. (Mr. A. W. Ensor.)	Black. (Anybody.)
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..B to Q B 4	2..Q Kt to R 3
3..Kt to Q B 3	3..P to K R 3
4..Kt to K B 3	4..Kt to Q B 4
5..Kt takes K P	5..P to K B 3
6..Q to K R 5 +	6..P to K Kt 3

And White announces to mate the Black K on White's Q Kt sq with his K R in thirteen moves, as follows:

7..B to B 7 +	7..K to K 2
8. Q Kt to Q 5 +	8..K to Q 3
9..K Kt to B 4 +	9..K to B 3
10..Q Kt to Kt 4 +	10..K to Kt 4
11..P to R 4 +	11..K takes Kt
12..P to B 3 +	12..K to Kt 6
13..R to R 3 +	13..K to B 7
14..Q to Q sq +	14..K to Q 6
15..Q to K 2 +	15..K to B 7
16..P to Q 4 dis +	16..K to Kt 8
17..Castles	17..Kt to Q 6
18..B to K 3 dis +	18..Kt to B 8
19..R takes Kt mate	

Solutions to problems next issue.

EVANS GAMBIT.

White. (Richard Lacy.)	Black. (Prof. O. A. Brownson, Jr.)
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..Kt to K B 3	2..Kt to Q B 3
3..B to Q B 4	3..B to Q B 4
4..P to Q Kt 4	4..B takes P
5..P to Q B 3	5..B to Q R 4
6..P to Q 4	6..P takes P
7..Castles	7..P takes P *(a)*
8..Q to Q Kt 3	8..Q to K B 3
9..B to K Kt 5	9..Q to K Kt 3
10..Kt takes P	10..B takes Kt
11..Q takes B	11..P to K R 3
12..Kt to K 5	12..Kt takes Kt
13..Q takes Kt +	13..K to B 1
14..B to R 4	14..P to Q 3
15..Q R to Q 1	15..Kt to K B 3 *(b)*
16..B takes Kt	16..Q takes B
17..Q to Q 4	17..Q takes Q
18..R takes Q	18..B to K 3
19..R to Q Kt 1	19..P to Q Kt 3
20..R to Q B 1	20..P to Q B 4
21..R takes Q P	21..K to K 2
22..P to K 5	22..B takes B
23..R takes B	23..K R to Q 1
24..R to K Kt 4	24..P to K Kt 3
25..R to K B 4	25..R takes R
26..P takes R +	26..K takes P *(c)*
27..R takes K B P	27..R to K 1
28..K to B 1	28..P to Q R 4
29..R to K B 3	29..R to K 3
30..R to Q 3 +	30..K to Q B 3
31..P to K B 3	31..P to Q B 5
32..R to Q 1	32..P to Q Kt 4
33..K to B 2	33..P to Q R 5
34..P to Q R 3	34..R to Q 3
Resigns.	

(a). This is the new Andersen-Zukertort defence to the Evans Gambit, and is considered perfectly sound.

(b). A better move for Black, we think, would have been B to Kt 5, winning at least the exchange, and, if White play Q to Q Kt 5, then

	1..B takes R
2..Q takes P	2..R to K sq
3..K takes B	3..Q to K Kt 5, etc.

(c). Black could win another Pawn by playing K to K 3; but it makes little difference, for he has a won game in any event.

—The following interesting end game from actual play is taken from the *Westminster Papers*.

No. 1.

White—(Marks).	Black—(Neuman).
K at Kt sq	K at K Kt sq
Q at Q 7	Q at Q Q R 5
Kt at K R 4	R at K B sq
Kt at K Kt 5	R at K 8
P at K R 2	B at Q Kt 7
P at K Kt 6	B at K Kt 8
P at K B 2	P at K R 3
	P at K Kt 2
	P at K B 2
	P at Q 4
	P at Q Kt 2
	P at Q R 2

White wins as follows.

Q takes P ch	R takes Q
P takes R ch	K to B sq
Kt to Kt 6 mate.	



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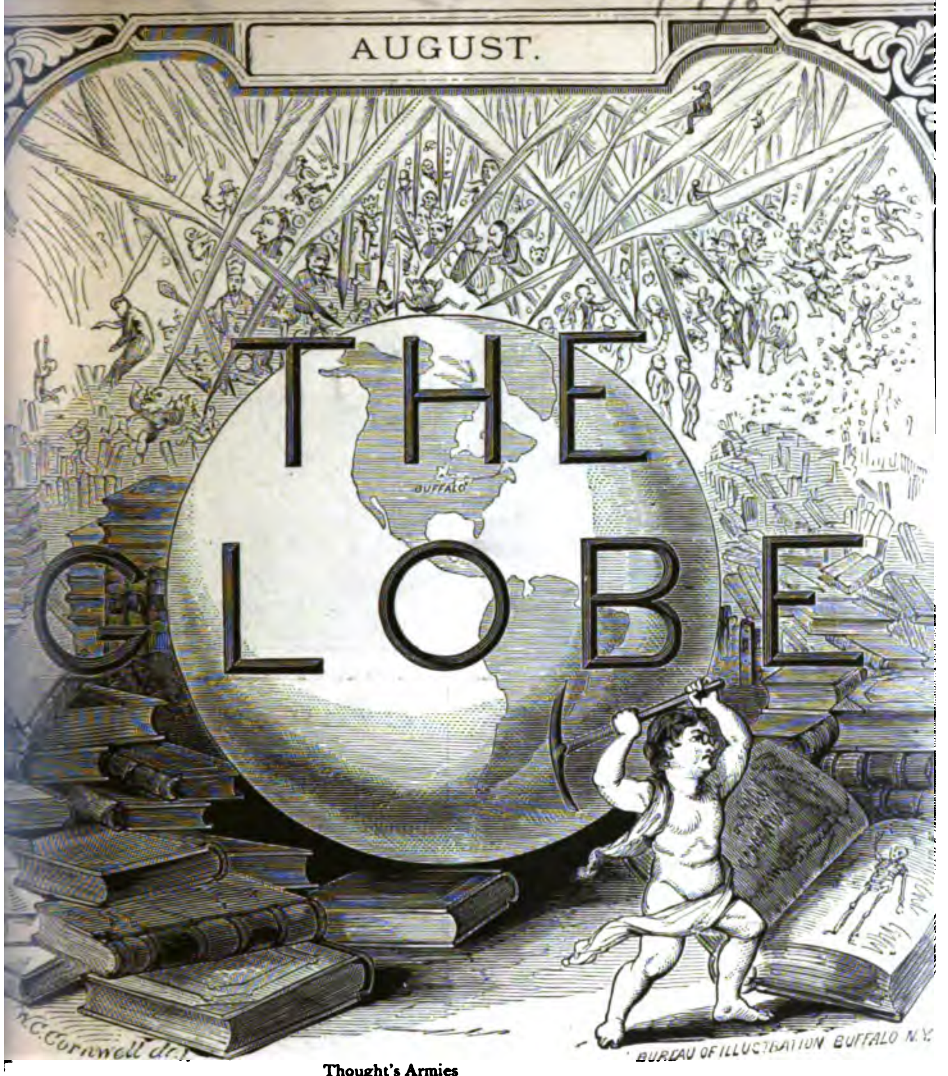
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Etched by A. N. Samuels.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

THE GLOBE.

1876, March 30.

VOL. III.] AUGUST, 1875. [No. 5.

SELECTED COMMENTARIES ON FALSTAFF.

The character of Sir John Falstaff is, I should think, the most witty and humorous combined that ever was betrayed. So palpably is the person presented to the mind's eye that not only do we give him a veritable location in history, but the others, the real characters in the period, compared with him appear to be the idealized people, and invented to be his foils and contrasts. * * * His body is fitted to his mind—bountiful, exuberant and luxurious; and his mind was well appointed for his body—being rich, ample, sensual sensuous, and imaginative. The very fatness of his person is the most felicitous correspondent to the unlimited opulence of his imagination; and but for this conjunction, the character would have been out of keeping and incomplete.

In most men wit is the waste pipe of their spleen in contemplating the happiness of others; in Falstaff it is the main supply of a robust structure, and is the surcharge of fun and good temper. His wit is the offspring and heir to his love of laughter; the overflowing of his satisfaction with himself, and his good terms with all men. He keeps both body and mind in one perpetual gaudy-day; his is the saturnalia, the carnival of the intellect, and his body he rejoices with sack-posset, and his mind with jokes and roars of laughter; and with him each acts upon and with the other—the true sign of a strong constitution. Falstaff's is not a "clay that gets muddy with drink;" his sensuality does not sodden and brutify his faculties, but it quickens their temper and edge. It gives swing to his imagination and—to use his own words—fills it with "nimble fiery and delectable shapes." He is amenable to the charge of a host of vices, any one of which would strand and shipwreck an ordinary character. He is an indicted coward, a braggadocio, a cheat, a peculator, a swindler and a liar, and yet withal so far are we from voting him to Coventry for all his delinquencies, there are few of us who would refuse to "*march* through Coventry" with him at the head of his scarecrows; and one reason for this tolerance—not to say this sleeve-laughing encouragement of his villainous courses on the part of all ranks and classes—is that he himself appears to have adopted and indulged in them from an irrepressible love of humor and mad waggery. He is no hypocrite; and men, from instinct, and especially your men of the world, can extenuate many vices rather than that of hypocrisy. What bold independence in that speech "If my wind were but long enough to say my prayers I would repent." He also tells the Lord Chief Justice—who he knows well enough knows *him*—that he "lost his voice with holloing and singing of anthems." His impudence is sublime; and that very impudence forms no insignificant item in his humor; for the general secret of Falstaff's wit, and humor too, consists in an impenetrable and imperturbable self-possession. He is never thrown off his guard, or if so, he is never foiled; he recovers himself like a rope-dancer. * * *

His lying, which proceeds quite as much from an impulse of humor as from a desire to deceive, is so florid and romantic that no mortal is taken in by it, except his hostess, Quickley, and she lends him ten pounds after having him arrested for debt. * * *

Falstaff is equal to any exigence; he is never foiled, but usually comes off with flying colors by means of his astounding and always laughable effrontery. When this is recognized or resisted, he still saves himself with a flash of humor or a quirk.

* * * The imputed cowardice of Falstaff does not arise so much from a principle of fear—downright pallid horror—as from a constitutional love of ease, a sense of enjoyment, and repugnance—from inability—to disagreeable exertion. * * * * * *

Falstaff cheated at every turn; he kept

out of harm's way, and laughed immoderately at his economy of exertion and escape from danger. In the fight he "leads his ragamuffins where they are peppered." He proved (as if in joke) the estimate he gave of them to the Prince, who says:

"Tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?
"*Fal.*—Mine, Hal, mine.
"*P. Hal.*—I did never see such pitiful rascals.
"*Fal.*—Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder: they'll fill a pit as well as better;—tush, man; mortal men, mortal men.
"*Westmoreland.*—Ay; but, Sir John, methinks they are exceedingly poor and bare,—too beggarly.
"*Fal.*—Faith, for their poverty I know not where they had that; and for their bareness I am sure they never learned that of me!"

By the way, his description of these scarecrows, and of his manœuvre in impressing them—to the misuse of the king's exchequer—is one of the famous points in the character, and a superb one it is (Henry IV., Act 4, Scene 2, Part 1).

After having read it, the conclusion one must come to is, that it is more the manner of one who has the courage to laugh down strife and running into danger, than it is the conduct of a coward in grain; in short, I think with Mackenzie in his essay upon the character, "that his cowardice may be placed to his *sagacity*, and that he has a lively sense of danger, but not the want of self-possession which arises from fear."

The finest point in this wonderful character for vivacity and brilliancy I cannot but think appears in those displays of fancy that now and then burst from him in a clatter of images and similes, like the sudden explosion of complicated pieces of fireworks. When he runs upon this vein his imagination seems inexhaustible, and that it could run on and at that rate forever.

The last scene that we have with the fat old mountain of flesh and iniquity is a somewhat affecting one; and it should seem by common consent that the poet had visited his sins upon him with a degree of harshness. Moreover it is not unusual with the critics to impute to coldheartedness Henry V.'s peremptory and sudden dismissal of all his old co-rioters. It may be asked, however, what other course he could pursue upon taking the reins of government? and, at all events, to Falstaff he promised "competence of life, that lack of means enforce him not to evil," and he concludes with enjoining the Lord Chief Justice "to see performed the tenor of his word." That the knight and all his companions are, immediately after the king's exit, packed off to the Fleet prison by the judge's order, looks very like revenge upon the part of the latter. Nathan Drake says that the imprisonment of Falstaff was the ultimate cause of his death, and Mrs. Quickley, in the subsequent play of Henry V., before describing the death-bed scene of the knight, says, "The king has killed his heart."—*Charles Cowden Clarke.*

Falstaff is the crown of Shakespeare's comic invention. He has, without exhausting himself, continued his character through three plays, and exhibited him in every variety of situation: the figure is drawn so definitely and individually that, even to the mere reader, it conveys a clear impression of personal acquaintance. Falstaff is the most agreeable and entertaining knave that ever was portrayed. We see that his tender care of himself is without any mixture of malice toward others; he will only not be disturbed in the pleasant repose of his sensuality; and this he obtains through the activity of his understanding; always on the alert, and good-humored; ever ready to crack jokes on others, and to enter into those of which he is himself the subject; so that he justly boasts of being not only witty himself but the cause of wit in others—he is an admirable companion for youthful idleness and levity. Under a helpless exterior he conceals an extremely acute mind; he has always at command some dexterous turn whenever any of his free jokes begin to give displeasure; he is shrewd in his distinctions between those whose favor he has to win, and those over whom he may assume a familiar authority. He is so convinced that the part he plays can only pass under the cloak of wit, that even when alone he is never altogether serious, but gives the drollest coloring to his intrigues, his intercourse with others, and his own sensual philosophy. —*Schlegel.*

Falstaff and his Eastcheap associates are altogether the greatest triumph of the comic Muse that the world has to show. In this judgment I believe that all who have fairly conversed with the irresistible old sinner are agreed.—*Hudson.*

Falstaff may, I think, be justly set down as having all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral. If to his understanding were joined an imagination equal, it is hardly too much to say he would be as great a poet as Shakespeare; and in this we have, it seems to me, just the right constituents of perfect fitness for the dramatic purpose and exigency which his character was meant to answer. In his solid, clear understanding, his discernment and large experience, his fulness and quickness of wit and resource, and his infinite humor—an inexhaustible magazine of mental fascinations—what were else dark in the life of Prince Henry is made plain; and we can hardly fail to see how he is drawn to what is in itself bad indeed, yet drawn in virtue of something within him that still promotes him in our esteem. I must add withal that, hugely as we delight to be with Falstaff, he is, nevertheless, just about the last man that one would wish to resemble; which fact, as I take it, is enough of itself to keep the pleasure of his part free from any moral infection or taint.—*Hudson.*

MARJORIE.



If you hinted that a church-yard was not the very nicest, the very brightest spot in all the world to play in, how Marjorie's eyes would open wide at you with grave wonder and pity!

Of a summer morning when the sun is drinking dew out of the flowers, and the air is full of little singing things, and the ground-sparrows make merry over their house-keeping among the graves, truly a church-yard is not such a bad place. But to find a little girl, as I found Marjorie one morning, bareheaded, singing softly to herself and playing tea-party on a tiny grave!

"Good-morning; are you the only little girl in the village, that you have to play all alone in the graveyard?" I said.

"O, no;" and she stopped to pour me out an acorn-cup of tea, mindful of hospitality before she introduced herself; "do take it—it's only water with a drop of honey in it. I'm Marjorie. There are children—O, a great many—but I don't b'long to them." This very gravely, as if speaking of an old fact that had nothing strange in it. "Father is the sexton, and we live under the church; that's my window, that little one with the white curtain. So the church-yard is mine because the church is my house. All the puff-balls are mine—and the blackberries that grow along the fence—and the milkweed in the corners—and the sorrel round the gravestones." O, if you could see the shining sense of wealth in Marjorie's gray eyes, telling the riches of the church-yard on her small fingers!

"But do you never go to school?"

"O, yes, when I feel like it—in the meeting-house. I study out of all the hymn-books, and when I know a verse I run up into the pulpit and say

it. And I make believe the folks are sitting just where they do Sundays, and Aunty Loomer nods to me to come down to her pew, and says, 'That's a good Marjie,' and gives me caraway out of her bag; and Deacon Colby wipes his eyes with his big red handkerchief, just as he does when the minister talks about going to Heaven. But I don't play all the time. I'm housekeeper—to the church."

How I laughed at the idea of this small atom of a woman, drinking tea out of acorn-cups, being the housekeeper of a church! I could as easily fancy a church mouse taking care of it, with a bunch of keys tied round his neck, and broom and dust-pan in his paws.

"That's nothing to laugh at," she said, with a comical look of displeasure around the pretty lips. "Father is so old and has a stitch in his back —digging is very bad for backs, you know—so of course there's nobody but me to sweep and keep the meeting-house tidy. I dust the hymn-books and the big bible in the pulpit; then I go into the gallery to dust the great big fiddle. Sometimes I shut my teeth tight and draw the bow across; ugh! I hate it," shuddered Marjorie. "It sounds as if there was a big pain inside and it wanted to get out. Like the men who had devils—tearing, screeching devils," said the child, upsetting her tea-pot in her energy; "and I think sometimes if Christ was there when Bijah Billings is fiddling, he would speak out in meeting to the fiddle, and say, 'You evil spirit, come out of him!'"

O, thou child heretic from the musical creed of thy elders! thought I, and sought for the shadow of a laugh on her face to invite me to merriment, but heresies never fell from more earnest lips.

The tea-drinking was over, and Marjorie tumbled the acorns into her pocket with small ceremony. "Now I am going to my flower-beds."

"Where?" I asked, freshly mystified.

She pointed to four graves, not one of them larger than herself,—and such riotous bloom, such carnivals of bees and blossoms as were those little beds. One was gay with roses, another with lilies, and I noticed that each head-stone bore at once the name of the flower that had perished and the flower that bloomed, so that the children were in a way godmothers to their flowers. One was only a mound of forget-me-nots, without a name.



"And what does that mean, Marjorie?" The child patted the mound with a suggestion of motherhood in the caressing motion of the brown hands that was inexpressibly pretty and touching. "It's nobody's baby, that I know of. I didn't even know it was here—the grass was so high—till I tumbled over it one day. I couldn't name it, not make up one even, for she may be a boy,"—a world of speculation in the tender eyes—"so I just put a forget-me-not on it, because it told me to."

"And what do you do with all these flowers?"

"Sunday mornings I pick handfuls of them while father is ringing the bell for meeting, and I put them by the big bible, and I know they look for them—their papas and mammas—and say, 'Yes, Rose is here, Lily is here.' I put in plenty of forget-me-nots, though maybe nobody looks at it but me. The minister says that when it's very hot and he hasn't a good sermon, he knows that the flowers talk for him. Nobody knows how to say pretty things like the minister," added Marjorie, proudly.

I thought of the perfected praise, and bent down to kiss the childish mouth. "Good-bye, Marjorie; would you mind giving me a flower? Next Sunday I shall be in a dusty city, and I would like to carry a little field preacher with me."

Mind! from the tea-drinking to the patting of the nameless baby she had done nothing with such a ready, hearty grace. "Plenty of forget-me-not" among them, I noticed, as she pressed them into my hands. Half-way down the graveyard I turned for a last look at the child. A bird tilting on a head-stone near her was piping his gayest air; the sun shone full on her trim, well-braided head—what a tiny head it showed at a distance! My foot chanced to press a puff-ball, part of Marjorie's wealth, and a puff of dust rose through the grasses;—ten butterflies on the sweet-briar bush at my side, a honey-bee for every clover-top, an invisible but audible glee-club of crickets.

Dim names that struggle with oblivion on blackening stones, does it not, somewhere, comfort you that out of your quiet dust spring such innocent friendships and harmless riches for Marjorie—that small heir of time playing at life with decent gravity above you?

A SUMMER AT ELYSIAN GROVE.

(Continued.)

Mrs. Squibs had been in her youth the belle of Butternuts, the rural village where she lived. Her name had been Saphronia, and she had ever been herself content with the primitive nickname of Phrony. But of course after she moved to New York, and became more acquainted with the world, no such simple name would answer for her idolized child; and so, although she was named after her mother, she bore the more elegant and poetical appellation of Sappho.

Sappho was a brunette with dark flashing eyes, and a brilliant color, all of which made her pass for a beauty, and her mother craved for her the more enlarged sphere of society, and perhaps the more extended chance of matrimony that a boarding-house afforded. It was probably for this reason that she had such a craving as could never be satisfied, to have her house gay and fashionable. She felt the need of some younger and more attractive person than herself to combine the very opposite capacities of a belle and a house-keeper; some one who could play on the piano, sing and lead off a dance, who could also see to the rooms, mend the clothes, and be a spy upon the boarders.

This place she found it difficult to fill, but finally obtained a distant relative, who wore her hair on the very top of her head, dressed in the extreme of fashion, played on the piano, flirted with the young men, and, as Mrs. Squibs expressed it, made the house gay, all for the consideration of her board, a small back room, and the privilege of darning the stockings. We called her "The Ornament." She and Jim completed the family, with

the exception of the horse and dog, of whom I must give some account.

When we first went to Elysian Grove the family horse was out at pasture, but we heard much of her beauty and merits, how she was a famous mare of high and noble breed, black and glossy as satin, also fleet as the wind. Having listened with admiring wonder to this description, I was expecting to see some marvel of beauty, when one morning, as we were hurrying to the ferry, I beheld in the distance a rider, long and lank, astride of a beast so lean and gaunt that I exclaimed:

"Oh, Jonathan, look at that poor horse!"

"Why, upon my word," said Jonathan, "that's Squibs, and I suppose the other must be Wildfire."



SQUIBBS AND WILDFIRE.

As we approached we found it was even so.

Jonathan informed me gravely that race horses were always thin, etc., etc.; but my faith was shattered, and though I held my peace, I indulged in thoughts which might not have pleased the friends of Wildfire.

The dog came to us in this wise. After we planted our flowers on the lawn, we became most unhappy victims to crowds of goats, who saw fit to make Sunday meals of our geraniums and mignonettes, generally adding thereto a dessert of roses and verbenas.

This was a new cause of trouble and anxiety to poor Mrs. Squibs, who *would* keep the gates open to give an air of winning hospitality to the mansion; and so it came to pass that "from morn 'till dewy eve" there was resounding down the back stairs the brief and suggestive shout known as "Charley, goats!" always followed by the appearance of Charley's dusky form, brandishing the dish cloth in a defiant manner, which generally ended with the goats retiring with a rose apiece in their unrepentant jaws.

To remedy this evil, Mr. Squibs was gone an entire day, and at nightfall returned with a most remarkable dog—a dog that looked as though he had started in life with the intention of being a lion, but upon further thought had changed his mind in favor of the wolf persuasion when nearly done, had concluded on the whole to be a cat, having only at the last moment decided to become a dog.

He was called Lion, of which fearful name and its quite feeble impersonation the goats appeared to stand in some wholesome awe. Not so my little Fred, who conceived the wildest attachment for Lion, and constituted himself an infant Van Amburgh, putting his hands and head into his mouth, dragging him around by a rope fastened to his neck, and in every way exasperating his canine nature.

We had as yet no companions but a Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell, who were only temporary boarders, as they were fitting up for themselves a house on the Island. Mr. Twitchell was the very soul of fun and humor, and while they stayed we enjoyed their society very much. Moreover, Mr. Twitchell had a fine taste for music, and played and sang by ear. This was a great enjoyment to me, for though I could not always distinguish one tune from another, I was still very fond of music, and Mr. Twitchell was always singing beautiful snatches of operas and oratorios. I had had reason to doubt my own ability in a musical way. I had noticed that little Fred, who had a fine ear for music, always assisted in the more difficult parts of the hymns when I sang him to sleep, which led

me to suspect that they were not executed in a manner to please him; and on one hot day, when I wanted to keep him in the house, I offered to sing for him one of his favorite hymns. He chose "Happy Land," and I sang it to the end very much to my own satisfaction, but I noticed that Fred did not appear exactly pleased, and, after waiting for a minute, said, "Now, mamma, ting—dat's only talkin' it." After this I became convinced that my musical ability was very limited and defective; but still I was hardly prepared for the unfortunate demonstration of this fact, which occurred soon afterwards. One evening Mr. Twitchell was playing snatches of one thing and another, when I asked him for my favorite "Une Voche." He said he did not think he could sing it; but, after singing one or two pieces, I again asked him to try my favorite. "Why, I just sang it," replied he, with an incredulous air, which showed plainly that he thought that I had listened little and appreciated less of what he had done for my entertainment. "Oh!" said I, in a faint tone, for my voice failed me, and I could think of nothing else to say; and after this I was careful always to admire indiscriminately, but never to ask for anything in particular.

All this time Mrs. Squibs was in distress that there was not a rush of people to look at her rooms, and we were kept in a constant fever of expectation.

One day the door bell rang while we were at dinner. Mrs. Squibs jumped up hastily to see if *everything* was in order. Jonathan besought Mr. Twitchell to change his seat.

"You're not handsome enough to be so prominent," argued he. "You might injure the house, and lose us the rent of the front room."

"On the contrary," answered Mr. Twitchell, with a gay laugh, "I have thought of having my photograph taken to induce boarders to come."

"Light the gas in the parlor," called Mrs. Squibs after the retreating servant; "and in my room," added I, "for they might want to look at the view."

By this time the door was opened, and lo! Mrs. Twitchell's washerwoman. Still, Mrs. Squibs looked and longed, and still they came not.

We had planted rosy geraniums and fuchsias on the lawn, but the poor stems swayed and broke in the bitter winds, and the buds were chilled to their heart's core.

Then the rains began to pour as though the very windows of heaven were opened, and beat upon that house. First it came straight and forced its way through the roof, then aslant till it penetrated into the cracks about the windows and doors. For days and nights it poured until, when it ceased, the poor roof, having been tried too far, had lost its integrity, and our room, being in the tower at the top of the house, was for one night almost flooded. We walked about in india-rubbers, which we dropped off at our bedside as we jumped in.



DAMP DELIGHT.

We also had another device, of pushing ourselves about on a board, which Jonathan facetiously remarked proved beyond a doubt that we were boarding. After this the rains seemed to have spent themselves; the sun peeped out from behind the clouds. In a day the weather changed to intense heat, and lo! the steaming earth sent up myriads of mosquitoes. Still there was no rush of boarders. The Twitchells had left, and Jonathan often teazed Mrs. Squibs by telling her that he was pining for

society. At this time her mind seemed to revert to the Bartows, a family who had boarded with her, and whom she had told me in confidence again and again that, though they wanted to board with her on the island, she should "never take them again, no, never." The children were troublesome, she averred, to a degree that could never be borne again. They threw forks at the mirrors, played ball with the cups, and, in short, could be endured again never, no, never; still she spoke of them day after day, and at last her tone began to change. Mr. Bartow was a learned man, a lawyer; he would make a companion for Mr. Sanguine, and Mrs. Bartow was pleasant too. There were the children, but there was only one really mischievous, and they would have plenty of room to play. In short, it was plain that matters were coming to a crisis, and in lieu of her taking them "never, no, never," Jim had been sent to solicit a visit from them in order that they might look at the house.

Before this, in despair of other boarders, she had taken a family by the name of Lazarus. "I am afraid they're Jews," she whispered confidentially; "but they say they're just like other people." Jonathan made a grim face, and frowned on the little Jews who played in the dirt before the door, and the little Jew baby who nursed a bottle on the front steps, but we said nothing.

Mrs. Squibs made a confidential visit to my room, to unburden her mind. "Oh!" said she, "they shall not stay; I will not keep such boarders; once let me get on my feet again, Mrs. Sanguine, and they will have to leave, if they do pay me a good deal," and much more to the same tune. A few more days slipped by, and the Bartows came, children and all. The house was full, and this was what I had supposed Mrs. Squibs had meant to express by being "on her feet again." Still Mr. Lazarus remained; he had his carriage, horses and coachman, all of which filled the coffers well, and Mrs. Squibs was herself content; but, strangely as things will happen, it was the Jew himself who became dissatisfied; and one Sunday evening, as the amiable Sappho sat by his side at tea, he opened his heart to her by affirming bluntly, "I don't like my supper—I haven't got enough to eat—I want ham and eggs."

This assertion broke the peace, and in future Mrs. Squibs and her boarder were at swords' points. Every day there was some new annoyance, until one day, dinner being a little late, he took his seat at the table before the bell rung and demanded his dinner. Mrs. Squibs informed him no gentleman would be guilty of such an insult to her. Mr. Lazarus replied that he did not come to her house to learn manners, but to get his board, for which he paid her handsomely; that he did not care whether her old cow bell had rung or not; that he wanted his dinner, and he intended to have it; that he considered himself, not her, the person insulted, and that he should leave to-morrow. This threw poor Mrs. Squibs into an agony of grief and rage.

"Leave to-morrow, and rooms taken for the season—he shall not go—he shall not go," declared she, forgetting that when she was on her feet again she was going to turn them away. "He shall not go; or, if he does, he shall pay—he shall pay to the end of the season."

Notwithstanding this assertion, Mr. Lazarus left, coachman, horses and all, making a great hole in the domestic economy of the house.

Poor Mrs. Squibs, powerless to help herself, was again in distress for boarders. Again she advertised; again she caught up the *Herald* with eager avidity, in order that she might answer every advertisement that was in the faintest degree applicable to Elysian Grove. Her duties in this line did not prevent her being plunged

into all kinds of troubles at home. The little Bartows roamed far and wide over what Mrs. Squibs fondly denominated her farm, seeking whatever they might devour. From the ornaments in the parlor to the hay cutter in the barn, so asserted Mrs. Squibs, nothing was sacred from their desecrating hands. Their fond father had no desire in life so great as that they should do everything they wanted to, and thus have a good time; while their poor mother was in a constant state of terror for fear they would be brought in dead from under the horses' heels, or from having fallen out of the topmost boughs of the apple trees. One thing she besought, which was that the hay cutter might be tied up; one thing Mrs. Squibs declared, that the hay cutter should remain, and the children be forbidden the barn.

"Oh!" said she, "I thought I had caught Mr. Bartow, lawyer that he is, when I asked him, 'did you hire my barn when you took my rooms?' But he answered, 'Yes; I hired everything about your place by means of which my children should be happy.'"

So the matter rested; every day hair-breadth escapes and miraculous preservations took place. Fred imbibed the spirit of independence, for the little boys, though both older than he, were still his playmates. What then was my consternation to hear him affirm, with an energetic stamp of his little foot, "I will do ev'ry sing dat Will and Tom do, I'm pound I will."

I had already been shocked to behold him one day driving a little team of hoptoads, and knew also that he was making a choice collection of caterpillars, for the children had described them to me—one lovely white, one with black lines, and another beautiful green one, with an exquisite white ladder down its back. I shuddered at this; but then, for little Fred to do everything that Bill and Tom did, was more fearful still to contemplate, and there was nothing left but to watch him every moment. It was tiresome to see my poor faithful nurse as she roamed from one end of the grounds to another with a hem or a button hole always in progress, one end of which might have been executed by the wild sea waves, and the other on the top of the wood house, but it was still more tiresome when, as would sometimes happen, I was obliged to take him in hand myself.



ON A FLY FOR THE BARN.

I would take my camp chair and book, and establishing myself under a tree, would congratulate myself that he was only loading up a little cart with sand, right before my eyes, but no sooner would I find my place, than, looking up, I would discover him making for the barn, as fast as his little legs would carry him. Chasing him up I would arrive just in time to drag him away from the horses or the cow, and then, sitting down on a step or stone in the blazing sun, would open my book again, but before I could turn a leaf would find him just making up his mind to step into the cistern, or to climb a tree. Thus would I chase him until the blessed lunch bell called us in, when I would sink down, heated, tired and cross, with only strength enough left to send out for my hat, chair, book and parasol, each one of which, like mile posts, would mark the progress of my weary journey.

(To be continued.)

A TRAVELER'S NOTE-BOOK.

INTERLAKEN AND A FOOT TRAMP OVER THE WENGERN ALP.

Nestling beneath the shadows of the great mountains that surround it, and lying midway between the two lakes of Brienz and Thun, in the heart of Switzerland, is a little village composed principally of hotels and bazars for the sale of wood carvings, and boasting a small English church and a large cursaal, which was originally intended for a gambling house, but when the governmental prohibition of gambling in 1859 took effect, was fitted up with reading, concert and ball rooms. The village, one of the most celebrated and beautiful in Switzerland, is Interlaken.

The steamer on the lake of Brienz carried us to the base of the Geissbach and thence a half hour's climb brought us to the terrace, near the hotels, and here we had a full view of the Geissbach and its seven separate cascades. They start 1148 feet above the lake and go leaping down on their perilous journey valleywards. Three are bridged over with small structures, and behind one a path has been constructed so that the tourist may, if he choose, become familiar in a dignified way with the rushing waters.

A wonderfully brilliant effect, notwithstanding its artificial character, was obtained the night we remained here, by throwing the strong colors of bengal lights over the seven cascades. First red was used, and the mountains seemed to be pouring forth torrents of blood. Then the color changed to a beautiful blue; then the waters became a deep green, and by and by, yellow. Then each fall was lighted with a different color, rockets and roman candles flashed and shot, across and up, and the display became dazzlingly beautiful. The whole lasted about twenty minutes, and after it was over and the lights had died out, the darkness seemed intensely dark because of the contrast, and it was sometime before objects began to have their natural appearance.

The next day found us again at Interlaken, ready to start on another expedition—this time a foot-tramp over the Wengern Alp. The tramp began with a carriage-ride, early in the morning, over a fine, broad, well-made road through the beautiful valley of Lauterbrunnen. The name means literally "nothing but springs," and is derived from the fact of the numberless brooks and springs that descend at all points from the surrounding rocks. A pretty little village, called by the name of the valley, is picturesquely situated on the river Lutschine. Among the many cascades that fall and break from the rocks above, the most important is the Staubbach (dust brook), most beautiful in summer when its brook is greatly diminished, and the small qnantity of water falling, unbroken, 980 feet breaks to spray and is scattered by the breeze. It was of this that Gœthe wrote:

> "Streams from the high,
> Steep rocky wall—
> The purest fount:
> In clouds of spray,
> Like silver dust,
> It vails the rock,
> In rainbow hues:
> And dancing down
> With music soft,
> Is lost in air."

After securing a guide and a horse for one of the party, and making an appointment with the "engineer" of the carriage to meet us at Grindelwald, we commenced the ascent of the Wengern Alp.

Our party consisted of seven young men and an elderly gentleman who rode the horse. The road at the beginning was a mere bridal path, gently sloping upward, and very easy of ascent. As we tramped on we could look down far below us at the

beautiful valley and village of Lauterbrunnen, at the cascade dashing over the rocks, and then up at the sublime heights above us, enveloped in eternal snow, glittering like silver under the rays of the morning sun. The fresh breeze, the bracing air, the beautiful views, made climbing easy and fatigue a thing unthought of. Half way to the summit a Swiss chalet nestling among the rocks invited us to rest, and we refreshed ourselves from its wholesome stores with bread, cheese and goat's milk. While we were enjoying these, one of the Swiss boys blew an Alpine horn and the wild but beautiful mountain music echoed back many times. Then they fired off a small cannon, and the report was so rapidly and numerously repeated that it seemed as if a whole battery had opened fire.

And now again we begin the march upward, and the trees become fewer and our view less obstructed. But to our chagrin we notice as we pass out from under the shadow of the trees, that the enemy of the Alpine sightseer, a mist, had gathered around the opposite mountains and almost hid them from view. The ground, too, began to send out little springs at every footstep, and our shoes failed to keep the water out. At this juncture, the guide seemed to be in a great hurry, and, hanging on by the horse's tail, he urged the latter on at an uncomfortable rate of speed which, with our wet feet and all, we found it exceedingly disagreeable to keep up with.

By and by, however, we reached the summit and the hotel, and forgot all our troubles in the good dinner that we found ready for us. While seated here, and just in the midst of the discussion of the appetizing viands which were placed before us, we were startled by a dull, distant roar, like the noise of rolling thunder. The waiters explained it very simply in one word—the avalanche. And now fortune began to favor us. Our meal over, we found that the clouds and mist had disappeared, and the glory of the Jung Frau, Silber-horn and White Monk burst upon us—the three highest and most famous of the entire chain. As we gazed, there came again the noise of thunder, far up it seemed in the sky, and then a huge mass of snow and ice came crashing down the side of the opposite mountain, gliding over the smaller rocks and hiding them from view, or carrying them along in its impetuous rush. Now and then in its descent some solid rock would stand up against it and defy its power. Then the great snow stream would divide, pass on either side and join again, and finally fall with a noise into some deep rocky chasm or gorge, which opened like an enormous amphitheatre below. Byron thus describes this scene:

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow."

After spending some time watching the magnificent sight of the falling avalanches, and seeing some half-dozen plunge out of sight, we commenced the descent, crossing first a small mountain the other side of the Wengern Alp, the Scheideck, and after about three hours of steady tramping we reached Grindelwald, a village very similar to Lauterbrunnen. It is situated at the foot of the immense glacier of Grindelwald. This glacier has the appearance of an immense river about a mile wide flowing between two great mountains and suddenly frozen, not in a solid mass, but split up by unnumbered crevices, while at the bottom the icy torrent of unfrozen water is swiftly rushing along, insuring death to the luckless traveler who misses his footing in a tramp across the glacier.

Greatly fatigued by our severe walk of over eight hours' duration, we left the crossing of the glacier out of the programme, and were very glad once more to seat ourselves in the carriages and ride back to Interlaken.

On the road home we met an open carriage going in the direction from which we had come, and were equally surprised and pleased to find on approaching nearer that it contained no less a personage than Monsieur Thiers, ex-president of the French Republic. We had previously ascertained that he was spending his vacation in Switzerland, and several times before we had met him. This time we offered our salutations and he graciously responded.

The long ride, the soft air, our own fatigue, now forgotten in the dreamy pleasure of rest, the sights we had seen, and the incidents we had so much enjoyed, all these left a picture in our memories to which it will always be a pleasure to revert.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

RECREATION.

If there is one thing never lacking in this world it is plenty of good advice. Newspapers, pulpits, and private individuals teem with it, and it has not happened that the one thing which a hard working world needs has escaped their attention.

Tell ten people out of a dozen that you are working pretty hard and begin to feel it, and they will tell you that you need recreation; and when you have worked on a little longer and feel it more, you begin to think that the ten are right, and you set about to follow their advice. If you are fortunate enough to have a wife, she will no doubt applaud your resolution, and set about to help you keep it, for she, too, has been working hard and needs refreshment as much as you do. We will say that you have, under the pressure of your business, been declining invitations to evening entertainments steadily for some time. When the recreation project forces itself upon you, you decide that you need society, and resolve to accept the very next invitation. It comes; you keep your resolution; your carriage lands you at the house of your hostess, at an hour when some very sensible people would think of retiring; you spend the evening in promenading, dancing, and very superficial conversation; indulge in a rich supper, and go home very tired, very late; catch a few hours' sleep, and start for business the next morning the weariest, most uncomfortable person for a man who has recreated that can well be imagined, and your wife is no better off than you are. Under the advice of your friends, who tell you you are sticking too closely to business and need society, you keep this up for a time, until your good sense and failing health convinces you that the recreation that society offers is a fraud.

Summer comes. You are a member of a down-the-river club. Your wife proposes going down a great deal this summer, on the ground of recreation, and her need of it and yours. You go. You expect and want to enjoy this thing as you would a pic-nic, and so does your wife; but, after one or two trips in pic-nic clothes, you find out that this is not a pic-nic; that fashion has reached out its petrifying hand, and dress and formality are devastating these excursions, and you can't enjoy them as they deserve to be enjoyed, and as you remember enjoying them once when everybody wore what they pleased, and were natural.

Now these are the winter and summer recreations that society offers. They are no recreations at all. They are a grind on the purse and constitution. It is well enough to say (if you wish to hear yourself talk, for it does no good) that society wants reforming. But it does not pay to wait for the millennium with folded hands. There is no doubt about this matter; American men and women need recreation. Not the expensive, debilitating deceptions that pass for it, but real recreations in the shape of cheap amusements, and many of them. We could copy our German friends over the water with vast benefit in this matter. They have their great gardens, and their free art galleries, and their orchestras that rival Thomas', and make music that is as cheap as the open air they play in. These things will come by and by. In the meantime there are many substitutes, if the people will only see them. Cheap excursions a mile or two by rail, and off into the woods; boating expeditions with fish line and sketch-book down the rivers and across the lakes; foot tramps through the woods; a camp out at night, and back again in the morning—all these things furnish the very best recreation; they give new life; they refresh, amuse, invigorate; they do really re-create.

ORIGIN OF THE PICNIC.

It is hard to say when this species of entertainment became fashionable, but we have an account of a very distinguished picnic that took place more than two centuries and a quarter ago, on the birthday of Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. Mainwaring, in a letter to the luxurious Earl of Arundel, dated November 22, 1618, says: "The prince his birthday has been solemnized here by the few marquises and lords which found themselves here; and (to supply the want of lords) knights and squires were admitted to a consultation, wherein it was resolved that such a number should meet at Gamiges, *and bring every man his dish of meat.* It was left to their own choice what to bring; some chose to be substantial, some curious, some extravagant. Sir George Young's invention bore away the bell; and that was four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sarsiges, all tied to a monstrous bag-pudding."

FLOUR AND THE TEETH.—The question, "What food is the healthiest?" is always listened to with great interest. A Boston doctor discusses in an interesting way in the *Journal of Chemistry* the question whether flour promotes the decay of teeth, and proceeds to show that the article is deficient in mineral matter. He says:

"Mr. Sharples, the well-known chemist, analyzed for me the 'Peerless Flour.' He found 0.55 per cent. of mineral ash, a little over half of one per cent. He stated also that the proportion of ash in the whole grain varied from 1.65 to 2.50 per cent. So that the diminution of mineral food varies from two-thirds to four-fifths. In other words, *by the use of flour mankind loses from two-thirds to four-fifths of the elements that go to make up teeth and bony structures.* This statement deserves to be written in letters of gold over the door of every bakery and kitchen in the land.

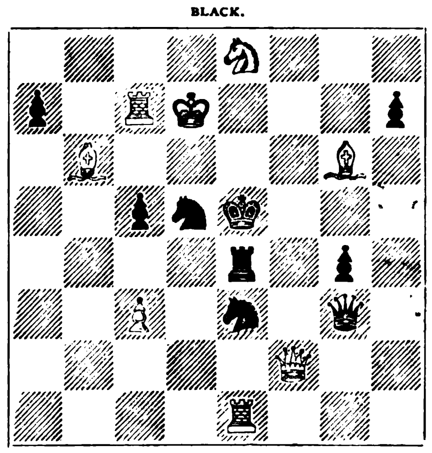
"Flour has been used for generations, and if we can rely upon Mr. Sharples's statement, mankind has all this while been deprived of the greater moiety of the mineral food that the Almighty intended it should have the benefit of. Is it not natural to expect that the bony structures should suffer from this great withdrawal? for it is a *great* withdrawal."

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 7—By Prof. O. A. Brownson, Jr.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

—As we go to press, we learn that the final game of our Buffalo tournament has been played, Mr. Ensor, of course, coming off the winner. There were twenty competitors at the outset. In the last drawing the players were Mr. Ensor, Mr. Richmond and Mr. Thornton. Mr. Richmond drew a blank, and Mr. Ensor won against both players, and won the tournament prize, a chess board and set of Staunton men.

—A tournament in Canada, under the patronage of his Excellency the Governor-General, is announced to take place at Ottawa on Tuesday, August 17. There will be a separate fund devoted to prizes for problems. The tournament is open only to residents of the Dominion. If our Canadian brethren would adopt free-trade principles in reference to their tournaments, we have no doubt some of the players this side the border could add to the interest of their contests.

—The following game, recently played in London, we take from *The City of London Chess Magazine:*

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White. (Zukertort & Blackburne.)	Black. (Steinitz & Potter.)
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..Kt to K B 3	2..Kt to Q B 3
3..P to Q 4	3..P takes P
4..Kt takes P	4..Kt to K B 3 *(a)*
5..Kt takes Kt	5..Kt P takes Kt
6..B to Q 3	6..P to Q 4
7..Q to K 2	7..B to K 2
8..Castles	8..Castles
9..B to K B 4	9..R to Q Kt sq *(b)*
10..Kt to Q 2	10..R to K sq *(c)*
11..P to K 5	11..B to B sq
12..Kt to Kt 3	12..Kt to Q 2
13..B to Kt 3	13..P to Q B 4
14..P to Q B 4	14..P to Q 5 *(d)*
15..P to K B 4	15..R to Kt 3
16..Q R to K sq	16..Kt to Kt sq
17..Q to Q B 2	17..P to Kt 3
18..Kt to Q 2	18..P to K B 4
19..P takes P en pas. *(e)*	19..R takes R
20..B takes R *(f)*	20..Q takes P
21..Kt to K 4	21..Q to K 2
22..Kt to Kt 3	22..Kt to B 3
23..P to Q R 3	23..B to K Kt 2 *(g)*
24..B to Q 2	24..B to Q 2
25..R to K sq	25..Q to B sq
26..P to Q Kt 4	26..P takes P *(h)*
27..P to Q B 5	27..R to Q Kt sq
28..P takes P	28..R to K sq
29..R takes R	29..B takes R
30..P to Kt 5	30..Kt to Q sq
31..Q to R 2 ch	31..K to R sq
32..Q takes P	32..Kt to K 3
33..P to Kt 6	33..Q takes Q B P
34..Q to R 8	34..Q takes Kt P
35..Q takes B ch	35..Kt int.
36..Q to B 7 and wins.	

NOTES BY J. H. BLACKBURNE AND W. N. POTTER.

(a). A novelty; the merits of which must await further analysis, and the results of practical play meanwhile there does not seem much against it.

(b). R to K sq was certainly better.

(c). It is obvious that the Kt P cannot be taken on account of P to K 5 followed by Kt to Kt 3 winning the exchange.

(d). Black gets a passed Pawn, but their position appears materially weakened.

(e). By this move White, considering they had the advantage, played to win. Any other line of play would most probably have led to a draw.

(f). They should rather have played R takes R.

(g). Black here play a bad move, whereas they had a good one at their command—*e. g.*:

	23..Q to K 6 ch
24..K to R sq	24..R takes Kt P
25..Q takes R	25..Q takes K B

Black have improved their position, and, though the exchange behind, have obtained at least an even game.

(h). A suicidal move which throws away all chance of saving the game. By playing P to Q R 3, or R to Kt sq, they might still have been able to struggle on, though in any case White retains their advantage.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 3.

1..B to B 6	1..K takes P
2..R to Kt 3	2..K to B 7
3..B to R 4 mate.	

No. 4.

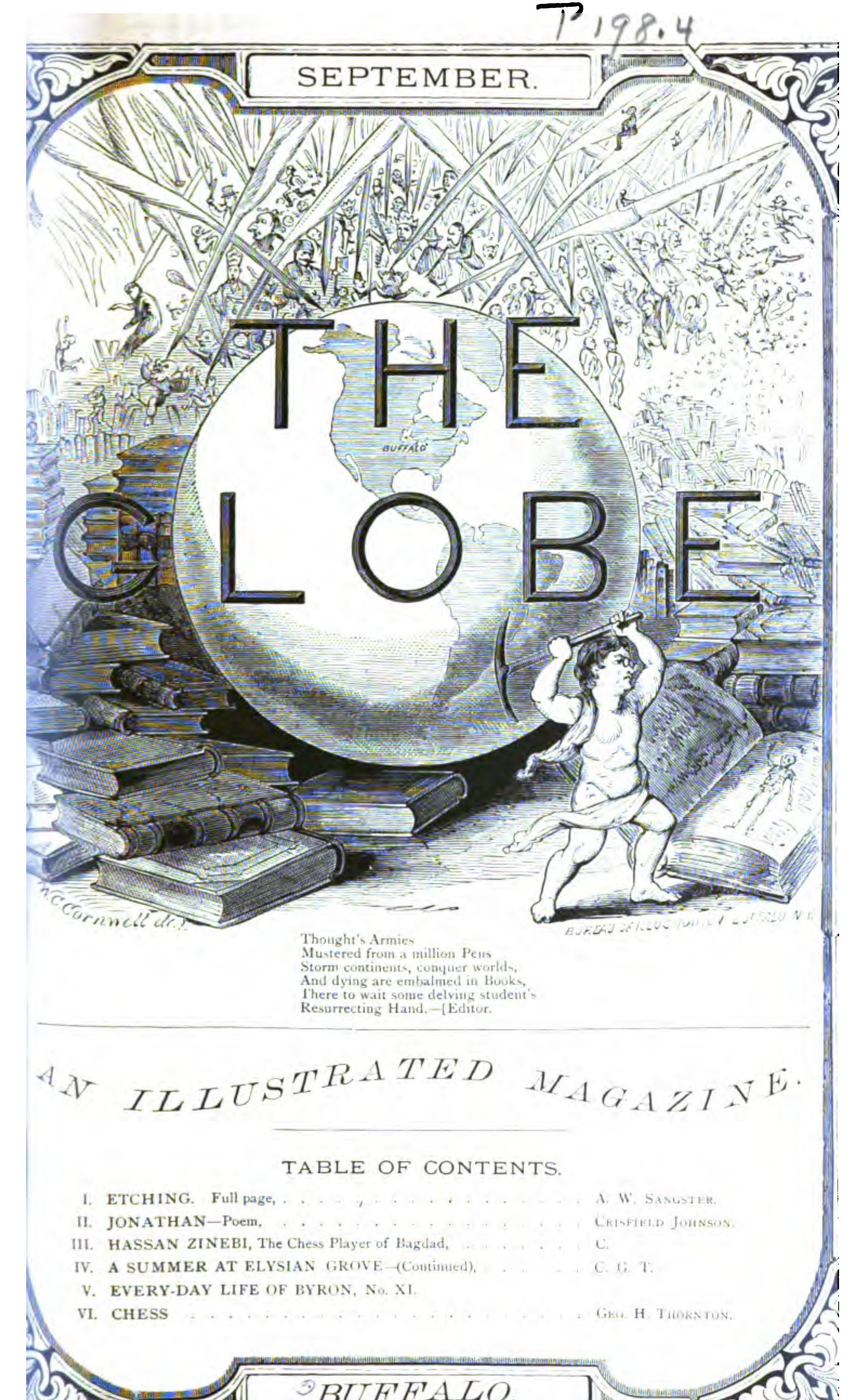
1..B to Q B 6 ch	1..P takes B
2..P takes B ch (Q)	2..P to Q 6 ch
3..Q takes P mate.	

No. 5.

1..Q to Q B 2 ch	1..Kt takes Q
2..Kt to Kt 3 ch	2..K moves.
3..Kt mates.	

No. 6.

1..Q to K Kt 7



SEPTEMBER.

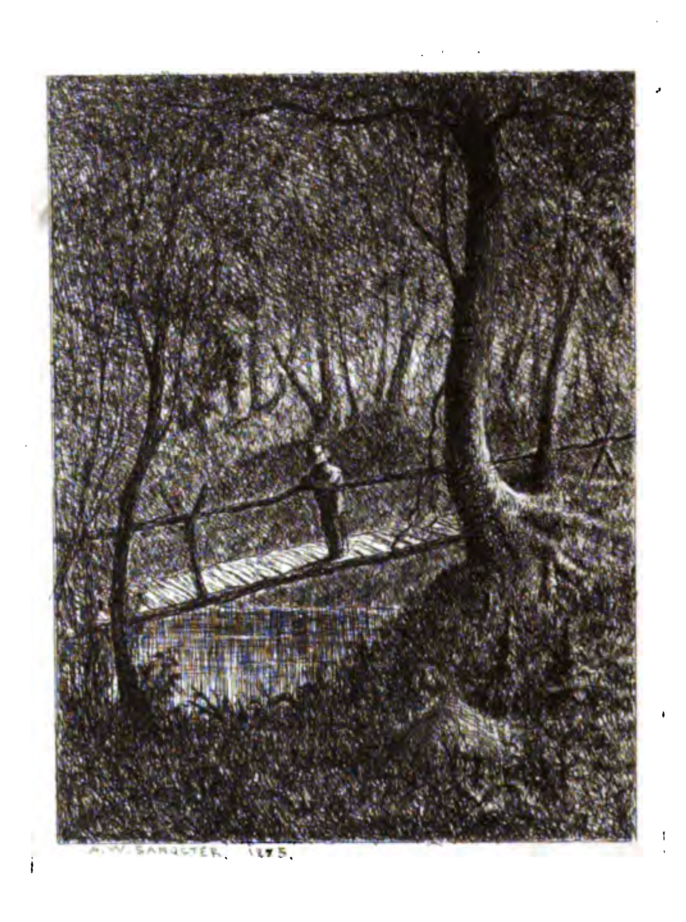
THE GLOBE

Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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BUFFALO.


A. W. SANGSTER. 1875.

THE GLOBE.

1876, March 30.

VOL. III.] SEPTEMBER, 1875. [No. 6.

JONATHAN.

I sing the Yankee, latest human growth;
  A hero seldom stupid, slow or flat,
But often over-sharp, or fast, or both—
  A self-willed, many-tilted democrat.

Squire in New York and captain in the West;
  A judge on California's golden strand;
In the sunny South a colonel, at the least;
  But deacon in the true old Yankee land.

A rather rapid traveler to walk with,
  Alike through thorns and flowers bound to get on;
Easy to trade, or smoke, or drink, or talk with,
  But very hard for any one to sit on.

Who storms a battery like an old crusader;
  Gives freedom to a race some careless minute;
But would buy Satan's homestead, as a trader,
  And ardently aver: "There's millions in it."

To whom equality 's a precious gem,
  Though sometimes he may kick Chinese or darkies,
And in his secret bosom doth contemn
  All foreigners—below the rank of marquis.

In Maine who ranks in Calvin's fire-proof class;
  In Kansas worships God with strapped revolver;
Blythe dances, in New Orleans, after mass;
  In Brooklyn sobs—a tear-o'erflowed dissolver.

Who thinks a school-house is a sacred place,
  And education cures all moral phthisics;
But looks askance on high scholastic grace,
  On Greek and Latin, French and metaphysics.

Heedless what charm on painted canvas glows;
  Indifferent, oft, to strophe and to stanza;
But listening with loving ears when blows
  The western wind from newly-found bonanza.

Yet who, though willing after gold to dash
  Through sea and fire, and gloomy, ore-lined cavern,
Not often hoards his hardly-gathered cash—
  But nobly builds a fourteen-story tavern.

Such is the subject of these brief remarks;
  A lawless, pious, free-souled money-maker;
Who his cigar would light at Pluto's sparks,
  And then try buying Heaven by the acre.

HASSAN ZINEBI, THE CHESS PLAYER OF BAGDAD.

SINAI SURVEY EXPEDITION,
May, 186-.

DEAR JACK:

* * * We are camped near one of the Convents in this wild region, and have of course made friends with the Monks, who, by the way, are not the most reverend gentlemen I have ever met. They love rum better than ease, and ease better than anything else in the world (except rum). But they are good fellows withal, and quite sociable.

I have become quite well acquainted with one of them, Father Galaktion, a cunning, fat old fellow, whose chief occupation consists in mumbling the lessons in church and humming songs to the tame ibex in the court yard of the Mosque. He varies his existence by taking lonely pilgrimages to the mountain in search of partridges, of which he is excessively fond, although the creed forbids, I believe, the eating of them. You may imagine they taste all the sweeter to him on that account. Well, this old devotee of the rum-bottle is the Librarian of the Convent, and through his influence I am enabled at all times to have access to the queer old repository of books and manuscripts, which is situated in a dark corner of this rambling building.

And here let me tell you of an incident which I am quite sure will interest you. You remember how you and I used to pore over the "Arabian Nights," and read and re-read them, and wish there were two thousand and two instead of the invariable 1,001. And you remember our researches into their history, and how we discovered that the different translations contained (some of them) new and different stories, and learned the fact that the tales had not all been collected, but that there were many scattered through the east still untranslated. Well, I was poring over the musty volumes and the mouldy parchments of this quaint corner of the Mosque, when, in one of the shorter MSS., I happened to strike the words Haroun Alraschid. My attention was arrested. I picked up the roll. It was brown with age and thick with dust, which flew in every direction from the crisp leaves that crackled in my hands as I carefully smoothed it out. I bent down over the first page and eagerly began an examination. The dim ray of light that strayed in through the high cloister window, and became gray before it had penetrated the darkness half way, enabled me to discover that the MS. was in Arabic. I am not yet familiar with the language, but I managed to study out the words at the head of the first page: *Hassan Zinebi, the chess-player of Bagdad.* It was the title of the production.

This was enough to excite my curiosity. I obtained permission of Father Galaktion to borrow the MS., took it to the camp, and with the help of Professor ———, who is an accomplished student of the Arabic, I am making my way through the musty pages, jotting down as I go. The thing is only just begun, and so I will not send you any of it, but it is exceedingly interesting as far as I have gone; and there is this that adds peculiar interest to it for you and I: it is, as you guess from the title, a chess story—an Arabian chess story—and gives one some insight into the game as played a thousand years ago in Arabia. The Caliph Haroun Alraschid, you know, was historically a fine chess player, and encouraged the use of the game among his people. Well, the story, like many of the "Arabian Nights" tales, is situated in point of time during his reign.

There is one great difficulty. Parts of the MS. are so musty and blurred that we can scarcely decipher them, and in some instances whole sheets have dropped away. However, I will give you later,—possibly in my next letter,—the full result of our investigation. Your old friend,

ARTHUR.

—

SINAI SURVEY EXPEDITION,
June, 186-.

DEAR JACK:

We have finished our pilgrimages through the musty sheets of the Arabian MS. The story, or rather my jottings of it copied off yesterday, I enclose you herewith. I think you will be as interested in it as we were. I only regret the total obliteration of some parts of the writing—mainly the second sheet. I am not sure that it interferes with the full sense of the story, still I think it would have been better to have had the whole. We have made nearly a literal translation, as you will judge from the simple style of the narration, so much like that of most of the "Arabian Nights" tales. But I will not detain you with explanations, when the story itself is at your hand.

Good-bye, ARTHUR.

P. S.—If you think the story is worth publishing—why—publish it. A.

THE STORY.

The leisure moments of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid were passed by that illustrious prince for the most part out of doors in the diversion of hunting, and at his palace in indulging in the game of chess, of which latter occupation he was very fond; and for the

purpose of exercising himself in the noble game, he kept at his court the most experienced players he could find. In course of time he came to excel them all in skill, and would generally win the majority of the games which he played with them.

It happened, on a certain evening, that the Caliph had been even more than usually successful, having won in succession every game which he played. These continued triumphs, instead of exhilarating him, seemed more and more to depress his usually good spirits. Finally, having won still another game, he turned discontentedly to his Grand Vizier Grafar, and proposed to him that they start at an earlier hour than usual on their nightly walk, for it was the frequent practice of this renowned prince to go during the night through the city in disguise, in order to discover whether everything was quiet. The propositions of the Caliph were law to the Vizier, and he immediately, without saying a word, set about preparing to go.

The streets of Bagdad are—

[Here occurs the deplorable loss of which I wrote above. You will see that the story goes on again at an entirely new place.]

There lived at this time in the city of Bagdad, a merchant named Abou Alhabbal, who, by his industry and attention to business, had amassed a large fortune. He had a beautiful daughter, Hulweh,* who was of such surpassing loveliness that all who saw her became enamored of her charms. She combined sweetness of manner with majesty of person. Her face was gloriously beautiful. She had a faultless and lovely complexion, an unutterably enchanting smile, and eyes large and black, with all the soft languishments of the blue. In fact hers was a face and figure that revealed some new grace at every turn.

Of course Abou Alhabbal was very anxious that his daughter should be well married; and because she was of such beautiful person and would be bestowed with a large dower, she had no end of suitors. Among the latter was a rich but not very young merchant named Hassan Zinebi, who, although he was a man of great wealth, was little liked by his fellow merchants. No one was acquainted with his early history. He had suddenly made his appearance in Bagdad, opened a large shop, and, seeming to be possessed of great wealth, had carried on his business with industry and much profit. There was a dark suspicion which arose, no one knew where, to the effect that he had, at one time, been a chief of one of the wandering bands of Arabs who plunder richly laden caravans, and it was even whispered by his enemies that he was still connected with these maurauders, and this, they said, accounted for the wonderful richness of the silks and other goods which appeared at no other shop than his. But there was no positive evidence of any of these rumors, and Hassan Zinebi lived and thrived among the wealthy of Bagdad.

He had become enamored of the beautiful Hulweh, and had, by careful management, fixed himself in the good graces of her father. Hulweh, on the contrary, felt the utmost repugnance for the ugly-looking Hassan; and, in fact, she liked none of the numerous applicants for her hand who were constantly seeking from her father consent to a union with her.

The cause of this dislike is easily explained. Going one day to the shops with a favorite slave, Hulweh had been saved from the fury of a crazy eunuch who had escaped into the streets, by the courage of a very handsome young man who, beating back the monster, conveyed the ladies to a place of safety.

Impressed with the kind and respectful behavior of the young man, Hulweh was tempted to raise her veil to thank him and inquire his name. He was so struck with her wonderful loveliness that at first he could not

*Hulweh—sweet.

answer, but he soon found his speech and told her that his name was Noureddin, and that he was a prune merchant in a part of the city not far from her own dwelling. He begged the permission to accompany her home, in order to protect her from any further dangers, and Hulweh very gladly gave her consent. It was plain to perceive from their conversation that each was much pleased with the other, and when they took leave of each other it was with mutual expressions of respect and esteem. Having thus become acquainted, the two had afterwards frequent opportunities of meeting, and their friendship ripened into the strongest attachment — all the more so, from the fact that Hulweh kept the knowledge of it from her father, and, in fact, the only person of her household besides herself who knew of the growing intimacy with the handsome young Noureddin, was her favorite slave, Sabeehah. It is easy now to account for the decided dislike which the beautiful daughter of Alhabbal entertained for her other admirers.

Noureddin was, at this time, neither rich nor poor, for by a careful attention to business he had acquired a lucrative trade; and yet he was by no means as wealthy as the rich suitors of the beautiful Hulweh, who were graciously received by her father, Abou Alhabbal.

In the meantime, Hassan Zinebi was using all means to press his suit, and had finally gained the consent of the father of Hulweh, and an appointment of the wedding day. One way in which this adroit courtier obtained an influence with Abou Alhabbal was this: The latter happened to be very fond of the game of chess, an amusement in which many of the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful, imitating his illustrious example, became proficient, and under his reign some of the best players which the country of the Caliphs has known, were developed. Now, Hassan Zinebi was himself the best player in Bagdad, among the merchants, and had met and beaten many of the fine players of the kingdom. Learning of the fondness of Abou Alhabbal for the game, he played often with the latter and quite frequently permitted him to win a game, and thus as Alhabbal knew him to be a chess player of great reputation, with a little skillful flattery combined, Hassan placed the old man always on good terms with himself, which is the beginning of favors toward others. The news of the appointment of the wedding day spread rapidly and reached soon the hareem, where it fell like a shock on the mind of the sweet Hulweh. She hastily repaired with her faithful Sabeehah to an appointed place of meeting, where she communicated to Noureddin the sorrowful intelligence. The latter immediately decided to seek Abou Alhabbal and boldly to present his suit for the hand of Hulweh. Accordingly he took an affectionate adieu, and repaired forthwith to the house and knocked on the door, which was opened by a servant. Noureddin sent up his name, and asked to see the master of the house.

Now, Abou Alhabbal was not wholly unacquainted with Noureddin. He knew him to be an industrious merchant, and he knew also that he had rendered a service to his daughter in the case of the mad eunuch. He had also met him once or twice at the exchange; consequently when he received the message of the slave, he immediately ordered him to be shown up.

Noureddin presented himself before Alhabbal, and very respectfully but boldly related the fact of his having met Hulweh in the manner that he did, how he had become enamored of her, and that he desired to have her hand bestowed upon him. As he proceeded Alhabbal became more and more displeased, and when he had finished, he said, in the severest tone of voice that he could command—

"Young man, that which you so

boldly and impudently ask, it is not my intention to grant, especially as the hand of my daughter is already given to Hassan Zinebi. Therefore I command you to depart from here, and not again to show your bold countenance in my house."

Noureddin would have pleaded further, but the determined voice and appearance of Alhabbal convinced him that it would be of no use. He accordingly retired in a sad but respectful manner, and with downcast countenance returned to his own house, where he gave himself up to the most bitter lamentations.

He did not appear next day at his shop, and his acquaintances, of whom he had many among the merchants, stopped at his house to inquire after him. He informed a few of his most confidential friends of the cause of his grief, and they all lamented with him the disposition of affairs, especially as they hated the ugly but rich Hassan Zinebi, who—

[Here again we are at sea. A whole page of the MS. appears to be lost, and following this are a number of pages from whose blurred and musty surfaces we can only here and there pluck a word or a part of a sentence. From these few data we judge that the daughter of Abou Alhabbal has brought to bear upon her devoted father the powerful batteries of a woman's persuasion, and that the latter has relented somewhat and promised to think of the matter. Then we find him in consultation with the accepted suitor, Hassan, and that cunning diplomat suggests a way out of the woods which the distinguished Alhabbal proceeds to put into execution. He visits the apartments of his daughter and informs her that after severe cogitation he has decided to give Noureddin a chance for a wife in the following manner: That if the young prune merchant will engage in a game of chess with his rival, Hassan Zinebi, and be so fortunate as to win the game, the latter shall then surrender all claims to the lovely Hulweh, who will become the bride of Noureddin.

This would have seemed an exceedingly fair proposition had it not been for the fact that Hassan Zinebi was perfectly well aware that Noureddin, so far from being a skillful player, did not even know the moves in chess, and he (Hassan) had communicated this fact to Abou Alhabbal. In order that there might not be opportunity for Noureddin to so far acquaint himself with the game as to have a ghost of a chance at it, Alhabbal further placed as a condition that the game between the two must be played at some time during the next *three days*.

Noureddin appears to have received this news with mixed feelings of consternation and hope. He is a man of action, and calls in the best players with whom he is acquainted and immediately sets about learning the game. He keeps at it day and night for the next three days, and at the end of that time, extraordinary as it may seem, has learned to play exceedingly well, and yet with scarcely a shadow of hope against a strong player. He nevertheless courageously proceeds to the house of Alhabbal, begins the game and carries it on wonderfully well, but is defeated by the triumphant Hassan, who scornfully taunts him with his failure.

All this we have gathered from scattered words and sentences in the obliterated MS., with here and there a stretch of a paragraph or two. The story at this point runs on more smoothly, and I give you again the simple translation.]

Noureddin was now plunged into the deepest despair. He shut himself in his house and refused to admit any one. He could no longer see the dear object of his adoration, for a strict guard had been set over the hareem by Alhabbal, to prevent this very thing, and Hulweh only went into the streets when attended by more than one slave and a guard of two armed eunuchs. The time for the wedding day was drawing near, and despair began to take possession of the two lovers, who unable to see each other, mourned alone, the adversity and the bitterness of fate. Through the efforts, however, of the faithful Sabeehah they were enabled to have one more meeting. One of the canals of Bagdad flowed past the high walls in the rear of the garden of Abou Alhabbal. Hither one night Hulweh repaired, accompanied by her faithful slave, the two having safely passed the sleeping guard. For a long time the only sounds which penetrated the garden were the washing of the waters on the other side of the wall, or near at hand the rustling of the leaves that shimmered in the silver light of a crescent moon. The balm of a thousand flowers floated heavily on the night air, and added to the delicious beauty of the scene. After a time

the sound of oars softly plashing the water reached the ears of the trembling women, and a moment after a low voice was heard singing this sweet Arabian song:

THE ADIEU.

The boatmen shout, "'Tis time to part,
No longer we can stay;"
'Twas then sweet Hulweh taught my heart,
How much a glance could say.

With trembling steps to me she came.
"Farewell," she would have cried,
But ere her lips the word could frame,
In half-formed sounds it died.

Then bending down with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung.
And, as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
My heart with rapture beat;
While she but wept the more, and said,
"Would we had never met."

This was the signal that had been agreed upon. Sabeehah answered it, and after a moment's delay Noureddin in the disguise of a boatman, sprang over the wall and stood before his beloved mistress. The meeting was in every way a sad one, but it had the effect in some measure of restoring the courage of Hulweh, and she resolved once more to use desperate endeavors to persuade her father to change his mind, or at least defer the marriage. The lovers parted with the most tender embraces mingled with tears.

The next day, Hulweh took an early opportunity of carrying out her determination, and she so besieged her father, who really loved his daughter, with tears and lamentations and beseechings, that he was sorely shaken in his resolve. At this unfortunate moment, however, he received a visit from Zinebi, to whom he confided his troubles, and the latter seeing that the old man was much moved, craftily suggested that Noureddin should be allowed another opportunity of claiming his daughter by finding in the time before the marriage a chess player who should in an open game defeat him (Zinebi), in which case Noureddin should be entitled to the bride; but the player, whoever he should be, must as a wager and guarantee of good faith deposit 90,000 sequins; the same to be forfeited in case of failure.

"For," said Zinebi, "there are many persons who can play chess better than I; and as to the amount of the wager, although it seems large, yet there are many renowned players who would risk double that sum on their skill."

Abou Alhabbal was very much pleased with this plan, and he immediately communicated it to his daughter, to whom he gave permission to send word of it to Noureddin. Hulweh was not, however, as much pleased as she might have been, for she saw the almost utter impossibility of success, and guessed immediately that the crafty Hassan had again been at work. Nevertheless she sent word to Noureddin. The latter, notwithstanding the desperate nature of the case, set himself immediately to work. He visited all the chess players with whom he was acquainted, and offered to join all his own effects in an attempt to raise the 90,000 sequins, provided they would risk the remainder, but none of them had confidence enough in his own skill to hazard so much. There were now only a few days before the marriage feast. Noureddin, finding that there were none in Bagdad whom he could persuade, sent abroad, offering the whole of his own fortune—which, however, was not exceedingly large—to any one who would comply with the conditions which had been heartlessly imposed upon him. The hours and days flew by, however, and there came no response to his solicitations.

At last came the day on the evening of which the marriage was to be solemnized, and great preparations for the feast were being made at the house of Alhabbal. Noureddin spent this day, as he had spent many others, in searching for some one to fulfill the conditions of the offer. He was no more successful, however, than he had been before, and the approaching evening found him wandering up and down the streets of Bagdad wringing

his hands in despair and bewailing the sad fate which had come upon himself and his beloved Hulweh.

It was at this time when the tall mosques had ceased to throw their shadows over the roofs of Bagdad, glowing with the color of the setting sun, that two men, dressed apparently in the garb of merchants, and, as far as Noureddin could make out in the gathering darkness, of fine appearance, came down one of the minor streets, and seeing the manifestations of violent grief on the part of the young man, stopped to inquire the cause. Noureddin, half beside himself with despair, related to them the whole story of his troubles, and ending by informing them of the desperate chance which had been left him, and that the wedding feast had undoubtedly already begun.

The taller of the two merchants seemed to be much interested in the recital, and when Noureddin had ceased he said:

"We are merchants of Damascus, who have just finished the sale of our goods here and were about returning, but your story interests me very much. I myself am something of a chess player, and should like nothing better than to test the skill of this ugly bridegroom. As to the 90,000 sequins, our sales have been very advantageous, and I would willingly risk the sum for the sake of meeting over the board this crafty chess player. Conduct us quickly to the house of Alhabbal, in order that we may accept the challenge before it is too late."

Noureddin was overpowered with joy at this speech, although he knew nothing of the skill of the merchant, yet his confident tone gave him hope, and he made all possible speed towards the house of Abou Alhabbal.

On arriving at the place, he knocked loudly at the door, and pushing aside the slave who opened it, he made his way rapidly toward the main hall where the festivities were in progress, followed closely by the two merchants.

In the middle of the room was erected a throne, on which were seated the ill-matched pair. The beautiful Hulweh was dressed in the most superb manner, and ornamented with her richest ornaments, but her countenance displayed a languor, or rather a desponding sorrow, of which it was no difficult matter to divine the cause on seeing by her side a bridegroom so little deserving her love. On each side of the throne was a large sofa, on which the merchants and their wives and the other wealthy people of Bagdad were seated together, with the officers of the court and their ladies according to their rank, each holding a lighted flambeau, and all so brilliantly and richly dressed that the spectacle was beautiful to look upon.

The ceremonies had so far progressed that the Cadis were just entering with the marriage contract in their hands, when Noureddin rushed in, and with uplifted hand and in a loud voice cried:

"Hold!"

The eyes of all were turned upon him and the two strangers who had entered with him. He proceeded, in a loud voice:

"Whereas, it has pleased the most gracious Abou Alhabbal to offer me, Noureddin, the hand of his daughter Hulweh in case I should bring, before the marriage, a player who should, after depositing 90,000 sequins, defeat Hassan Zinebi, the accepted bridegroom, in a game of chess, I have found these two strangers, merchants of Damascus, one of whom offers to comply with these conditions, and, therefore, I call upon Alhabbal to keep his promise."

The pronouncing of these words created the greatest excitement. Everybody rose in their seats and looked first upon Noureddin and the strangers, and then at Alhabbal and Zinebi. The latter, his face pale with rage, in a harsh voice cried out that it was too late, that the marriage was nearly completed, and Noureddin had now no rights. But Alhabbal, who had never broken his

word with any man, declared that there was still time for a performance of the conditions, and that Noureddin was entitled to a trial. At this, Hassan became more enraged, and openly declared that he would not suffer such a proceeding. Alhabbal, however, reasoned with him calmly, and in a low tone, telling him that there was little probability of the strangers defeating him, and promising to demand some odds of the newcomer in consideration of the fact that the time had so nearly expired. Hassan having at last consented to this, Alhabbal turned to Noureddin, and informed him that the ceremonies were so far progressed that he should insist upon the stranger giving his adversary the advantage of a rook's pawn and a knight. Noureddin did not feel inclined at first to accede to this proposition, but the stranger whispered to him to do so.

Alhabbal now called for the deposit, and the two Damascus merchants produced purses of gold and diamonds which, in the estimation of the merchants present, were amply equal to the sum named. These were placed in the hands of the Cadis for safety.

The preliminaries having thus been arranged, a large and beautiful chess table was brought, the chess-men placed in position, and the two adversaries seated themselves at the board. Hassan at this moment turned to a black slave who seemed to belong to him, and whispered something in his ear, and the slave arose and immediately disappeared.

The stranger having won the choice of color and the first move took the white men, and removing his queen's knight and queen's rook's pawn, according to agreement, opened the game with the usual move of the pawn to king's fourth. His adversary followed in a similar manner, and the game was fairly begun. The appearance of the hall was now very different from what it had been a few moments before. The whole company composed of the court officers, the merchants, the cadis and the richly dressed ladies were gathered around the players, each eagerly seeking a view of the board, while above them all, on the throne, sat the beautiful Hulweh watching the result with far more anxiety than any of the others, which is not to be wondered at when it is considered that she was the lovely prize for which the contest was being carried on. Move followed move. Both men seemed to play with great care, but there was noticed this difference in them, that while the stranger manifested the greatest coolness, Hassan on the contrary seemed to be somewhat excited. He played however with judgment, and until the fourth move neither gained a particle of advantage. Here, however, Hassan advanced his knight to a position which, although it did not at first appear so, was nevertheless a bad one, and virtually restored the odds which the stranger had given him at the first. This became evident in the tenth move when the stranger moved his pawn to a point threatening the knight. The excitement under which Hassan was laboring increased when he now saw the advantage he had given his calculating adversary, but instead of carefully setting out to repair the damage he made another rash move, which by no means helped the situation. In the exchange of pieces which followed, the stranger gained the advantage, and a moment after called the first "check" on his adversary's king. This determined battle-cry seemed still more to disconcert Hassan, and in a move or two more the vigorous strength of his adversary's play and his own previous weak moves have made his game a desperate one. His vain struggles are now disregarded by the stranger, who with remorseless tread advances into the enemy's country, sweeping everything before him, pinioning his foe at every point with the well trained skill of a veteran. The face of Zinebi becomes blanched with rage and chagrin. He

plays desperately but fruitlessly, and at the end of the sixteenth move the stranger, after a careful and deliberate examination of the board, announces that he will mate his adversary in just eight moves.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White forces mate in 8 moves.

The effect of this announcement may be easier imagined than described. Hassan started in his seat and began a careful scrutiny of the board which lasted some time, during which his brow became more and more lowering. At the end of this time he turned and again whispered something in the ear of the black slave, who in the course of the game had returned to the hall and was standing behind his master's chair. The slave replied in a low voice, and Hassan turned back once more to the board as the stranger's "check" announced the first of the eight moves. Hassan moved quickly, but now without excitement. The spectators said to one another that perceiving the game to be lost he had without doubt decided to put on a cheerful face at his defeat. With clock-like regularity the "checks" sounded from the stranger's side, and each time Hassan responded with a rapid move. At exactly the eighth move the stranger announced checkmate, and arose amid the applause of the spectators, the majority of whom were in sympathy with Noureddin.

The joy and gratitude of the latter knew no bounds. He fell upon the neck of the stranger and embraced and kissed him with tears in his eyes, and desired him to command him if he could even in the slightest manner serve him. The merchant replied that his best reward would be to see Noureddin immediately united to the lovely daughter of Alhabbal. Alhabbal, himself at first hardly knowing whether to be pleased or not at this sudden change in his prospects for a son-in-law, now advanced and declared that the marriage should proceed as agreed, with Noureddin as the bridegroom, and ordered the Cadis to surrender the purses to the merchants. At this moment Hassan, who had been conversing with the black slave before mentioned, in a low tone of voice, advanced, and addressing his remarks to Alhabbal, said determinedly:

"It is true that this stranger has defeated me; but the marriage ceremonies were too far advanced to admit of this contest, and I strongly objected to it in the first place. I now desire and must insist that the ceremonies proceed as before."

Here turning to the Cadis he ordered them to prepare for the signing of the contract which had been drawn up in his favor. The whole company, however, protested loudly, Alhabbal among the rest, and the Cadis refused to obey the commands of Hassan.

The latter, instead of becoming incensed, only laughed and said, "Since you, most noble ladies and gentlemen, will not allow me to become possessed of a bride peaceably, I shall have to accomplish my object without your consent." Saying this, he raised his hand towards the black slave, who immediately glided out of the room. A moment after every door in the great hall opened and there came pouring in from every entrance hordes of armed men.

"The Bedouin! The Bedouin!!"

shouted the affrighted company, and every one rushed to seek some place of safety. But the armed Arabs had completely surrounded them and they were compelled to remain standing where they were.

Hassan, whom the Bedouin all seemed to recognize as chief, ordered them to bind each person in the company hand and foot, with the exception of the Cadis and the bride, and the former he commanded to be in readiness to complete the marriage ceremony.

During all this time the two strangers, who had not appeared from the first to be dismayed at the entrance of the Bedouin, were standing apart conversing in a low tone. They now advanced toward Hassan, and the taller, the one who had won the game, spoke as follows:

"Hassan Zinebi, your evil deeds have found you out at last. To-morrow's sun shall see your house and all your shops razed to the ground, and your own head impaled on the city gate. We who appear to you to be merchants of Damascus, are not so. See now if you recognize us."

Saying this the strangers threw off their disguise, and in costly robes and sparkling jewels the imposing forms of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid and his Grand Vizier Giafar stood before the affrighted Zinebi.

The whole company bowed to the earth with the exception of the Arabs, who disappeared as quickly as they had come.

The Caliph ordered the servants of Alhabbal to bind Hassan in a secure manner, and then directed the Cadis to proceed with the marriage of Noureddin and Hulweh. He bestowed upon them as a marriage gift the 90,000 sequins which had been staked on the game he had won, and afterwards loaded them with other gifts, and in fact they were recipients of his favors as long as they lived.

NOTE.—The Professor and I encountered here a curious complication, which we finally made out to be a record of the moves of the game. We have Anglicized it as follows:

White.	Black.
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..K Kt to B 3	2..Q Kt to B 3
3..B to B 4	3 .B to B 4
4..Castles	4..Kt to K B 3
5..P to Q Kt 4	5..B takes P
6..P to Q B 3	6..B to B 4
7..P to Q 4	7..P takes P
8..P takes P	8..B to Kt 3
9..P to K 5	9..P to Q 4
10..P takes Kt	10..P takes B
11..P takes P	11..R to K Kt sq
12..R to Q Kt sq	12..P to Q R 3
13..B to K Kt 5	13..P to K B 3
14..P to Q 5	14..Kt to R 2
15..R to K sq ch	15..K to Q 2
16..Kt to K 5 ch	16..K to K sq

And White announces mate in eight moves, as follows:

1..Q to R 5 ch	1..K to K 2
2..Q to B 7 ch	2..K to Q 3
3..Kt takes P ch	3..K to B 4
4..B to K 3 ch	4..K takes Kt
5..P to Q 6 ch	5..B to K 3
6..Q takes B ch	6..K to Q 6
7..K R to Q sq ch	7..K to K 7
8..B takes B mate	

A SUMMER AT ELYSIAN GROVE.

(Continued.)

At this time Fred imbibed new ideas of warfare. Inquiring of me one morning, "Mamma, what is a war?" I answered, "It is when they go to fight, and kill one another;" and then added tenderly, "You would not like to be in a war, would you, darling?" "Oh, yes, indeed I would, mamma; but den you tee, I would not be killed, 'cause I could fight so brave—oh, I tell you, mamma, I can fight and pull hair awfuddy."

I could have no doubt on these subjects, as I had seen Fred have several contests with Bill and Tom. and knew that he was developing in a remarkable manner. As to Bill and Tom, their reign was brief. Mrs. Squibs gave them no peace; of course their parents were indignant. Mrs. S. complained openly of the desecration, as she called it, of her beautiful grounds, publicly asserting that she wished they would leave. So one

morning, very much to her consternation, they took her at her word, and left her, to occupy a beautiful little cottage on the shore.

Again Mrs. Squibs was bursting with rage and indignation, again she asserted, they shall pay to the end of the season, but her own words condemned her, for the whole house could bear witness that she had driven them away. This would have left us again to pine for society, had it not been that in the meantime a Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, who proved to be congenial companions for us, had most opportunely arrived. Also a German gentleman of education and refinement, who played elegantly on the piano, spoke several languages, talked French with us, and made himself generally agreeable. Besides we now had a place to visit, for Mrs. Bartow was the very soul of hospitality, and many a cozy lunch and nice dinner we had in the "Cottage by the Sea." Thus time wore on quite happily.

As I have said before, there was a Mr. Squibs, but so entirely was he kept under the indomitable thumb of the energetic Mrs. Squibs, that oftentimes his existence was entirely forgotten. It was owing to this unfortunate fact that long after Mrs. Squibs had changed her tactics, and concluded to admit him in the bosom of the family, that we suffered from mosquitoes (although to strangers she still affirmed that they all came from Jersey); that having forgotten to inform Mr. Squibs of the fact, he, poor, faithful spouse that he was, went on blindly affirming that there were none.

One day he was walking on the lawn with Jonathan, and at every step they took the mosquitoes rose up in swarms.

"What myriads of mosquitoes," exclaimed Jonathan, with impatience.

"Why, they are not mosquitoes, Mr. Sanguine," said Squibs, slapping one side of his face, where five had alighted at once.

"Not mosquitoes," replied Jonathan; "what are they then?'

"Oh, some kind of little flies, perfectly harmless," insisted Squibs, as he slapped the other side.

Just at this moment Mrs. Squibs appeared on the scene, and overhearing the conversation, exclaimed, "Squibs. don't be a fool. You know they are mosquitoes."

After this we were permitted to speak freely on the subject, Mrs. Squibs only calling upon us to appreciate our privileges, in that we were not as other men who boarded down on the seashore, where, she informed us, the air was dark with mosquitoes—that the sound of their humming was like that of distant thunder; and that, in fact, the sufferers could scarcely put food in their mouths for the crowds of mosquitoes which flew in at the same time!

One day, as I sat at my window waiting for Jonathan to return from the city, I beheld him toiling up the walk, carrying a package of such unusual size and such ungainly length. that I rushed out to meet him, and discover what it was, for I knew how he hated to carry a bundle. I found it to be two elastic mosquito bars, of some patent, for the windows. By always going to bed in the dark, we had so far escaped them in our rooms. and therefore I snatched away the bars in a pet, exclaiming: "Oh, Jonathan, as though we hadn't enough to lumber up the rooms that you must bring home these useless things. They will be a good plaything for the mice at any rate, so here they go," and with that I threw them behind a trunk in the closet, while Jonathan, looking on with a rueful countenance, and then assuming an air of great wisdom, turned on his heel and walked away.

Still the season advanced, and the mosquitoes with it. One day when the dining room was unusually full of them, Mrs. Squibs conceived the brilliant idea of destroying them with pennyroyal. As the table was all set for dinner, she concluded to burn it in the room, and to her perfect delight they all disappeared. What was her dismay, however, when she found

the table cloth and plates so covered that they looked as though a huge and generous pepper-box had been bestowing its favors far and wide. Dinner was all ready to be served, so Mrs. Squibs and her servants hastily removed the dishes, shook the table-cloth, and then returned things to their places as quickly as possible. We sat down to dinner rejoicing in the unusual respite we enjoyed. Soup had been served, and the meats placed on the table, when, as rises a mist from the river, so, phœnix-like, from the field of slaughter, rose the defeated enemy, and gathered its strength for another combat. "Confound them!" shouted Jonathan from the head of the table, with a sharp slap on his ear. "Ah!—dese mosquits—from—Jersey. Qu'ils sont diaboliques!" said a Frenchman, with a slap also on his face. Slap again, echoed Mr. Nelson, and slap, added the German, shouting. All these exclamations were followed by a general burst of laughter, and then we all rushed into the piazza as hastily as possible, where our ice cream was served, while poor Mrs. Squibs, retiring to the most distant corner of the house, was not seen again for the evening.

About this time Mrs. Squibs had occasion to procure gravel from the beach to cover the walk around the house. She concluded, after much hesitation, to send her beloved Wildfire with a cart, under the charge of black Sam, who happened at that time to be her jehu.

She told me, with tears in her eyes, that when they returned with their first load she went out, as usual, to caress Wildfire, when, to use her own expression, she "could not see the color of her coat, for the mosquitoes which covered it." "And then," added she, pathetically, "I smoothed her poor neck, when, would you believe it, my hand dripped with the blood they had stolen from my poor Wildfire, and Sam says," she declared, in conclusion, "that they got hold of his leg and he thought at one time he should have to leave it behind; so you see, Mrs. Sanguine," moralized she, "what you escape by living on this hill." We did appreciate the privilege, and often, not satisfied with the hill, took our camp chairs and pillows to the roof of the house, where we often sat for hours, but the mosquitoes always found us out in the end, and drove us down. At last, like the plague of Egypt, they came into our bed chambers. All plans and devices seemed alike useless. Not satisfied with biting, they seemed to gnaw, to devour us, piece-meal. The children scratched their poor little legs until they were covered with blood, and then rushed out into the grass to be bitten again. The old rule, that when they have stung every spot on the body of a certain victim, that they will not attack him again, failed entirely, for I am sure poor little Fred, as there was not much room on him, must have been covered four or five times over. At this time I bethought me of the mosquito bars I had thrown in the closet, took them out, patched up two or three holes the mice had gnawed, and was engaged trying to put them in, when Jonathan returned from the city. I pushed them this way and that way, but in spite of all management they utterly refused to fit. I saw that Jonathan was stealing a glance now and then over his paper, but it was plain he did not mean to move unless I humbly asked his assistance, so, finally, I said, "Wont you please help me put in these things, Jonathan." "What for," said he. "Oh for fun," replied I. Jonathan is a dear good soul; he saw that he had succeeded in heaping coals of fire on my head, and that I winced under them considerably, so he said not another word, but put in the bars. They fitted to a charm, and for a day or two worked perfectly. But the enemy found other ways to get in, and I soon discovered that the young mosquitoes, being incited by the larger and more cunning heads of families, had learned, with the assistance of their

elders from the outside, to squeeze their slim bodies through the netting, and to do very good execution after they were in.

The case was hopeless, so we bought expensive bars for all the beds, and then feeling that we had done what we could, bore our trials with the patience of martyrs.

At last the longing desires of the aspiring Mrs. Squibs were gratified, and she informed us all with ill-concealed exultation that a Count—a member of the French Legation, had applied for our vacant rooms. Accordingly at dinner that day the chair opposite me was filled by the Count, but alas for worldly grandeur—alas for earthly rank. The Count was very plain, Jonathan was an Adonis by his side, and then he wore, must I confess it, an alpaca coat—a thing I cannot tolerate in any one but a minister. In him it shows a self-renunciation—a trampling upon the vanities of the world, a beating down of Satan under his feet, that I always respect and admire; but for a Count—a foreign Count—to appear at the stylish dinner table of the Chateau de Squibs, as we playfully called the mansion of Elysian Grove, in an alpaca coat, I could never forgive him, no never. We found that the Count had asked, as was the custom, if the mosquitoes prevailed at Elysian Grove, and had been told, as was also the custom, that we were never troubled with them unless it happened that a wind blew from Jersey. What idea the Count may have had of Jersey I cannot tell; he must have considered it some Desert of Sahara, some distant land too far away to take knowledge of anything done at Elysian Grove, for that evening he opened all his windows and filled his parlor with a blaze of light, and sat down to work, I suppose at the papers of the French Legation. At any rate that night he must have joined in mortal combat with the great and powerful army of mosquitoes, which nightly besieged our dwelling, for in the morning, after he had taken a late breakfast, and gone to town, Mrs. Squibs meeting me in the hall, drew me aside and whispered with a wicked laugh, "I wish you could see the Count, his face looks like a chequer-board, with mosquito bites." To tell the truth, the beauty of the poor Count was by no means improved. When he appeared at dinner the next day he doubtless felt the folly of his indiscretion, for he ate savagely, looked prim, and going immediately to his room, closed his blinds, shut all his windows, and retired before da k.

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF BYRON.

XI.

(Jottings of conversation with the Poet, by Thos. Medwin, of the 24th Light Dragoons; published fifty years ago, and now out of print.)

THE ORIGIN OF "CAIN" AS A SUBJECT.

I introduced the subject of Cain:

"When I was a boy," said he, "I studied German, which I have now entirely forgotten. It was very little I ever knew of it. Abel was one of the first books my German master read to me; and whilst he was crying his eyes out over its pages, I thought that any other than Cain had hardly committed a crime in ridding the world of so dull a fellow as Gessner made brother Abel.

"I always thought Cain a fine subject, and when I took it up, I determined to treat it strictly after the Mosaic account. I therefore made the snake a snake, and took a Bishop for my interpreter.

"I once had an idea of following the Arminian Scriptures, and making Cain's crime proceed from jealousy.

and love of his uterine sister; but, though a more probable cause of dispute, I abandoned it as unorthodox.

"One mistake crept in—Abel's should have been made the first sacrifice: and it is singular that the first form of religious worship should have induced the first murder.

"Hobhouse has denounced 'Cain' as irreligious, and has penned me a most furious epistle, urging me not to publish it, as I value my reputation or his friendship. He contends that it is a work I should not have ventured to have put my name to in the days of Pope, Churchill, and Johnson (a curious trio!) Hobhouse used to write good verses once himself, but he seems to have forgotten what poetry is in others, when he says my 'Cain' reminds him of the worst bombast of Dryden's. Shelley, who is no bad judge of the composition of others, however he may fail in procuring success for his own, is most sensitive and indignant at this critique, and says (what is not the case), that 'Cain' is the finest thing I ever wrote, calls it worthy of Milton, and backs it against Hobhouse's poetical Trinity.

"The *Snake's* rage prevented my crest from rising. I shall write Hobhouse a very unimpassioned letter, but a firm one. The publication shall go on, whether Murray refuses to print it or not."

CONTRADICTORY OPINIONS.

"I have just got a letter, and an admirable one it is, from Sir Walter Scott, to whom I dedicated 'Cain.' The sight of one of his letters always does me good. I hardly know what to make of all the contradictory opinions that have been sent me this week. Moore says, that more people are shocked with the blasphemy of the sentiments, than delighted with the beauty of the lines. Another person thinks the Devil's arguments irresistible, or irrefutable. —— says that the Liberals like it, but that the Ultraists are making a terrible outcry; and that the *he* and *him* not being in capitals, in full dress uniform, shock the High-church and Court party. Some call me an Atheist, others a Manichæan—a very bad and hard sounding name, that shocks the *illiterati* the more because they don't know what it means. I am taxed with having made my drama a peg to hang on it a long, and, some say tiresome, dissertation on the principle of evil; and, what is worse, with having given Lucifer the best of the argument; all of which I am accused of taking from Voltaire.

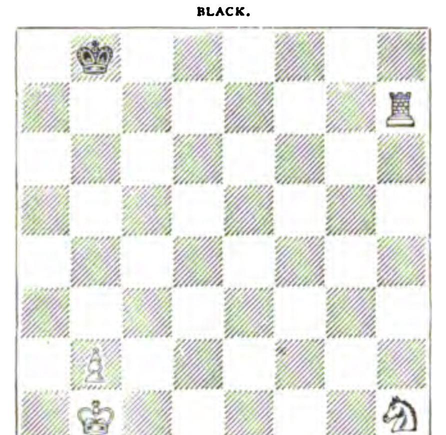
A DEFENSE OF CAIN.

"I could not make Lucifer expound the Thirty-nine Articles, nor talk as the divines do: that would never have suited his purpose—nor, one would think, theirs. They ought to be grateful to him for giving them a subject to write about. What would they do without evil in the Prince of Evil? Othello's occupation would be gone. I have made Lucifer say no more in his defence than was absolutely necessary—not half so much as Milton makes his Satan do. I was forced to keep up his dramatic character. *Au reste*, I have adhered closely to the Old Testament, and I defy any one to question my moral.

"Johnson, who would have been glad of an opportunity of throwing another stone at Milton, redeems him from any censure for putting impiety and even blasphemy into the mouths of his infernal spirits. By what rule, then, am I to have all the blame? What would the Methodists at home say to Goëthe's 'Faust?' His devil not only talks very familiarly *of* Heaven, but very familiarly *in* Heaven. What would they think of the colloquies of Mephistopheles and his pupil, or the more daring language of the prologue, which no one will ever venture to translate? And yet this play is not only tolerated and admired, as everything he wrote must be, but acted, in Germany. And are the Germans a less moral people than we are? I doubt it much. Faust itself is not so fine a subject as Cain. It is a grand mystery. The mark that was put upon Cain is a sublime and shadowy act: Goëthe would have made more of it than I have done."

CHESS.

PROBLEM.
No. 8—By A. W. Ensor.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate without moving K or R.
In how few moves can it be done?

PROBLEM
No. 9—By Geo. E. Carpenter.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

THE BUFFALO CHESS CLUB.

The Buffalo Chess Club is no longer among the things hoped for but not yet seen. We are very happy to announce that, after much discussion, canvassing and meeting together, a Chess and Checker Club has been duly organized in our city. Several meetings have been held since our last issue, and a constitution and by-laws have been drafted, officers elected, rooms secured and taken possession of, furniture purchased, and everything comparatively in good running order. The following is a list of the officers elected at a meeting about two weeks since: President, Mr. Henry Richmond; Vice-President, James A. Mugridge; Secretary, Geo. H. Thornton; Treasurer, Robert Denton; Executive Committee, A. W. Ensor, R. Kendrick, B. MacPherson. Rooms were secured in the second story of Brown's building, corner of Main and Seneca streets, and if not everything that could be desired, still have many points in their favor, and for the present answer all requirements. The Club now numbers about forty members.

GIOUCO PIANO.

White. (Mr. A. W. Ensor).	Black. (Mr. Henry Richmond.)
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..Kt to K B 3	2..Kt to Q B 3
3..B to B 4	3..B to B 4
4..Castles	4..P to Q 3
5..P to Q B 3	5..Q B to K Kt 5
6..Q to Q Kt 3	6..Kt to Q R 4 *(a)*
7..Q to Q R 4 ch	7..Kt to Q B 3
8..P to Q 4	8..B takes K Kt
9..P takes K B	9..B takes K P
10..P takes P	10..P takes P
11..B takes B P ch	11..K takes B
12..Q takes B *(b)*	12..P to Q 4
13..Q to K B 5 ch	13..Kt to K B 3
14..Q B to K Kt 5	14..Q to Q 2
15..Q to Q B 2	15..P to K R 3
16..B to K R 4	16..K R to K sq
17..B takes Kt	17..K takes B
18..Kt to Q 2	18..P to K 5
19..Q R to Q sq	19..Q to K 2
20..Kt to Q Kt 3	20..Q R to Q sq
21..Kt to Q 4	21..K to B 2
22..Kt to K B 5	22..Q to K Kt 4
23..Kt to K 3	23..Kt to K 4
24..K to K R sq	24..Kt to K Kt 5
25..Kt takes Kt	25..Q takes Kt
26..Q to Q Kt 3	26..Q to Q 2
27..R to Q 4	27..K to Kt sq
28..K R to Q sq	28..R to K 4
29..P to Q B 4	29..Q to K B 4
30..R takes Q P	30..K R takes R
31..P takes R	31..Q takes B P
32..P to Q 6 ch	32..Q to K B 2
33..Q to K 3	33..Q takes Q R P
34..Q takes K P	34..R takes Q P *(c)*

And the game was drawn by mutual consent.

(a). Black gains little by this manœuvre.

(b). White comes out of the little scrimmage with even forces and rather the better position, having prevented Black from doubling his Pawns on his K B file, an end which Black was evidently aiming at.

(c). Black evidently thought the best way to get that Pawn was to take it; somewhat on Mr. Greeley's resumption principle. Mr. Richmond has played his game well, but the perpetual check, or threatened loss of Rook, prevents his further fighting it out on this line.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

A RARE ILLUSTRATION.

The beautiful etching which forms a frontispiece to this number is a rare and valuable form of illustration. When we state that THERE IS BUT ONE OTHER MAGAZINE IN AMERICA that publishes copper-plate etchings, and ONLY ONE IN ENGLAND, and that the subscription prices of these magazines run from nine to twelve times that of *The Globe*, readers will appreciate the offering.

The process is a peculiarly beautiful one, giving the nearest approach of any to the artist's own individual work, and the printing of each impression is done by hand.

The etching is thoroughly worthy of a frame.

EGGS BY WEIGHT.

A change in the system of selling eggs is needed. It is altogether fairer to sell by the pound than by the dozen. In this market eggs vary in size so that one might by sorting separate a quantity of eggs into two lots, one of which would average say nine or even ten to the pound, while the other might average no more than seven. Now, twelve dozen of the small ones will weigh about 14½ lbs., while the larger ones will weigh 20¾ lbs., which is not a just basis for trade; and although it may be said that general average corrects inequalities, where is the advantage in trusting to chance when so simple a remedy as the Fairbanks Standard Scale is at hand? The time will come before long when all such things as eggs, wood and other articles of common consumption, will be sold by the record on the arm of the Fairbanks.

FOUR TRACKS.

The point toward which the railroadism of to-day is tending, is the attainment of the greatest speed combined with the greatest safety. Probably the longest step ahead in this direction, combining both, is that recently taken by the New York Central in the completion of its four tracks, two for passengers and two for freights. These obviate in an immense degree delays, accidents and other kindred disadvantages attending the old two-track method. The Central is the only road in the world, we believe, that possesses this very modern improvement, and the possession of it adds another guarantee to its old-time reputation for good management and thorough safety.

THE ETCHING IN THIS NUMBER OF THE GLOBE was printed at the establishment of P. H. McGee, card engraver and printer, 381 Main street, Buffalo, where invitation, wedding and visiting cards, crests and monagrams receive artistic and careful attention.

A MUNIFICENT OFFER.

A very liberal contract with the Weed Sewing Machine Company will enable us, we hope, to place their celebrated machine in many families. So fine an opportuuity to secure a first-class machine seldom occurs. Cannot the reader form a club in his or her neighborhood and secure this sewing machine as a premium? A few hours of well-directed effort will obtain it. Are you a postmaster in a county town or village? With a little thought and effort you can easily send us forty names. Pass the subscription papers. Forty names at $1.25 each will secure forty copies of *The Globe* for one year and a $65 sewing machine. Benefit your neighbors by placing in their families good readiug, and at the same time make your own or some other family possessor of a great labor-saving machine, warranted to be perfectly new, of the latest improved construction, and in perfect order.

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WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

ABOUT

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

THE GLOBE.

Of the hundreds of notices which a generous press all over the United States and in England have tendered the Magazine, the following are a few extracts:

The Daily Graphic, of New York city, says: "*The Globe* is the title of a dainty little magazine of Literary Record and Criticism, published at Buffalo. Its articles are sketchy but entertaining, and it may prove the nucleus of a magazine worthy of a city of 150,000 inhabitants. *The Globe* deserves an extensive patronage in Western New York, as a vigorous and promising effort to elevate the standard of local literature."

The Rochester *Daily Union* says of *The Globe:* "It is filled with contributions from able writers and sound thinkers residing at Buffalo and elsewhere."

The Rochester *Evening Express* says: "The *Globe* is, to begin with—and a matter of first-rate importance,—very nicely printed on paper of excellent quality, and the contents of the May number are such as to commend the periodical to all who prize fine writing, scholarship and liberal ideas."

The *Sunday Times* of Rochester says: "Our sister city of Buffalo has the honor of possessing an attractive though unassuming little monthly called *The Globe.* * * * Its general appearance, as well as the character of the readable articles contained in it, show that the young periodical is in competent hands."

"It gives us pleasure to note the success of the new literary venture *The Globe.* May its future be as bright as its merit deserves and its first months of existence promise."—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

"We welcome *The Globe* warmly, as it promises to fill a place which no publication in Buffalo has hitherto attempted to do."—*Buffalo Evening Post.*

"If there are any who find fault with *The Globe*, there is reason for knowing that the publishers will make what is imperfect good, and what is good better, provided that public patronage justifies such improvements."—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

The following is the concluding paragraph of a long notice of *The Globe* from the *Buffalo Express:* "Altogether *The Globe* is a new star of great promise, and is already beginning to fulfill the modest expectations of its projectors, and to realize in great measure the prophecy of its friends. We begin to await its appearance with pleasure as the months roll around."

"*The Globe*, a monthly magazine, published by the Globe Company, Buffalo, is a very attractive publication, copiously illustrated, and printed on the very finest paper."—*Orleans County Republican.*

THE GLOBE,

BUFFALO.

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The regular subscribers and readers of HEARTH AND HOME and THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC, can, if they will, work effectively for the increase of its circulation. We wish to secure something of earnest, vigorous effort from every one. Those who will contribute their efforts in this manner can secure rich reward for their services.

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L. SCHWARTZ & Co.:

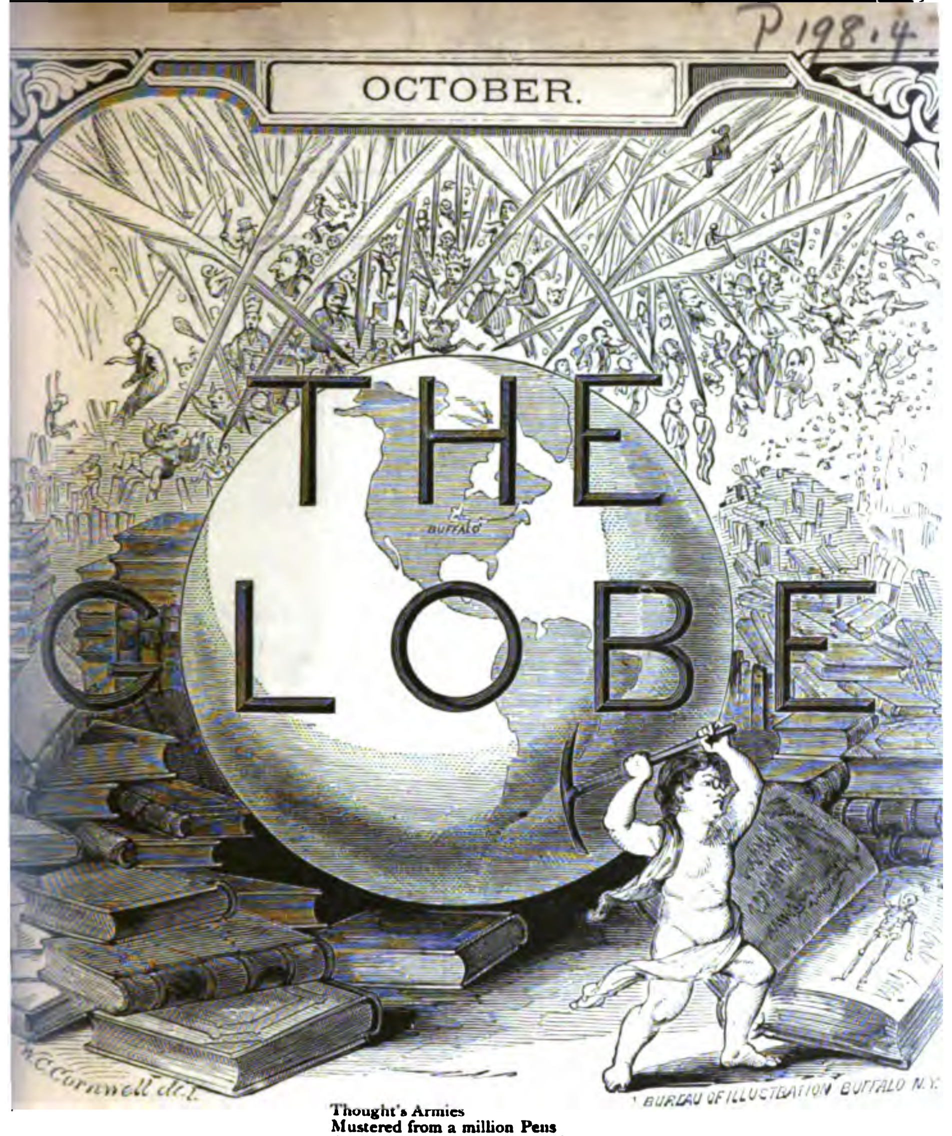
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Messrs. L. SCHWARTZ & Co.: BUFFALO, August 2d, 1875.

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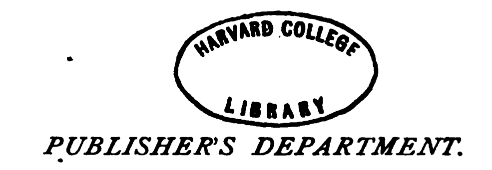


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Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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BUFFALO.


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FRIAR LAURENCE.

HE GLOBE

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THE GLOBE.

1876, March 30.

VOL. III.] OCTOBER, 1875. [No. 7.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

A FEW HINTS AS TO HIS CHARACTER.

An artist who is happy in his conceits is to sketch Friar Lawrence; but will he give us the venerable Franciscan in his height and breadth? Shakespeare's characters are their own best commentaries; the next best are the interpretations vouchsafed us by the stage. In dramatic representation, Friar Laurence has been one of many of Shakespeare's characters that has suffered from imperfect delineation; and whether the pencil of the artist can rescue him from the sombre colors in which he has been bodied forth, remains to be seen. There are certain characters of Shakespeare that are within fair reach of the painter or the sculptor; while assuredly there are many which must defy his skill and teach him the limits of his art. I remember a distinguished artist once telling me that it was his purpose to paint "Shakespeare and his friends"—meaning his creations. I asked him how he would paint Hamlet in the group. It had not occurred to him that Hamlet wasn't paintable; and when it became clear to him that the character, pictured from any single point of view, would be a failure, he quickly resolved to deal with its traditional draperies, and turn Hamlet's face away from the spectator. Aye, the draperies are important and must help lead to identification, very much as they might be expected to do at a coroner's inquest. Clothes are invaluable even beyond the ken of Carlyle or his good friend Professor Teufelsdröckh, and without the "vestural tissue" our artists would be sadly at their wits' ends. On the stage, for most part, what beggarly portraitures we should be treated to if it were not for clothes! Once in an age there comes into the world a man or a woman of transcendent genius, the light of whose luminous soul reveals psychological and spiritual beauties which else we had scarcely seen through their tawdry wrappings or suits of woe. He is the true artist who will make the soul shine through the draperies which enfold it; and very naturally we ask, how will our friend deal with Friar Laurence, who has had but one true interpreter on the American stage—Charlotte Cushman—whose simple reading of the old man's soliloquy rended the shadows which had shrouded him in their embrace, and gave him to us as Shakespeare gave him, a beautiful, manly soul. For the immediate purposes of art, his Franciscan garb may help us to recognize him as a Friar; by the introduction of the basket of "baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers," we may be assisted to a recognition of him as *the* Friar; and if he should stand forth in the "grey-eyed morn" as it "smiles on the frowning night," we should have a further aid to

identification; but after the artist has availed himself of these accessories, will he favor us with a glimpse of the soul that can think such fine thoughts as these:

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power;
For this being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
And, where the worm is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Here we have the philosopher and moralist, a difficult subject for portraiture. How shall he be pictured? Will he stand forth as the incarnation of an idea, a philosophy, a system of morals? Shall we make his acquaintance as the "ghostly father" merely, the rigid exponent of doctrine and the relentless enforcer of his religious code? And would this be the Friar Laurence who, without austerity, but with such charming frankness, dignity and pleasantry, gives welcome to Romeo in the early morning?—

Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign;
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

The Friar is as graceful and pliant in his humor as he is profound in philosophic speculation, else he would never have so painted Romeo to himself after he had abandoned Rosaline for Juliet, and had so confessed it:

Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet;
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

And if we want evidence of nimble wit, we have it in the bit of dialogue that ensues between himself and Romeo:

Romeo. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Friar. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Romeo. And bad'st me bury love.
Friar. Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.

His wit never outruns his thoughtfulness; indeed it seems but an incidental and necessary expression of it, fitting where a philosophic generalization or a moral axiom, would not apply with force; and often acts as a foil to the impetuosity of the passionate Romeo. In this new love he sees a possible

way to a reconciliation of the belligerent houses of the Capulets and Montagues, and probably, with the shrewdness and love of power which is native to him, finds in it a means to increased influence, and so declares to Romeo:

In one respect, I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household's rancour to pure love.

Aye, this is what Romeo would have, and he exclaims:

O, let us hence: I stand on sudden haste.

But not so fiery, the Friar, who responds:

Wisely, and slow; they stumble, that run fast.

As we follow the Friar through the fateful windings of the tragedy—he himself the unwitting instrument of Fate—a broader and deeper humanity is revealed to us; he ceases to be the mere thinker, moralist and wit, and is splendidly human. His mind is keenly on the alert and his sympathies are as quick in their play as the pulse of the lovers who are about to meet each other in his cell. Linked to a mind of sunny brightness and vigor is a heart that is strong and true. Hear him reply to the rhapsody of Romeo, who cries out:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine,—

when he replies:

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

And mark how quickly our Friar drops the sermonizer's garb to describe Juliet as she approaches, and to paint her as a creature ethereal and borne upon the wings of love:

Here comes the lady! O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

The Friar's imagination is as buoyant and elastic as the sweet Juliet is light-footed and graceful; and how will the artist give us this charming freshness of spirit on the same page or canvas in which our thoughtful Friar is made to soliloquize over his basket of simples? To Romeo he offers in the hour he is banished, "Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy," which Romeo thinks little of, "unless philosophy can make a Juliet"—which, it is needless to say, it cannot do; but it is something stronger than philosophy that he administers when his pupil threatens to "sack the hateful mansion" in which his "name doth lodge." It is positive chastisement that Romeo receives at his hands; a display of weak sympathy, would have proved fatal. He rails at Romeo, in a passionate way, for his womanish tears, and for his wild acts which denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast,

but when he comes to deal with Juliet, how manly and tender he is! He does not chide her for her weakness, but exclaims:

O, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.

And it is only when she threatens self-destruction that his wits are restored to their balance, and he cries out:

Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

We need not follow him through his devices to save Juliet from a forced alliance with Paris, and to restore Romeo to the arms of his love, to prove his devotion to their cause. He is love's champion, but fateful and fated; and in the light of the tragic ending to the drama in which he figures, there is something almost prophetic in his broodings over his basket of weeds. As the philosopher and the moralist, his is a soul touched with celestial beauty; as the counselor and friend to the ill-starred lovers, he is superbly manful and sympathetic; and there is that blending of the divine and human in his nature which marks him as one of Shakespeare's beautiful characters. But with all his philosophic depth and clearness; with all his fine poetic insight and that something of the seer that enters into his spiritual make-up, his worldly wisdom is at fault, and renders him the instrument of a Fate which, as the world goes, is mightier than his philosophy. Calm, strong and contemplative we would have him painted; benignant, cheerful, kind, if the artist would do him justice; and he must be freed from grossness, for the fibre of his soul is fine and pure and the light in his eyes is a spark from heaven.

A SUMMER AT ELYSIAN GROVE.

(Concluded.)

THE COUNT AND THE DUEL.

A few days afterwards, we became acquainted with the Count; and Mrs. Nelson and I, who had become great friends, resolved that we would cultivate his acquaintance, talk with him as much as possible, and thereby brush up our neglected French. We found his conversational powers were not large, that he spoke rapidly, so that it was difficult to understand him. He generally spoke in short sentences, commencing with English slowly and carefully, but always ending rapidly in French, closing with a slight jerk and a little cluck of satisfaction that he had reached the end of his sentence successfully. As "Madame — you— have—une belle robe—cluck!" or, "Madame—your—little —daughter— elle est charmante, cluck." Sometimes when he had been unusually successful with a long sentence his excitement and joy became so great that, as Mrs. Nelson humorously observed, he almost clucked himself out of his chair.

It was about this time that having practiced my French a good deal, I became a little over self-confident and indulged in rather too complicated a remark at the table. Mary, the colored waitress, feeling that there was some difficulty in the comprehension of the Frenchman, and not accurately studying into its cause, had fallen into the habit of screaming into his ear, as though he were deaf. Accordingly she, one day, shouted in a stentorian voice, "Will you have roast beef or chicken?" As he hesitated a moment for a decision, she shouted again louder than before, "Will you have roast beef or chicken?" This time he answered quickly, "Rosbif;" the words being most like his own language, he was able to say it soonest, and thereby avoid another proclamation of the bill of fare. At this moment, partly to remove his embarrassment, and partly (I suppose, considering the deceitfulness of the human heart,) to exhibit my proficiency in French, I remarked blandly, "Monsieur, elle pense que d'être Français et d'être sourd est le même chose."

"What—is—dat, que vous dire, Madame? cluck."

I repeated with slight embarrassment, " Elle pense que d'être Français et d'être sourd est le même chose."

He looked puzzled and answered, "qui pense?"

"Marie," replied I.

"Qui est Marie?" said he.

Here I was obliged to resign my efforts at being understood. In my confusion I could not think what waitress was in French, neither could I cudgel my poor brains even to remember the French for colored girl. I looked around hopelessly; all who spoke French were already engaged in conversation with their neighbors. Jonathan smiled, saying, "You have got beyond your depth, my dear," and as for me I retired gracefully under cover of a laugh, saying, "Je vous le dirai après dinêr." I was vexed with the stupid Count for not understanding my French, and as soon as dinner was over repaired to my German friend, and repeating the conversation, demanded with indignation what was the fault in my sentence that it should not have been understood. He assured me that it was all correct, and could give no reason but the stupidity of the Count. This was flattering to me, so that I was glad to retire without inquiring further into the matter; at the same time learning a little private lesson in humility—which, however, I did not see fit to mention to Jonathan.

There was one subject upon which the Count was eloquent, and that was the merits and accomplishments of a certain friend who in a few days was to join him, and share his apartments for the summer. One day when I had been to New York, Mrs. Nelson told me upon my return, with the greatest delight, that the friend of the Count had been down to look at his rooms, that she had been introduced to him, and that he was as the Count had often said, charmant, so young, so handsome, so agreeable; that he spoke English fluently, and French beautifully; that he could understand every word she said, and altogether he was a hundred times more agreeable than "the stupid old Count," as we had fallen into the habit of denominating our Frenchman; moreover that he was pleased with his rooms, and that he would be down the next day.

Mrs. Nelson and I had sworn eternal friendship. With all the folly and freshness of school girls, we dressed our hair in the same fashion, wore our ribbons alike, and shared our joys and sorrows, as though we had been a couple of children; therefore the Count's failure to understand my French had been an equal affront to us both, and we were both equally glad to see him superceded by another upon whom we could practice our efforts, and improve our pronunçiation.

The next day, contrary to the expectations of the entire household, the Count returned at night without his friend; he was distant and morose, ate his dinner in silence, and vouchsafed an explanation to no one, until the vigilant Mrs. Squibs waylayed him as he left the dining room, to inquire if his friend were not going to join him that night. At this question the Count became excited and irritable. "No, madame," replied he, "he will not come chez vous—he is vat dis you call—coward—madame—no gentilhomme—madame."

"And is he not coming at all?" replied Mrs. Squibs, while her eyes flashed with the defiant words, he shall pay, he *shall pay* to the end of the season. "No, madame, he vill not come, he is coward—if he should come je me laisserai, madame, I no would stay dans la même maison avec lui," and with these words he hurried away before Mrs. Squibs could even draw her breath to speak.

The next day, as I passed the Count's parlor on my way up to my room, Mary, my colored friend, who was both waitress and chambermaid, accosted me with the grievous complaint, "Do, Miss Sanguine, just look at the Count's room, which I have been done put up in order once this

morning, and now he goes off to the city, and says, 'Mary, put my room in order demejently.'"

I tried to pass without taking an active interest in Mary's troubles, but she would not let me off so easily, for she insisted, "Take one do'tservation, Miss Sanguine, just for furosity. I 'spose he thinks that I've nuffin to do, a race hossin all day, but put his room in order." Thus urged, I was drawn in just for "furosity," and truly enough all about the table of the Count I could have walked knee deep in papers torn and scattered, with here and there a few words written on them, whole sheets, of which the French legation had desired only the benefit of a sentence perhaps.

Now my little Fred was just developing a wonderful talent for drawing. He was continually producing from his gifted pencil horses with three legs and no tails, the size of a half-sheet of note paper, and chickens with five legs and long tails, the size of a full sheet. It was positively expensive to furnish him with the quires of paper which his father insisted he must have, rather than crush the growing talent he so strongly evinced. Considering this fact, I suppose I shall be pardoned if I acknowledge that, prompted by an economical nature, I picked up about a dozen sheets almost whole, and carried them to my room for Fred's particular benefit. As I put them away my eye caught the words, "Ma chère,mon Ange—Regardez mon désespoir," and other "thoughts that breathed, and words that burned." In a moment the truth flashed upon me—the Count was in love. I reproached myself that I had accidentally discovered his secret, and I religiously tore the papers in atoms, hoping by this work of supererogation to blot out my fault. Of course, I did not see the Count again until night, when he returned, bringing with him a friend. Not "Le Charmant," but a large, well-built Frenchman, whom he took the greatest pains to introduce as Monsieur Dimarais, a French ambassador. They were both attentive to the ladies, and affable and agreeable to every one.

At dinner they ordered wine of two or three kinds, urging every one to accept, and not satisfied with that, ordered cigars to be offered as soon as dinner was finished.

Jonathan gave me a private wink, and we left the table early, but as we were passing out of the dining-room, Mrs. Squibs seized my arm, whispering frantically, "Mrs. Sanguine, look at that Frenchman. What shall I do? He is putting a dog on my table." I turned my head enough to see that the jovial stranger, who had during dinner privately fed a little pet dog in his lap, now that restraint was removed, allowed him to get on the table, and was publicly feeding him with ice cream from his plate. I only laughed at Mrs. Squibs' outraged dignity, and passed on into the parlor, where we were soon joined by the gentlemen, who called for music, and our German friend, sitting down at the piano, soon made it quiver and thrill with all the purest and sweetest notes of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. Every soul seemed melted and subdued by the spirit of music, and in a moment more almost every voice was joined in a magnificent chorus. The choicest gems of operas and the grandest passages from oratorios seemed to burst spontaneously from the music-stricken crowd around the piano. Jonathan gave me a sly wink to look at the proud and happy Mrs. Squibs. There she sat swelling with gratified ambition. The envied moment that she had so sighed and pined for, had at last arrived; her parlor was grand, gay and fashionable. A Count and a foreign ambassador graced the crowd, and more than all, Sappho, her idol, with brilliant color and flashing eyes, stood in the midst, and her full sweet voice swelled the chorus of many voices which poured out that soul-stirring volume of sound. "Oh!" whispered Jonathan, "who would think, to look at this gay and happy throng, that any

low and common troubles could ever mar this pleasure; that seething caldrons of rats and cockroaches, of bad cooking and stale butter, could boil beneath this glittering surface; that that bland and happy brow could ever frown with anger; that Jews will eat ham; or that that placid mouth could be made to mutter, 'They shall pay, *they shall pay* to the end of the season.'"

In a moment more the kaleidescope of pleasure was turned again, and the throng of singers was transformed into a crowd of dancers. The Count chose my little friend, Mrs. Nelson. She was a Southerner, young and pretty, and boasted of the fact that no one could tire her out in a waltz. The Count would not ask a lady to sit down, and so they whirled about in the giddy mazes of the dance till every head turned. At last she sank exhausted by my side, and the Count disappeared, no one knew where. As soon as she could speak, she said she felt as though she had been dancing a dance of death, so wild, so weird, and so fierce did it seem to her. We soothed and quieted her excited nature, and her mother insisting she should go immediately to bed, I did not see her again until the next day, when she emerged from her room pale and nervous. "Oh! Mrs. Sanguine," said she, "such a night as I have had you cannot imagine. You know my room is next to that of the Count's, and I could not sleep a wink for the noise of clashing swords they kept up. They must have been fencing or fighting all night long, and I thought every moment they were going to burst into our room, and kill us both. I could not trust to the lock of the door; and so I had the washstand, three chairs, and the pitcher and bowl all piled up, to make a racket if they did burst in; for I was resolved I would not die in silence. I verily believe the Count has gone mad."

Mad or not, we did not see him again until night, when he returned from the city with still another friend, a big, broad, burly man, so savage and gross that we called him the "bull-dog." He did not appear at dinner with the Count and the ambassador, but stayed in his room, as we learned afterwards, to tear about generally and swear at the heat, which was excessive. As the Count left the dining-room, he stopped to order a room for his guest. All this was very pleasant to Mrs. Squibs, who smiled as she rolled a few extra dollars "as a sweet morsel under her tongue." To the rest of us it was a matter of indifference, and we thought no more of it until the next day, when Mrs. Nelson came to me with a tale more harrowing than the one of the day before. "Oh! Mrs. Sanguine," said she, "I don't know what will become of us all. I believe the Count is raving mad. I'm sure it's not safe to be in the house with him, especially to occupy the room next to him. All night long there was a clashing of swords, a rattling of arms, and a confusion of angry voices. They had a lunch carried up to their room late in the evening, and there they stayed all night, the 'bull-dog' and all, and went away this morning before light in a crazy old carriage, with no one to drive but themselves."

While we were sitting by my window and talking thus, the crazy old carriage entered the gate-way. The "bull-dog" was driving, and as they stopped before the door one of the tired horses sank to the ground with exhaustion. Fortunately for them, the inexorable Mrs. Squibs was gone to the city. So they rushed into the house for Charley, and with his assistance the poor beast was dragged up and set upon his legs again. A long parley ensued. They were urging Charley to go with them and drive their horses. Just then they espied my darling Fred playing by the door, and asking him to go with them, had well nigh taken him into the carriage, when I sent Mary with all haste to rescue him from their clutches. I felt certain they were going to drive to

destruction. He was dragged up stairs yelling vigorously over his disappointment, and before I could look again through the closed blinds they had over-persuaded the pliant Charley, and the whole cortege was driving rapidly down the road. Mrs. Nelson and I had hardly had time to discuss these mysterious proceedings, when a policeman walked up the avenue, surveyed the premises, and asked all manner of questions about the missing gentlemen; but as he could derive no satisfaction from the servant at the door, he left, and was far out of sight and hearing before the party returned, dropped Charley at the gate, and drove off again, the "bull-dog" once more upon the coachman's box. As for Charley, he just had time to throw aside his coat, don his white apron, turn one or two summersaults, and commence washing his dishes again, when Mrs. Squibs entered the door, all unconscious of the delinquencies of her well ordered household during her absence. Mrs. Nelson and I found the day dull, with nothing further to feed our taste for adventure, and I longed for Jonathan to return, that I might at least have the partial excitement of relating the story to him. To my disappointment, when he returned and I commenced telling him the story, he informed me, with provoking coolness, that he knew more about it than I did, and that if I would promise not to tell a soul, I should hear the whole. I would not promise until he would make an exception in favor of Mrs. Nelson. Jonathan then recounted the facts of the case, as he had them from a friend of ours, who was boarding on the island not far from us with a certain Major Belknap, an officer on half-pay, who took a few boarders in order to eke out his slender salary. At his house also boarded a beautiful young lady, the adored object of the Count's passion.

The course of true love never runs smooth, and so it happened that the lady had another suitor, who, as blind Cupid would have it, was no other than Le Charmant; young, handsome and agreeable as he was said to be, it is not strange that the lady preferred him, but loth to reduce the number of her admirers, she still held out a lingering hope to the poor Count, who sustained a miserable existence thereon, hanging as it were upon only a slender thread of hope, which might at any moment snap, and let him fall into the very abyss of despair.

Considering the delicate relative positions of the two lovers, it is not strange that, discussing the merits or charms of the fair one, they should have fallen into some dispute, and Le Charmant, as the phrase goes, gave the lie to the Count. Immediately the brave Count threw down his glove, thus challenging his friend to mortal combat. Le Charmant accepted the challenge, and immediately selected the Major, who was quite at home in all the etiquette of duelling, as his second.

The poor Count was not as fortunate, and could think of no one for his second but his friend Demarias, whom he brought home the first night to discuss the weighty matter. Demarias had never seen but one or two duels, and acknowledged himself too much of a novice in the affair to conduct the one in question, but he assured the Count that he had a friend boarding in the New York Hotel who had been principal in three duels, and second in fifteen, and that if he could be allowed to introduce him, that he would be able to arrange all the preliminaries in the most approved manner; accordingly the "bull dog" was invited to conduct the affair. He asserted that the challenge would be written in the handsomest style possible, upon perfumed paper, bearing the crest of the Count; that the weapons must be chosen, the place selected, and the time appointed.

The weapons chosen were short swords, of which the Count owned a very handsome pair; the time was to be five in the morning, and the place

selected was a beautiful opening not many miles away. It was surrounded on three sides by a grove of trees, while the fourth opened to the sea.

To this romantic spot they had repaired in the gray dawn of that very morning when Mrs. Nelson had seen them, as she said, drive away in a crazy old carriage. The stakes were marked out, the principals and seconds had taken their places, when they beheld, to their astonishment, an ancient worshiper of nature standing on the bluff and gazing in rapt admiration at the ocean before him. Of course, they could not proceed with this uninterested witness to their guilt, and the Major was therefore chosen as the one to decoy him from the scene. This occupied the space of half an hour, during which the hot blood of le jeun Charmant had some time to cool; and doubtless the life which had stood, perchance, on the threshold of eternity, was more dear to him when he looked calmly back upon it, all woven as it was with golden threads of pleasure, than it had seemed when he thoughtlessly threw it from him for an idle or an angry word.

However this may be, although he allowed the seconds once more to take their places, and the signals to be given (one—two), he then lifted his hand to avert the dreadful duel.

The Count was inexorable, and Le Charmant then protested that if the duel must proceed there ought to be a change of swords; that the rapier was his weapon, and he could not fight without it. The Count assured him that he was entirely willing, as he was equally at home with either weapon.

It happened that at this time the Dunderberg having been purchased by the French Government was lying in our waters waiting for repairs, and that a French frigate, which had been sent to escort her home, was also weighing anchor off the coast of Staten Island. From the officers on board this vessel it was agreed to borrow the rapiers required for the combat. This was the errand upon which they were bound when they secured the surfaces of Charley, to hold their horses, while they went out in the small boat to board the frigate. They soon returned, as I had myself been a witness of it, and the short swords being replaced by rapiers, the parties again took their places, and the signals were about to be given when again Le Charmant interrupted the work of death, to state that he was ready to apologize for anything he had said. The "bull dog" declared it could not be. The major intruded in behalf of his friend, and Le Charmant pleaded his own cause eloquently, at the same time producing the note he had written and offering it to the Count.

The "bull dog" was fierce at being cheated out of his sixteenth duel, and assured the Count that if he accepted the note he was entitled to some reparation, and had therefore the privilege of slapping his combatant in the face.

"And what," said the Count, "if he should retaliate at some other time and place?"

"Then," said the "bull dog," "you must treat him as a common scoundrel, and have him arrested by the police."

Thus ended the duel of the Count.

The next day he returned from the city as usual, clothed in his alpaca coat, and in his right mind.

Of course, Le Charmant was never again mentioned in his presence; and we who knew that the great sorrow of an unrequited love was gnawing at his heart-strings, felt for him a sympathy and tenderness we had never known before.

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF BYRON.

XII.

(Jottings of conversation with the Poet, by Thos. Medwin, of the 24th Light Dragoons; published fifty years ago, and now out of print.)

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"I am very fond of a private theatre," said Lord Byron, one day. "I remember myself and some friends at Cambridge getting up a play; and that reminds me of a thing which happened, that was very provoking in itself, but very humorous in its consequences.

"On the day of representation, one of the performers took it into his head to make an excuse, and his part was obliged to be read. Hobhouse came forward to apologize to the audience, and told them that a Mr. —— had declined to perform his part, etc. The gentleman was highly indignant at the '*a*,' and had a great inclination to pick a quarrel with Scroope Davies, who replied, that he supposed Mr. —— wanted to be called *the* Mr. so and so. He ever after went by the name of the '*Definite Article.*'

"After this preface, to be less indefinite, suppose we were to get up a play. My hall, which is the largest in Tuscany, would make a capital theatre; and we may send to Florence for an audience, if we cannot fill it here. And as to decorations, nothing is easier in any part of Italy than to get them: besides that, Williams will assist us."

It was accordingly agreed that we should commence with "Othello." Lord Byron was to be Iago. Orders were to be given for the fitting up of the stage, preparing the dresses, etc., and rehearsals of a few scenes took place. Perhaps Lord Byron would have made the finest actor in the world. His voice had a flexibility, a variety in its tones, a power and pathos beyond any I ever heard; and his countenance was capable of expressing the tenderest, as well as the strongest, emotions. I shall never forget his reading Iago's part in the handkerchief scene.

"Shakespeare was right," said he, after he had finished, "in making Othello's jealously turn upon that circumstance;* for the handkerchief is the strongest proof of love, not only among the Moors, but all Eastern nations. And yet they say that the plot of 'Marino Faliero' hangs upon too slight a cause."

All at once a difficulty arose about a Desdemona, and the Guiccioli put her veto on our theatricals. The influence of the Countess over Lord Byron reminded me of a remark of Fletcher that Shelley once repeated to me as having overheard: "That it was strange that every woman should be able to manage his Lordship but her Ladyship!"

KEAN.

Discussing the different actors of the day, he said:

"Dowton, who hated Kean, used to say that his Othello reminded him of Obi, or Three-fingered Jack,—not Othello. But, whatever his Othello might have been, Garrick himself never surpassed him in Iago. I am told that Kean is not so great a favorite with the public since his return from America, and that party strengthened against him in his absence. I *guess* he could not have staid long enough to be spoiled; though I *calculate* no actor is improved by their stage. How do you *reckon*?

"Kean began by acting Richard the Third, when quite a boy, and gave all the promise of what he afterwards became. His Sir Giles Overreach was a wonderful performance. The act-

* Calderon says, in the *Cisma de l' Inglaterra* (I have not the original),
"She gave me, too, a handkerchief,—a spell—
A flattering pledge, my hopes to animate—
An astrologic favor—fatal prize
That told too true what tears must weep these eyes."

resses were afraid of him; and he was afterwards so much exhausted himself, that he fell into fits. This, I am told, was the case with Miss O'Neil.

KEMBLE.

"Kemble did much towards the reform of our stage. Classical costume was almost unknown before he undertook to revise the stage dresses. Garrick used to act Othello in a red coat and epaulettes, and other characters had prescriptive habits equally ridiculous. I can conceive nothing equal to Kemble's Coriolanus; and he looked the Roman so well, that even 'Cato,' cold and *stiltish* as it is, had a run. That shows what an actor can do for a play! If he had acted 'Marino Faliero,' its fate would have been very different.

"Kemble pronounced several words affectedly, which should be cautiously avoided on the stage. It is nothing that Campbell writes it *Sepulcrè* in 'Hohenlinden.' The Greek derivation is much against his pronunciation of *ache.*"

He now began to mimic Kemble's voice and manner of spouting, and imitated him inimitably in Prospero's lines:

"Yea, the great globe itself, it shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a *rack* behind!"

"When half seas over, Kemble used to speak in blank verse: and with practice, I don't think it would be difficult. Good prose resolves itself into blank verse. Why should we not be able to improvise in hexameters, as well as the Italians? Theodore Hook is an improvisatore."

"The greatest genius in that way that perhaps Italy ever produced," said Shelley, "is Sgricci."

"There is a great deal of knack in these gentry," replied Lord Bryon; "their poetry is more mechanical than you suppose. More verses are written yearly in Italy, than millions of money are circulated. It is usual for every Italian gentleman to make sonnets to his mistresses' eye-brow before he is married—or the lady must be very uninspiring indeed.

SGRICCI, SIDDONS, AND OTHERS.

"But Sgricci! To extemporize a whole tragedy seems a miraculous gift. I heard him improvise a five-act play at Lucca, on the subject of the '*Iphigenia in Tauris*,' and never was more interested. He put one of the finest speeches into the mouth of Iphigenia I ever heard. She compared her brother Orestes to the sole remaining pillar on which a temple hung tottering in the act of ruin. The idea, it is true, is from Euripides, but he made it his own. I have never read his play since I was at school. I don't know how Sgricci's tragedies may appear in print, but his printed poetry is tame stuff.

"The inspiration of the *improviser* is quite a separate talent:—a consciousness of his own powers, his own elocution—the wondering and applauding audience,—all conspire to give him confidence; but the deity forsakes him when he coldly sits down to think. Sgricci is not only a fine poet, but a fine actor. Mrs. Siddons," continued Lord Byron, "was the *beau idéal* of acting; Miss O'Neil I would not go to see, for fear of weakening the impression made by the queen of tragedians. When I read Lady Macbeth's part, I have Mrs. Siddons before me, and imagination even supplies her voice, whose tones were superhuman, and power over the heart supernatural.

"It is pleasant enough sometimes to take a peep behind, as well as to look before the scenes.

"I remember one leg of an elephant saying to another, 'D—n your eyes, move a little quicker'; and overhearing at the opera two people in love, who were so *distraits* that they made the responses between the intervals of the recitation, instead of during the recitation itself. One said to the other, 'Do you love me?' then came the flourish of music, and the reply sweeter than the music, 'Can you doubt it?'

PLAGIARISMS.

"I have just been reading Lamb's Specimens," said he, "and am surprised to find in the extracts from the dramatists so many ideas that I thought exclusively my own. Here is a passage, for instance, from 'The Duchess of Malfy,' astonishing like one in 'Don Juan.'

"'*The leprosy of lust*' I discover, too, is not mine. '*Thou tremblest,*'—''*Tis with age, then,*' which I am accused of borrowing from Otway, was taken from the Old Baily proceedings. Some judge observed to the witness, 'Thou tremblest;'—'' Tis with cold then,' was the reply.

"These Specimens of Lamb's I never saw till to-day. I am taxed with being a plagiarist, when I am least conscious of being one; but I am not very scrupulous, I own, when I have a good idea, how I came into possession of it. How can we tell to what extent Shakespeare is indebted to his contemporaries, whose works are now lost? Besides which, Cibber adapted his plays to the stage.

"The invocation of the witches was, we know, a servile plagiarism from Middleton. Authors were not so squeamish about borrowing from one another in those days. If it be a fault, I do not pretend to be immaculate. I will lend you some volumes of shipwrecks, from which my storm in 'Don Juan' came."

"The Germans," said he, "and I believe Goëthe himself, consider that I have taken great liberties with 'Faust.' All I know of that drama is from a sorry French translation, from an occasional reading or two into English of parts of it by Monk Lewis when at Diodati, and from the Hartz mountain-scene, that Shelley versified from the other day. Nothing I envy him so much as to be able to read that astonishing production in the original. As to originality, Goëthe has too much sense to pretend that he is not under obligations to authors, ancient and modern,—who is not? You tell me the plot is almost Calderon's. The fête, the scholar, the argument about the *Logos*, the selling himself to the fiend, and afterwards denying his power; his disguise of the plumed cavalier; the enchanted mirror—are all from Cyprian. That *magico prodigioso* must be worth reading, and nobody seems to know anything about it but you and Shelley. Then the vision is not unlike that of Marlow's in his 'Faustus.' The bed-scene is from 'Cymbeline;' the song or serenade, a translation of Ophelia's, in 'Hamlet;' and, more than all, the prologue is from Job, which is the first drama in the world, and perhaps the oldest poem. I had an idea of writing a 'Job,' but I found it too sublime. There is no poetry to be compared with it."

(From the Arabic.)

When I beheld thy blue eyes shine,
  Through the bright drops that pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
  A blue-eyed violet bath'd in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,
  Its hues adorn the fairest wreath;
But sweetest through a dewy veil
  Its colours grow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise,
  When wit and pleasure round thee play,
When mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
  Who but admires thy sprightly ray?
But when through pity's flood they gleam,
  Who but must love their soften'd beam?

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

FOGYDOM.

If we turn to the records of Edinburgh Castle during the latter part of the last century we will find mention there made of a body of decrepid old men, a sort of invalid company, who were dressed in a uniform of red coats, with apple-green facings, and cocked hats, and who were sustained by the charity of the place, but had assigned them such trivial duties as they could perform, and which gave them a certain importance with themselves. These men were called Fogies, and it is said that from their fixed habits and old-fashioned precise way of doing things we derive the common expression "Old Fogy," a term which it is a vast relief to Young America to apply to his sires, when the latter happen to conflict in any way with his manner of doing things.

But in many instances Young America is quite right in his denunciations. Every community has, in larger or smaller proportions, a company of these red-coated old gentry, who fold their apple-green facings tightly around them, and draw down their cocked hats over their eyes, and set themselves firmly against any innovation, any enterprise which disturbs the regular monotonous routines of their daily lives. Now it is such men as these, whom it is a misfortune to any community to have in great number, that keep back the growth of civilization, science and religion. It is true that a certain amount of caution is essential to all success, and a few even of these extremists are, perhaps, not disadvantageous to any growing enterprise, whether it be a young city or a silver mining company, or an educational project, or a picnic in the woods; but woe be to that community or company whose body politic is composed in majority (whether it be majority of numbers, wealth, or influence) of these persons. Whenever you find a town or city with a dead and petrified air about it, a stiff, rheumatic kind of life in the streets, a dusty, dried, over-grown appearance everywhere, you make a note opposite its name on the guide-book—Fogydom. If you take the pains to investigate, if you stop awhile and make your abode here, you will find the term no misnomer. You will find numbers of wealthy old gentlemen, but they will say few words to you; and when they talk of their city there will be no enthusiasm in their words, no patriotism, no public spirit. If you talk of new enterprises, they will turn the cold shoulder or laugh at you, or petrify you with a snarl. If you go to the young men—the clerks (for you will find few—perhaps no—young men in business for themselves), they will tell you, despondently, of low salaries, hard work and the hopelessness of starting in business for themselves here. They will tell you of scores of young men who have tried it and failed for want of encouragement, and because the older business men had combined against them and crushed them out of the market, underbid and undersold them until they were ruined, or could stand it no longer, and had left for better localities. That will be the mournful story of the place, and you will find, if you investigate further, that these men — capitalists — have all their means invested outside, anywhere but at home; that they not only do the place no good, but that they drag

it down, turn to stone its prospects, blast and wither and crush it until it is—what you see it.

How many places have a history like this? How many years is it since Buffalo answered exactly the description we have given? Not many. Thanks to new impulses, new men, and the steady, patriotic work of some old men who were not Fogies, she has come out of the fog partially, the mist is clearing, the strong arm of enterprise is breaking up its petrifactions, making it the centre of steel rails that stretch to all points of the compass, giving it public buildings, parks, all modern improvements (except hotels), making it the metropolis it deserves to be, and the old fellows in cocked hats and red coats with apple-green facings, are dying out or drying up, and their gloomy, withering influences are being dissipated by the brighter light of the day that, let us hope, is breaking at last.

ASIATIC JOURNALISM.

Seventy years ago in India (and the habit in some parts of that country is yet extant), the luxurious Asiatic, instead of having the newspaper at his breakfast-table like the luxurious American of to-day, was saved the fatigue of reading by a set of men whose regular profession it was to go round and report the news of every sort that may have happened. "And to this," says a writer and traveler of that date, "they constantly add the knowledge of a variety of stories, tales and apologues, which, at the desire of their employer, they recite with great animation, humor and action, as long as he wishes to be amused. And while this is going on, he attends to the reciter or not, while he enjoys his hooka, takes his coffee, or reclines at ease on his sofa." Of course the thing is impracticable here, but it is a question whether this ancient Asiatic system of journalism does not possess advantages over ours of to-day. It is certainly much pleasanter to hear news than to read it, and when the reciter combines the advantages of the weekly story paper and the magazine in his *repertoire*, and adds histrionic skill, putting life and action into the characters, what is lacking? Editorials, perhaps — but how easy to dispense with these.

After all, for genuine, lazy, unalloyed, luxürious Enjoyment, commend us to the Asiatic.

THE ROASTED CHESTNUTS.

In these modern times of political intrigue, the old comedy of the monkey and the cat's-paw is enacted repeatedly by human actors. And although the principle was not new in Jacob's time (who undeniably "made a cat's-paw" of his brother Esau), yet the story which gave rise to the expression was published for the first time in "A Voyage Round the World," by Dr. John Francis Gemelli Careri, in 1695. The Doctor was told by D. Antony Machado de Brito, admiral of the Portuguese fleet in India, that in order to punish a mischievous monkey, he placed upon the fire a cocoa-nut (of which monkeys are very fond), and then hid himself to see how the monkey would take it from the fire without burning his paws. The cunning creature looked about, and seeing a cat by the fireside, held her head in his mouth, and with her paws took off the nut, which he then threw into water to cool, and ate it.

COLORS IN BATTLE.

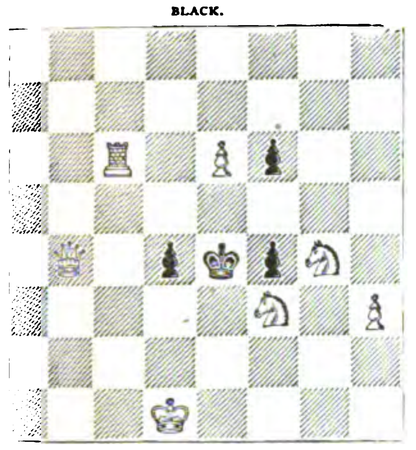
Taste in dress is one of the most desirable of attributes in both sexes, but in what colors he shall dress becomes not only more than a matter of taste with the soldier, but of the most vital importance. For, from numerous observations, it would appear that men are hit during battle according to the color of their dress in the following order: Red is the most fatal color; the least fatal, Austrian gray. The proportions are, red 12, rifle green 7, brown 6, Austrian bluish-gray 5.

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 10.—By Theodore M. Brown.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in 2 moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 1. By Simon Fleischmann.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

The most important chess event during the last month in Buffalo has been the match between Mr. A. W. Ensor, of this place, and Mr. Theodore M. Brown, of Penn Yan, played at the rooms of the Buffalo Chess and Checker Club. This match was projected some time since, the terms and preliminaries being agreed upon about three weeks ago, and play commenced Tuesday P. M., the 21st ult. The stipulations were that the match should be for the sum of $200.00, the winner of the first seven games to have the stakes, and the games to be played according to the rules of the Vienna tournament. The first game, which occupied the whole of Tuesday afternoon, was decided in Mr. Ensor's favor, Mr. Brown having lost the game by carelessly giving away a Kt, which Mr. Ensor was not slow to take possession of. The second and third games Mr. Brown won in fine style, showing his strength of game to better advantage than at any other time during the match. The fourth game Mr. Brown lost by another slip, giving away a piece before the game was fairly opened. From this point Mr. Brown seemed to lose confidence, not displaying the strength which he has exhibited in former matches. Mr. Ensor eventually won the match with the following score: Ensor 7, Brown 5. It has been apparent throughout the match that Mr. Brown's ill health seriously interfered with his game, and has caused him to make many poor plays which doubtless would not have occurred had he been in good health. On the other hand, Mr. Ensor has played very finely, playing a bold, strong game, which is characteristic of him, and making scarcely any slips or mistakes which his opponent could obtain advantage from. We present our readers this month three of the games played in the match, which we think cannot fail to be of interest to them.

—A tournament for prizes is expected to come off shortly at the rooms of the Buffalo Chess Club. The arrangements have not yet been perfected, but doubtless will be soon after the present match at the Club room is completed.

—We have decided to have a problem tourney in The Globe. A fine steel engraving and one year's subscription

.to The Globe will be given to the best set, consisting of two two-move and one three-move problem, or *vice versa*, and one year's subscription to the *Dubuque Chess Journal* for the best two-mover contributed.

—We have received a communication from the *Lebanon Herald*, of Lebanon, Tenn., desiring us to give notice of a problem tourney for very handsome prizes offered by the editor. Any one desiring to compete in this tourney can learn the conditions, etc., by addressing the editor, lock box No. 1, Lebanon, Tenn. We wish our friend the editor much success in his projected tourney.

—Mr. Mason, the celebrated New York chess player, is at present stopping in town, but we have heard of no games that he has played here. A match is talked of between him and Mr. Ensor. We understand both gentlemen are ready to play, and if suitable terms can be agreed upon a match will no doubt ensue. We should be sorry to have Mr. Mason leave town without giving our players an opportunity to witness his skill over the board.

KING'S FIANCHETTO.

(Mr. Brown.) White.	(Mr. Ensor.) Black.
1..P to K 4	1..P to K Kt 3
2..P to Q 4	2..B to Kt 2
3..Kt to K B 3	3..P to Q 3
4..B to Q B 4	4..P to K 3
5..B to K 3	5..Kt to K 2
6..Kt to Q B 3	6..Castles
7..Q to Q 2	7..P to Q 4
8..B to K 2	8..P takes P
9..Q Kt takes P	9..P to K B 4
10..Kt to K Kt 3	10..Q Kt to B 3
11..Castles Q R	11..K Kt to Q 4
12..Q B to K Kt 5	12..Q to Q 3
13..P to Q B 3	13..P to Q R 3
14..P to K R 4	14..P to K R 4
15..B to K R 6	15..Q to Q 2
16..Q R to K sq	16..P to Q Kt 4
17..B takes B	17..K takes B
18..Kt to K Kt 5	18..K Kt to K B 3
19..B to K B 3	19..Q to Q 3
20..Kt to K 2	20..R to Q Kt sq
21..Kt to K B 4	21..Kt to Q sq
22..Kt to Q 3	22..P to Q R 4
23..Kt to K 5	23..P to Q B 3
24..Kt to K R 3	24..Kt to K R 2
25..Kt to K B 4	25..R to K B 3
26..B takes R P	26..P takes B
27..Kt takes R P ch	27..K to R sq
28..Kt takes R	28..Kt takes Kt
29..Q to K R 6 ch	29..Kt to R 2
30..P to K Kt 4.	30..Q to Q B 2
31..K R to K Kt sq	31..Q to K Kt 2 First hour.
32..Q to K B 4	32..Q R to Q Kt 2
33..P takes P	33..Q to K B 3
34..R to K Kt 6	34..Q takes P
35..Q takes Q	35..P takes Q
36..Q R to Kt sq	36..Kt to B sq
37..R to Kt 8 ch	37..K to R 2
38..R takes Kt	38..Kt to K 3
39..R takes B	39..Kt to B 5
40..K R to Kt 8	40..P to Kt 5
41..R to R 8 ch	41..K to Kt 2
42..Q R to Kt 8 ch	42..K to B 3
43..R to R 6 ch	43..K to K 2
44..R to Kt 7 ch	44..K to B sq
45..R takes R	

First hour Black resigns. Time of game, 2 hours

Game No. 6.

FIANCHETTO.

(Mr. Brown.) White.	(Mr. Ensor.) Black.
1..P to K 4	1..P to K Kt 3
2..P to Q 4	2..B to Kt 2
3..Kt to K B 3	3..P to Q 3
4..B to Q 3	4..B to K Kt 5
5..B to K 3	5..P to K 3
6..Q Kt to Q 2	6..Kt to Q B 3
7..P to K R 3	7..B takes Kt
8..Kt takes B	8..K Kt to K 2
9..P to Q B 3	9..P to K B 4
10..Kt to Kt 5	10..Q to Q 2
11..Kt takes K P	11..Q takes Kt
12..P to Q 5	12..Kt takes P
13..P takes Kt	13..Q takes P
14..Castles	14..Kt to K 4
15..Q to R 4 ch	15..P to B 3
16..B to K 2	16..Castles K R
17..P to K B 4	17..Kt to K B 2
18..B to K B 3	18..Q to K 3
19..K R to K sq	19..Q to Q 2
20..Q R to Q sq	20..K R to K sq
21..R to Q 3	21..P to Q Kt 4
22..Q to Kt 3	22..P to Q 4
23..K R to Q sq First hour.	23..B to B sq
24..P to K R 4	24..R takes B
25..P to R 5	25..Q to K 2
26..P to K Kt 3	26..R takes R
27..R takes R	27..Q to K 8 ch
28..K to Kt 2	28..B to B 4
29..Q to Q B 2	29..R to K sq
30..R to Q sq	30..Q to K 6
31..P takes P	31..P takes P
32..P to K Kt	32..Q takes K B P
33..R to K B sq	33..B to Q 3
34..R to B 2	34..R to K 8
White resigns.	

Game No. 10.

FIANCHETTO.

(Mr. Brown.) White.	(Mr. Ensor.) Black.
1..P to K 4	1..P to K Kt 3
2..P to K B 4	2..P to Q 3
3..Kt to K B 3	3..B to Kt 5
4..B to B 4	4..B to Kt 2
5..P to Q B 3	5..Kt to K B 3
6..P to K 5	6..K Kt to Q 2
7..B takes B P ch	7..K to K B sq
8..P to K 6	8..Kt to Q B 4
9..Q to K 2	9..Q to Q B sq
10..P to B 5	10..P takes P
11..P to K R 3	11..B takes Kt
12..Q takes B	12..Kt to Q B 3
13..Q takes P	13..Kt to Q sq
14..P to Q 4	14..Kt to Q 6 ch
15..Q takes Kt	15..Kt takes B
16..Q to B 5	16..B to B 3
17..Castles	Black resigns.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

A MAGAZINE OF TO-DAY.

There is perhaps no more appetizing occupation than—with an hour or two at one's disposal — to sit down to a perusal of the newest number of *Scribner's Magazine*, fresh from the mail, and glowing with unwaning attractions on every page. The *Scribner* printers pay excellent attention to the superbly engraved woodcuts of the number (and this is a matter of no second importance), and the illustrations are presented to us in clear, beautiful black and white, and the letter-press is what it should be. The poems, the essays, the travels, the scientific articles, the reminiscences and biographies and researches are supplemented by a serial story of intense interest, and the editorials keep the reader posted in the provinces of to-day's topics, of home society, of sentiment and æsthetic thought, of literary and art culture, and of what the world is doing in a hundred other ways. In short, if a man reads *Scribner*, there is no danger of his rusting.

THE PEARL FURNACE.

The fall coolness warns a chilled community of the approach of winter, and the rival furnace-makers are putting forward their respective claims to the most perfect heaters. There is, of course, more than one good furnace in the world; in fact there are many thoroughly first-class burners; but, probably, none of these has shown a better record in the past two years than the Pearl Furnace, which is for sale only by L. Schwartz & Co. It claims to be a perfect self-feed and surface burner; free from leakage of gas, and warranted to be the most economical in fuel. The numerous testimonials from prominent citizens here and elsewhere (some of them have been printed in the pages of The Globe) testify adequately to these facts; and, as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and of the furnace in the heating, and the good heating qualities of the Pearl are undeniably testified to by those who have tried it, it certainly is for the interest of parties who contemplate putting in a new furnace to give this one a fair examination, as it is believed its merits will impress themselves on every one. It is easily managed; can be regulated to a degree; combines the advantages of both the base and the surface burner, and is a thorough economist in the matter of fuel. Can better qualities be found in any furnace than are possessed by the Pearl?

FALL HATS.

For the softest, richest colors, one must go to the woods in autumn. Here scarlet mingles with delicate grays, and light and dark browns, with now and then a remnant of rich green. It is probably in some sort of imitation of Nature at this season, that the colors and the make-up of fall hats have been chosen. The beautiful specimens at O'Brian's would indicate this. Felt, in light gray or cream color, or fawn brown, forms the body of the hat, and woven and wound around this in every variety of graceful combination are soft, delicate satiny silks in delicious shades of ashen gray, or creamy white, or delicate fawn color, and the dark ones of navy blue and bottle green. A dash of brightest crimson lights up the whole like a flash of red sunset, and birds' wings and plumes are added where needed. A more definite idea may be obtained, and a real treat enjoyed, by inspecting the choice assortment at H. & J. C. O'Brian's.

F. T. S.

Soap-making cannot be called a Fine Art, and yet we have much sympathy with the collector of fine soaps. There is a mellow beauty about some of the brands that make them seem good enough to eat. Any person will think so who looks at the toilet soaps that are made by R. W. Bell & Co. These gentlemen display their usual good taste in the matter of wrappers, boxes, etc., and their soaps rank in the market as among the finest. A soap of the color of light amber, and as transparent as pure glass, is perhaps as beautiful as anything that is made in this line. Of course, the list comprises many different kinds—Brown Windsor, Honey, Glycerine, Bay Rum, etc., etc., and they may all be relied upon as among the best that are made in the United States.

A MUNIFICENT OFFER.

A very liberal contract with the Weed Sewing Machine Company will enable us, we hope, to place their celebrated machine in many families. So fine an opportuuity to secure a first-class machine seldom occurs. Cannot the reader form a club in his or her neighborhood and secure this sewing machine as a premium? A few hours of well-directed effort will obtain it. Are you a postmaster in a county town or village? With a little thought and effort you can easily send us forty names. Pass the subscription papers. Forty names at $1.25 each will secure forty copies of *The Globe* for one year and a $65 sewing machine. Benefit your neighbors by placing in their families good reading, and at the same time make your own or some other family possessor of a great labor-saving machine, warranted to be perfectly new, of the latest improved construction, and in perfect order.

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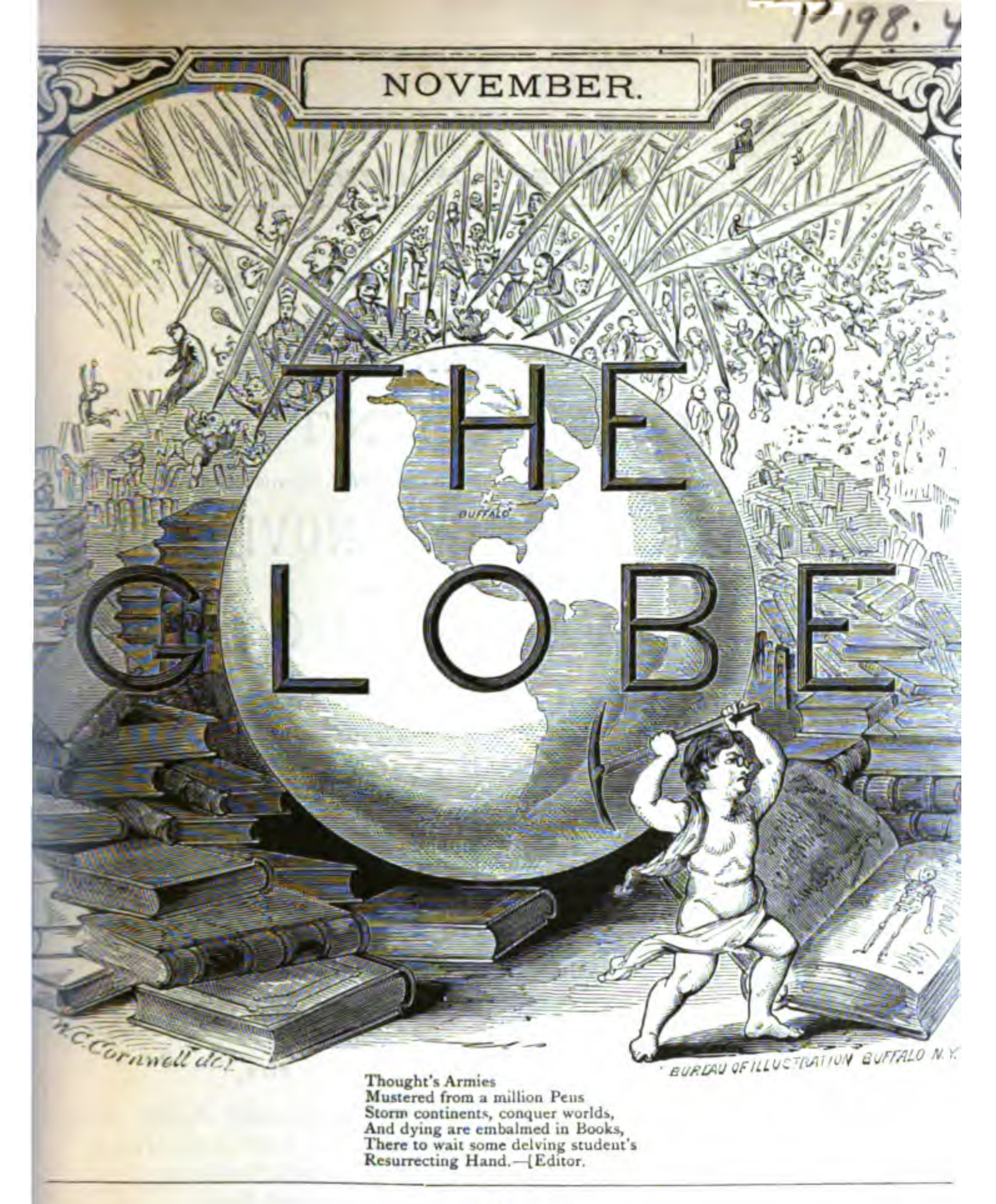
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Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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BUFFALO.


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NIGHT.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
  To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own no man's dominion dwell,
  And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
  With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,—
  This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

—[*Byron*.

THE GLOBE.

1876, March 30.

VOL. III.] NOVEMBER, 1875. [No. 8.

HALF MOON BEACH.

For the very practical and praiseworthy purpose of taking a sea bath I had followed the white road that led out of the little city of G—— across the structure that bridges Squaw River, to where it (the road) passes the broad parade ground with its winding wagon-path; and dodging between the bars that kept this same parade ground private, except on parade days, I was following the green road shadowed by stately elms, as I had before followed the white road, in the direction of Half Moon Beach.

My limited experience in life thus far had led me to a conclusion which, as I went farther, I became convinced was a correct one, namely: that Love forces itself into notice on every occasion in life, even the most trivial; that it enters into and is mixed up with and operates upon the most common-place events, and that no person of any observation can turn in any direction without encountering some form of it somewhere.

Meandering through the parade ground, shaded from the hot sun by the leafy elms, I came upon a deserted hut. Love had once dwelt here, and was now flown. Climbing the bars that separated a pasture from the parade ground, I crossed the former (encountering in my transit the charred sticks of a long dead fire in the hollow of a tree—the fire of some picnic party—a party of young people, of course, expressly assembled for the purposes of Love making) and came upon a deserted garden patch, from which the potatoes had been dug, and over which the trailing stalks of a dozen bean vines waved to the swaying motion of as many tottering bean stalks (undoubtedly Love had much to do with the raising of these vegetables); and now I came to a rising abutment covered with long grass, beyond and below which I could hear the swirling of waves, and hear the ceaseless hum of the great ocean.

Arrived at the top of this abutment I could look far out over the sparkling sea, very quiet under the morning sun, to the horizon line broken once or twice by the silver wing of a distant vessel. Nearer shore some half dozen fishing smacks, their sails in gray shadow, were moving silently out of the harbor in single file, like great waterfowl. To the left the little city lifted itself up hazy and distant—spires, house-tops, mast-forests—behind the strong jutting promontories that were studded with great rocky boulders, ready to fight back the sea. Beneath me and to the right the tawny sands of Half Moon Beach stretched away until the half moon was completed and defined by a sprinkling of shattered boulders and a hill of cedars and maples and birches, which rose high up above the level of sand and sea and formed the coast beyond as far as it was visible.

I had come here, I have said, for the purpose of taking a sea bath. It was a favorite resort of mine. Among the many pleasant spots I had discovered in a sketching tour along this coast there were none more picturesque than this. I sprang down the steep path from the abutment to the

sand and strolled along the curve of the Half Moon. It was a lovely morning. The air was warm and fresh, the tide receding, and the beach strewn with bunches of sea moss, great brown strips of rubbery kelp, and here and there the trace of a vessel in the shape of a piece of cork or a broken spar.

I was just about to throw off my garments, preparatory to a plunge, when my theory of the Omnipresence of Love received sudden and decided confirmation. Here had I come, as I have stated in the opening words of this narrative, for the very practical, praiseworthy and eminently common-place purpose of enjoying a sea bath, and here, at the very moment when I least expected it, the Romance of Love forced itself upon me. How, the reader will more readily understand by a perusal of the following letter, which appeared in the next issue of the city weekly (it had no daily):

A WAIF FROM THE SEA.

To the Editor of —— Advertiser:

Not long ago, as I was meandering along the verge of Half Moon Beach, a small-sized bottle, corked and unbroken, resting on a pile of seaweed, attracted my attention. It had been left dry by the receding tide, but what made me notice it particularly was a browned, folded paper inside of the bottle—a paper which appeared *not* to have come there by accident. I picked the bottle up, observed that its torn label bore the imprint of some French cologne maker, put it in my pocket and carried it home.

Arriving there I broke the bottle carefully, took out the folded paper, which was saturated with what appeared to be the residue of the perfumed liquid which the bottle had contained. The paper, folded as it was, showed the marks of writing. I eagerly shook the dripping perfume from it and carefully unfolded it. My trouble was not in vain. The inside of the paper was covered with words written with a lead pencil. In the clear light of the morning sun I deciphered them one by one. These were the words:

Jennie, I must leave you, so good-bye, dear. You will never know what has become of me unless this is picked up. Yours, R. R. M.

That is what the paper said, and that is all.

If it is the trick of some boy who has anticipated the months and mistaken August for April—well. If it is the message of some desperate lover to the girl who has made him desperate—well.

I send you a true record of the circumstances, so that if there be any use or any truth in the words they may have a chance of reaching the eyes for which they were intended. In case they do, I shall be glad to give any further particulars of the finding of the bottle and the manuscript, which I may be able to do.

Anything on the subject addressed to me, care of the editor of the *Advertiser*, shall receive prompt attention. Can any one tell me who "Jennie" or "R. R. M." is?

Very truly, TRUTH.

It is needless to say that I was the writer of the article, and that I waited rather curiously for some answer to my communication and a solution of the problem. None came. From day to day, as my sketching tramps led me here and there along the coast, I made careful and guarded inquiries as to who R. R. M. might be. I fell to noticing the signs over the village stores, and observing the initials. I encountered in this way several R. M.s, one R. A. M., some *sheep* who failed to see the drift of my inquiries, and plenty of queer characters among the fishermen, but no one who could be R. R. M.

Half Moon Beach became now more than ever a favorite resort of mine. Fifteen or twenty feet from highwater mark on the shore here there was a nest of boulders, which could be reached over dry sand when the tide was low, and which, from the fact that they formed a surface shaped very much like a couch, made a most comfortable spot for an afternoon siesta, and here I came often to enjoy a cigar or make a sketch of some out-at-sea subject.

One warm, languid afternoon, some two weeks after the event I have related, I was reposing on this couch of rocks, having finished both a cigar and a sketch. The tide was rising and the waves were lapping the base of my rocky anchorage, occasionally swirling clear around it. I had observed this, and knew that I must soon start for the shore, to avoid a pair of wet feet. The delicious lan-

guor of sky and sea and warm air kept me, however, a few moments longer, and in those few moments the warmth and languor overcame me and I fell asleep.

I dreamed of summer lands and skies, of starting on a river ride which changed to a sea voyage, wherein a storm came up and grew and grew more terrible, until angry waves lashed the sinking vessel, and I heard the despairing shout of drowning women and children; and then I awoke and found that the sun had set and the tide risen and that the waves were dashing over my feet, and above all I heard the clear sweet voice of some one calling from the shore. You may imagine that I scrambled to my feet in a hurry and made a quick survey of the situation. The tide had risen to highwater mark, leaving a stretch of some twenty feet of wetness between me and the shore. There was no particular danger except of a ducking. All this I saw at a glance, for my attention was immediately engaged in discovering who was the owner of the voice. It was nearly dark, but by peering through the gloom I could make out a woman's figure on the abutment above the beach, and a smaller figure standing with her. Having taken in all there was to see in this direction, I came back to my own disagreeable situation. The only alternative to a wetting up to the ears was to wait on the rocks with the water probably to my knees, until the tide turned. I was getting hungry and I much preferred the ducking, so after one or two objecting shrugs I plunged in and swam and waded to the shore, arriving in a dripping condition. After shaking myself and wringing the water as much as possible from my clothing, I turned towards the figures of the woman and the child which all this time had stood like statues against the sky, directly opposite the spot where I had landed, and now not ten feet away.

The woman, I discovered, was not a woman, but a girl, and a pretty one too, it seemed to me, as near as I could make out.

"Well," I said, giving a final wring to my shirt sleeves, "this is pretty wet business."

It was a particularly sweet voice, it seemed to me, that replied:

"Won't you come over to the cottage, sir, and get dry?"

"How far is it to the cottage?" I asked.

"Not very far, sir."

"Well, I certainly should like to get dry, and I'm very much obliged to you. I *will* go over to the cottage."

I had climbed the steep abutment, and was near enough to make more special observation of my friends. The child was a fair haired, round cheeked little boy of about six—a very quiet little fellow, and apparently a great thinker. The girl was about eighteen; dressed plainly, but very neatly, and in perfect taste. Her face was an honest one, open and frank, gently moulded, with a sweet, somewhat sober expression—the soberness, however, was chased away when she spoke, and the mouth and dimples became very sweet indeed when she smiled. So much I could make out in the twilight. I did not forget to thank my fair companion for waking me from my, perhaps, somewhat perilous situation on the rocks. She replied very simply that she was sorry I had been so careless as to fall asleep.

"The cottage" lay over beyond the garden and two pasture lots. I amused the little boy on the way thither, by jumping him clean over the fences when we reached them, and it was very pleasant indeed to help the girl through the bars of these same fences—although I much doubt whether she really needed any help. She had plump, pretty little hands.

I learned that she was the daughter of the gardener of a large estate, on the borders of which stood the cottage towards which we were walking, and which now became visible in the gloom. It was neat and pretty, and

English-looking, and when we entered I was immediately ushered to the kitchen, where a hot little stove was glowing, and a kettle boiling and singing—a delightful companionship for a man wet to the skin.

The stove did a double duty. It dried my clothes, and under the skillful manipulations of my sweet little hostess, it cooked my supper.

Shall I ever forget how good that supper tasted? There were poached eggs on the thinnest slices of hot toast of the most delicate brown. There was the perfection of a cup of tea, and thin slices of rare roast beef, and delicious butter, and a great bowl of milk that would have been called cream in a city. Perhaps it was because I was wet and hungry, or because so gentle hands had prepared the meal; certain it is that nothing ever tasted better to me.

I need not say I spent the evening there; ostensibly to dry my damp clothes; really because the whole thing—companionship and surroundings—was charming. Her father, she said, had gone over to one of the other farms; would not be back until 9 o'clock. He was an Englishman, I further learned. His name was Edwin Wright. Her mother had died years ago. She (the daughter) had been educated (her father believed in education) at a girl's boarding school in a metropolis. Had come home a year ago to keep house for her father and little Will. Little Will was a great help to her. He went to school to her two hours every day, and was learning very fast at that. Little Will's face became suffused with blushes at this juncture—he blushed very easily. I told them of my artist life; unpacked my sketch box and showed them the study I had made on the rocks, with the paint still fresh upon it. Then I made some comic pictures for little Will, at which he was vastly pleased; and so the evening slipped away quietly, and 9 o'clock, and the sound of heavy feet on the garden path, came.

"There's papa, Nettie," said little Will, and a moment after the door opened, and the English gardener stood before us with a somewhat surprised look on his honest face.

He was a man of medium height, with a round, fat face, very red cheeks, a large nose, which partook somewhat of the same color, grizzly gray beard, side whiskers and moustaches cut rather short, and a pair of smart twinkling eyes. His daughter explained my presence in a few words, and he came forward with an outstretched hand and shook mine heartily.

"Glad to see you, sir. Glad you came here, and sorry for your accident. You're welcome to what there is here, in the matter of making yourself comfortable."

It was a great, hearty voice, like his hand, and like himself. He offered me a change of garments, but I thanked him and declined—mine were nearly dry. He sat down and began to talk of various things—the coast, gardening, the country, England. He was very intelligent, and his ideas were quaint and original. The most peculiar thing about him was his gesture. I say gesture, for he had but one, and it consisted of a plunge of the hand into an imaginary pile of seed or corn in front of him: a raising of the apparently well filled hand high in the air, and then a throwing down before him of the whole handful of imaginary grain, so that one could almost see it rebound and hear it scatter in all directions. So much for his gesture. Another peculiarity about him was his habit of quoting Pope. He seemed to have a line from Pope for every event in life, and it was really curious to note his applications.

The hands of the little kitchen clock had reached a point nearer ten than nine when I rose to go, notwithstanding a cordial objection on their part, passed through a pleasant looking sitting room to the front door, and stood with them for a moment on the

porch. The moon had risen and showed a long stretch of green, an apple orchard in deep, almost black, shadow, and beyond that the gray boulders and the gleaming ocean. I remarked on the beauty of the scene. It would make a fine picture. Gardener Wright suggested my coming there and painting it. "Come to-morrow," he said; "stay all day and take dinner with us." The invitation was a grateful one; I accepted it as heartily as it had been given. Perhaps the sweet blue eyes that were looking at me and repeating the invitation had something to do with my eagerness.

I began my sketch the next day from the porch of the Englishman's cottage. I had two interested observers during most of the morning –Little Willy and his sister. Dinner came at the right time, and I enjoyed the Englishman's bill of fare, his conversation, his gesture, and his Pope. The afternoon I spent as I had the morning, and when I left towards sunset, the picture was not nearly done, and Gardener Wright's invitation was extended for the next day. I went to my lodgings and dreamed of the gardener's daughter. I spent the following morning only, at the cottage, not wishing to wear out the kind hospitality which had invited me, and so for a week or more (the picture still unfinished) I spent either morning or afternoon, sometimes the whole day, at the cottage. I need not say that I became each day more charmed with the sweet simple ways of my host's daughter, that I really fell deeply in love with her, and was conceited enough to fancy that she did not dislike me.

One afternoon (the morning I had wasted growling around the city, restlessly waiting for the afternoon to come, for I had spent the whole previous day at the cottage) I followed the familiar path and came in time to the porch. There was no one there now, but it had only recently been occupied, for there was a work basket (which I immediately recognized) and a book, on one of the seats. The day was a warm one, and the walk had been somewhat fatiguing. I sat down for a moment to rest before making my presence known. I picked up the book and glanced at its title. It was a copy of "Kathrina"—an almost new copy handsomely bound. I turned the pages listlessly; was about to close the book and turn to the more interesting task of finding Miss Nettie, when some pencilled words on the fly leaf caught my eye. I read them with a start of surprise. They were simply these—

Jennie.

From R. R. M.

The manuscript in the bottle was brought forcibly to my mind. Here were the two very names that I had become so interested in, and what was more, the handwriting it seemed to me was similar—a twirling, rather foppish hand. My desire to discover the identity of the two actors in this little romance, which I had recently almost forgotten, came back now with renewed intensity. The solution was at hand. I would find from my pretty *enamorata* who these mysterious romancers were, and that, too, at the very first opportunity. "Jennie" was probably some friend of her's, of whom she had borrowed the book, and the fact of my having found the messenger bottle would perhaps entitle me to a hearing of the love story undoubtedly attached to it—and a love story told by my little friend would be doubly interesting.

I was about to rise and make my presence known by knocking on the half opened front door, when I was again detained by a sound. It was the voice of little Will in the remote part of the house calling a strange name.

He was calling "Jennie!"

Was there some one staying at the house whom I had not yet seen? The very person perhaps for whom I had been looking? Could it have

been possible for me to spend almost every day here for a week and not see every one connected with the household? It was barely possible, and I had made up my mind to believe it, when a new solution and a very simple one offered itself—I wondered that I had not thought of it before—the "Jennie" whom little Will was calling was the "Jennie" who owned the book; a school friend or a neighbor of Miss Wright's, who had come in to spend the afternoon, and had brought her book with her. I should have the pleasure then of meeting the veritable person to whom the waif addressed itself. The idea was as startling as it was unexpected. I knocked on the door, and a moment afterwards the door was opened by Miss Nettie herself. She welcomed me with one of her sweet smiles. My visits had been so regular that no time was wasted now in ceremony. I kept my easel in a corner of the porch, behind a trellis, and my sketch-box and the unfinished picture Miss Nettie kept for me in the sitting room. My arrival had come to be a signal for her to bring the two latter out to me. She hastened to do this now. I placed my easel, and was ready in a moment to begin.

"Don't let me detain you here, Miss Wright," I said; "I believe you have company."

"Company! Mr. Craig. There is no one here."

I had been so confident of the correctness of my theory, that I had taken its truth for granted. Her answer threw me back upon my first improbable supposition of there being some one else staying at the house whom I had not seen. The sudden unexpectedness of this embarrassed me.

"Oh," I said, "I didn't know. I thought there might be some one here."

It was an awkward reply and an unsatisfactory one. Miss Wright seemed a little bit puzzled as she took up her basket and resumed her seat, but she said nothing. Fearing that I might place myself in a still more awkward position by attempting an explanation, I started a new subject.

"I picked up your book as I came in. Do you like Dr. Holland?"

"Very much," she replied. "Have you ever read Kathrina?"

"I skimmed through a copy of it on the cars once, but when I went out for a cup of coffee at one of the stations, I very carelessly left the book in my seat, and some lover of poetry appropriated it."

"It seems to me you are *addicted* to leaving things around carelessly, Mr. Craig. You remember you left yourself, not long ago, lying on some rocks out at sea, sound asleep."

"For which piece of carelessness I have to thank myself for some very pleasant company," I rejoined, smiling.

"But we were talking of Katharina," she said, blushing very slightly; "would you like to take it and read it?"

"Thank you. I would, very much. But would your friend like to have me take it?"

"My friend! Who, Mr. Craig?"

"Why, whoever Jennie is," I replied, picking up the book and pointing to the pencil words on the fly-leaf.

"I am *sure* she will have no objection, Mr. Craig," she laughed, "I am Jennie."

"You! I thought—why, I—I heard little Will call you Nettie."

"My name is Jeannette. They call me Jennie sometimes, and sometimes Nettie. I don't like 'Nettie' very much; do you, Mr. Craig?"

"I—I—no—well—yes, I think I do." The sudden revelation had thrown me into a brown study. *She was Jennie!* Then R. R. M. must have been her lover, and she, perhaps, was mourning his loss. He had given her presents and she had received them, held them very dear, perhaps—here was this book. And I had fallen deeply in love with this girl and

had imagined that she cared for *me* with this loss fresh upon her. Or, perhaps, she had jilted this R. R. M., and driven him broken-heated from her. If so, what fate could I expect? It behooved me to beware. This fair girl, apparently so sweet and simple, was an accomplished flirt rejoicing in the destruction of men's hearts. She must have seen my article in the weekly, and she had not cared to inquire further of the finding of the bottle. She had made this man her slave and then had rejected him and let him go in despair. I would be careful how I went farther.

These thoughts had passed rapidly through my mind, and I suppose they showed themselves on my face.

"What makes you look so sober, Mr. Craig?"

There was her pretty, frank face looking up into mine inquiringly and so honestly. Could it be that this girl was—a fraud.

"My head aches a little," I said. (It did, and so did my heart.)

"I am sorry, Mr. Craig. Can't I do something for it?"

The same sweet sympathizing voice. It could not be assumed.

"Oh, it is nothing," I said, "nothing but the heat."

Who was R. R. M.? Should I ask her? I wanted to, and yet I hesitated.

Just at this moment little Will came romping around the corner of the house, with a request for his sister to come and help him in some detail of his play, and when she came back her father came home, and formed one of the party on the porch, and so I had no opportunity of making my inquiry.

Worst of all, notwithstanding that I had made it last as long as I dare, and crowded it with detail, my excuse for frequent visits at the cottage would soon be gone—my best friend, the picture, was finished, with the exception of a few touches.

I think I was a little cool during the rest of the afternoon toward Miss Jennie, and I thought she noticed it and wondered at it; but that was all. It provoked me to have her pay no more attention to it.

The finishing touches on the picture were made late in the afternoon, and I started to, go soon after, notwithstanding an invitation to stay to tea. I bade Miss Jennie a very cold good evening, and took the winding path that led to the city, in no comfortable frame of mind.

At my lodgings I found a telegram awaiting me. My mother had been taken very sick, and my immediate presence was required at home. The first train left in half an hour. It was the train I must take. My thoughts turned to the cottage. How could I go away and leave this sweet girl whom I loved, with only the cold farewell I had given her! and with my mind filled with perplexing doubt and uncertainty as to whether she cared for me or not, or who this newly discovered rival might be. And yet there was no help for it, and with heavy heart I sat down to pen a word to Gardener Wright, explaining my sudden departure, and asking him to say good-bye for me to Miss Jeannie and little Will. Probably had this thing occurred before my discovery of the afternoon I would have written the note to Jennie herself, but the discovery had created in me a certain distrust, which was perhaps foolish, and which lead me to do as I did. I dispatched a boy with the note, and twenty minutes later was whirling away from the little city, from Half Moon Beach, and from the dear girl whom in so short a time I had learned to love so well.

* * * * * * *

Two months later, worn out with sleepless nights of watching, I was looking for some quiet spot to recuperate in. My mother's sickness had been a long and severe one, but had happily terminated favorably.

The reader who imagines that I had forgotten to care for my seaside friend is a mistaken cynic. The same pride which had kept me from writing

to Miss Jennie on the night of my departure, had kept me from writing to her since. Not long after my arrival home, I had received a kind letter from Gardener Wright inquiring after my mother's condition, and quoting a line from Pope in consolation. I had answered it, and later had written to let him know of my mother's convalescence. Further than that, a message of sympathy from Miss Jennie and my regards to her (contained in my letter to her father), had been the only communication between us.

The direction in which my thoughts turned first when I was free to go—the direction in which my thoughts had turned all through my mother's sickness—was towards the little English cottage.

The doubts still perplexed me; the heaviness still weighed upon my heart, but the love remained as strong as ever.

It is not strange, then, that I chose the little city of G—— for a resting place, and made all possible haste to reach it. And so it came to be that one afternoon with fluttering heart I was walking up the old familiar path to the porch. Everything was still and deserted. I knocked on the door. There came no answer. I repeated the knock, with the same result, and tried the side door with like success. There was no one in the house. I was a little alarmed at first; but I made up my mind that nothing had happened; that everybody had gone out, and that the only thing for me to do was to wait—which was exceedingly aggravating, considering that I had already waited so long. I remained on the porch for a time, and then, no one arriving, strolled down to Half Moon Beach. As I cleared the abutment, which overhangs the sand of the beach, there came suddenly into view the figure of a girl.

She had heard me approaching and turned, and we recognized each other simultaneously. It was Jennie Wright. I sprang from the ledge to the spot where she stood.

She received me with words of genuine surprise, and, it seemed to me, of genuine pleasure.

"I am glad your mother is getting well," she said, after the first welcome was over. I told her something of the long siege of sickness. Her dear little face was full of tender concern during the narrative.

"It has seemed a long time since you were here, Mr. Craig," she said a little sadly, by and by.

"I don't believe you have missed me much," I said.

"Indeed we have, Mr. Craig. Father was saying the other day that he would like very much to see you, and little Will speaks of you often."

"And was there no one else to care for my absence?" I said a little reproachfully.

She hesitated. Her glance met mine for an instant, and then dropped. I caught her hand, bent nearer, and looked up into her sweet face.

"I was in hopes that *you* would miss me, Jennie." She attempted to withdraw her hand, but I held it tightly. "Don't you care anything for me, darling?"

She hesitated again, and then said, softly:

"Don't you know, Mr. Craig?"

It is unnecessary to enter into further detail. The acute reader will readily imagine the rest for him or herself. The question of the identity of R. R. M., however, is still unanswered, and it was so, in my mind, for some time. One day, however, the whole thing was explained to me, and I give the reader the benefit of this and other facts that I have picked up since.

The preceptress of Jennie Wright's boarding school had a cousin, a young gentleman with the very euphonious name of Robert Rodney Meadows, a student of law and devotee of romance, who meeting Miss Wright at the house of the preceptress became very much impressed (to use a mild term) with her appear-

ance. He showed this, and followed his attentions with persistence on his part and no encouragement on hers. During the summer of which I write, he came to G—— to spend his vacation and pursue his attentions. He had made frequent visits to the cottage; had offered himself to Miss Jennie; had been very kindly but firmly rejected, and still continuing his solicitations, she had asked him never again to mention the subject. After this he had written her one or two letters threatening to do himself injury in case she did not change her mind. These letters she had shown to her father. Finally she ceased to hear from him, and fearing that he had really carried out his threats, she had asked her father to make inquiries at G——. The result of these was the obtaining of information to the effect that R. R. M. had shipped on one of the mackerel fleet, and was probably chasing the shiny prey of such expeditions. Soon after my newspaper letter came to their notice, and knowing the condition of things, they gave no further attention to the subject. Since that time R. R. M. had not been heard from.

One incident more and I am done. We, my wife and I, some months later, on our wedding tour, were rolling through one of the narrow streets of Boston, and, although people in such situations are not expected to notice anything but each other, a sign on one of the bulletin boards of a stairway leading to up-stairs offices attracted my attention. It read—

R. R. Meadows,
Attorney.

It caught Jennie's eye at the same moment, and she uttered an exclamasion of surprise.

"It must be him," she said; "and so after all he is alive."

"Or if not," I said, "he cannot be said to have died and left no sign."

Another little excitement was in store for us. A moment later my wife caught my arm and eagerly directed my attention down one of the side streets which we were passing, with the words—

"And there! there he is himself!"

I looked and saw a short, elegantly dressed little fellow, who carried a cane, wore eye-glasses, and occasionally twirled the points of a most ravishing moustache. In the momentary glance I obtained I saw that he was an exquisite. I leaned from the coach window and gazed after him until the corner of the street hid him from view.

And this was the first and last I ever saw of Robert Rodney Meadows.

WHAT WE SAID.

A FRAGMENT.

My cousin Horatio is just home from college, and has brought with him, in addition to his portmanteau, the Languid Air.

"Horatio," I said the other evening, "I don't so much object to you as a Languid Man, because it has undoubtedly saved you from being a Brilliant Man, or a Funny Man. You will outlive the languor, you might have outlived the brilliance, but fancy our mortification as a family if you had come home funny! Funny on the subject of Ecce Homo, or the Theological Defense; funny if asked to move your chair, or pass a tea-cup, or poke the fire; incapable of giving a plain answer to a plain question, and constantly incited to fresh efforts, because your friends, not daring to turn upon you with a countenance of stone, are forced in despair to an unnatural display of teeth. Good heavens! when I recall the Funny Men

before whom I have personated (as nearly as a woman may) Heine's Duke of Wellington—that monster with 'a wooden smile, a buckram body, and an ashen heart—'"

"If the buckram body and the ashen heart are inevitable,"—("They are," I said, gloomily,)—"why not omit the smile? it must be a disagreeable sort of thing to keep up."

"Horatio," I said, "you smile or you are stony; there is no facial medium. I defy you to be stony with the Funny Man staring you in the face."

"Am I," said Horatio (with an aggravating assumption of my being in a witness box), "am I mistaken in supposing Mr. Robinson to be a Funny Man? I am not? Then, without presuming to say that there *is* a facial medium, permit me to recall on your part (during a conversation with that gentleman the other evening) four smiles (wooden)—three smirks—two simpers—"

"My dear Horatio," I interrupted, "it seems at this moment peculiarly fitting that I should recall on your part — one grin." Observing that Horatio stiffened and stared, I repeated, thoughtfully—"One grin—of delight—upon being informed by Miss Simpkins that your rendition of 'I Live for Thee' was *too* lovely. To a denizen of the city," I continued, "surfeited with the smirk, the smile, and the simper, there is in the grin a freshness, a simplicity, approaching the pastoral; the mind instinctively reverts to milkmen, ploughboys, and honest laborers. If," I said, turning sternly upon Horatio, "if, sir, Mr. Robinson approaches me with a smirk, may I not retaliate with a simper?"

I saw that I had committed myself, because Horatio, after eyeing me as if I were curiously devised scroll-work, allowed his gaze to wander to the cornice, and to rest there with a languor whose finished nicety took me by surprise; from this height he presently remarked:

"Why object to the Brilliant Man?"

"I don't know," I said, despondently; "perhaps because he's so common. Why was I reared to the belief that we have but one Brilliant Man to every ten, to every hundred thousand? Recall, if you please, the number of people who scintillate over everything and nothing; the last play, the last poem, the last opera, the last eclipse, the weather, the sun, the moon, the stars; recall, if you please, the number of people firing over the heads of commonplace humanity their intellectual rockets and their red and green lights."

"Shut your eyes, if the lights offend you."

"Horatio," I said doggedly, "I *do* shut them, but when the rockets are chiefly sticks, and the red and green lights of the faintest, it is trying to hear people cry 'Oh!'"

"There is really nothing for it," said Horatio, "but an introduction to Jones; he's not brilliant, he's not funny, he's not (I am sorry, for your sake,) precisely stupid; in fact," said Horatio, playing with the paper-knife, "he's light and pleasing, and thinks conversation delicately flavored with slang, possesses a certain goût."

"Your friend," I said, "confuses the drawing-room and the race course?"

"Calm yourself; no judge of horses, I assure you, and objects to the races because they're dusty. Jones' slang is the cheerfully colloquial. He refers to the 'little fight' at Brown's, and commends the 'spread'; he says the music was 'tip top,' that he, Jones, 'was gotten up regardless,' and that he 'flung himself'; he considers his reference to a 'spell of weather' peculiarly light and pleasing, and decides that sleighing is 'no go'; he thinks Janauschek 'grand, you know,' and likes 'her accent, you know,' because it's 'curious, you know'; when turned upon with 'Don't be a fool, Jones, it's her great fault!' he says, 'That's so!' and is not disturbed in the least; he is fond of music (Strauss with a good floor), and doesn't object

to Wagner with 'plenty of drum and all that sort of thing;' he thinks Gough 'tremendous,' and Curtis 'rather heavy;' is breathless at public readings at a passion torn to tatters, and applauds madly at its final reduction to rags; he has been heard to remark that Richard Grant White was 'awfully slow,' and 'no end of a bore'; but, after all, Jones is a good sort of fellow, and an ardent admirer of intellect, when you explain, of course, what intellect is. Occasionally," said Horatio, drawing up his collar, drawing down his cuffs, and adjusting his seal ring, "this places me in an embarrassing position; for instance, when Smith says Brown is intellectual and Robinson is stupid, and Robinson says Brown is intellectual and Smith is stupid, Jones comes to me to decide between Smith and Robinson. Jones himself is what I should term flexible.

"'The sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind,
What you will have it named, even that it is.'

"But he really is considered," said Horatio, relapsing into languor, "light—and—pleasing."

"Horatio," I said, wildly, "let us be stupid."

"Very well," said Horatio, "you begin."

AN EVENING CALL.

My friend, who resides upon Delaware Avenue, invited me to pass an evening with him not long ago, as he wished to show me his treasures. For the past few years, on account of ill health, he had been an indefatigable traveler, both in this country and in Europe, and as I knew that he had a mania for collecting all kinds of choice and rare bric-a-brac wherever he went, I accepted his invitation with pleasure, and prepared myself for an enjoyable time. Without, the wind whistled drearily, and the rain beat against the windows, but all this disturbance of the elements only made us feel the more comfortable and cozy, as we drew our chairs up to a table loaded down with albums, upon which the light of an argand lamp was thrown in softened rays. Photograph albums by many are considered bores, or as a sort of *dernier ressort* to fall back upon as a means of amusement for children, or for those of a larger growth who as conversationalists are not successes, and must be entertained in some way. These, however, were an exception to the rule, and as I slowly turned page after page, I forgot where I was, and was now assisting at a bull fight in Spain, now watching the gay revelers at the Carnival of Venice, or a little nearer home, gazing down one of the streets of St. Augustine, arched over by grand old trees, from which hung like banners, festoons of gray moss. One of the most impressive pictures that I came across, was a scene in Paris while in tears, or to be more prosaic, under the Commune. Two men at the junction of the Rue de Rivoli and Rue de la Paix, are carefully peering round a building at the Tuileries, which is in flames; there is no other sign of life, save a body of Communists, fighting in the distance, and some flying missiles in the âir. In the foreground lies a zouave in all the ghastly stiffness of death. My friend showed me his autograph collection, which, in every sense of the word, is a most valuable one, containing six hundred authentic letters to himself, from various distinguished personages. It is in four books, and includes such names as Carlyle, John Bright, Cardinal Antoinelli, Webster, and Lincoln among statesmen; Dickens, Halleck, and T. Buchanan Reid, among poets and authors; John Brown, Wilkes

Booth, all the rebel leaders, and in fact about every contemporaneous name, noted in literature, the cabinet, the field, and the stage. In this collection I found many short literary gems, some of which have never been published, and it is owing to his courtesy, that they now appear in print for the first time. The following bit of verse is by Florence Percy, a very graceful rhymer, and as it is without a title, I have ventured to christen it

"THE NEW AND THE OLD."

"The rain which calls the violet up
Out of the moistened mould,
Shatters the urn'd flowers fragile cup,
For even Nature has her pets,
And favoring the new forgets
To love and spare the old."

Mr. R. H. Stoddard contributes the following untitled lines, which bear traces of his facile and sympathetic pen:

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains,
But when youth the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!

We are wiser, and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign,
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And it will never come again!

Something beautiful is vanished
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again!

Mr. John Savage, in 1866, responded to an appeal for his autograph, with a few additional words, in the following glowing lines.

"FACES IN THE FIRE."

I am gazing all the night time
At the faces in the fire,
And I think how like the life flame
Are those red shapes I admire:
First they're merely indicated,
Then like childhood grow elated
With the fresh heat that imbues them,
Then like youth hot flames infuse them,
Then, like men, a steady burning
Grows all through them, till the turning
Point of being, makes gray gashes,
And they crumble into ashes
Like faces in the fire.

T. Buchanan Reid, whom my entertainer met in Rome, and afterward became intimate with, preceded his autograph with this couplet:

"TO A YOUNG GIRL WHO SAID THAT SHE WAS DYING.

We nightly die ourselves to sleep,
Then wherefore fear we death,
'Tis but a slumber still more deep,
And undisturbed by breath."

Another time, and shortly before his brilliant career was to be brought to a sudden termination by that non-respecter of persons, Death, being requested to write something about Buffalo, without apparent thought or effort, dashed off the following:

The water which flows from the rich Northwest,
Brings a wealth of a far-off realm,
And Erie bears on her liquid breast
What Niagara cannot o'erwhelm.
Over the prairies where they are afire,
The bison may thunder his way,
But the shouldering Buffalo shall never expire
On its lake, and harbor, and bay.

After reading this last effusion, my attention was directed to a picture hanging on the wall, the beauty of which I was more able to appreciate after several burners had been lighted. I found it to be the original painted sketch of Abou ben Adhem, by the poet artist Reid, who was equally at home with the brush as with the pen. There are only two other copies of this work extant; it is one of those fine genre pictures which defy the closest inspection, every component part being painted with the utmost delicacy. The scene is where Ben Adhem wakes the second night and sees the angel with the tablet, containing the names "of those whom love of God has blest," and finds that "his name leads all the rest." The effects of light and shade, the *spirituelle* grace of the divine messenger, and astonished attitude of the old patriarch are inimitable. This painting was bought from the artist direct, and is highly valued by its owner. With thanks I was about to bow myself out, when I was arrested by the remark, "I would like to show you a

few coins!" What, there was something more to be seen after all the *embarras des richesses* that had already occupied my attention? Such was the case. Approaching a cabinet with innumerable drawers, and examining their contents in amazement, I listened while my friend eloquently extolled the various points of one of the most complete and valuable private collection of coins, that had ever been brought under my notice. He said that "it contained three thousand pieces of money, including a full set of English groats, from William the Conqueror to the present reign; three hundred silver pieces of the Roman Republic, and two thousand gold, silver, and copper of the Empire: also a collection of French medals from Charlemagne down." Some of the ancient coins were as perfect in design and form, as if of recent make; one especially, on which was a head of the Queen of Syracuse, in full bas relief, was of most artistic conception, and fully established the fact, that we have not as yet, with all our modern improvements, been able to improve upon the numismatic art, as employed by the ancients. Their civilization may have been ruder than ours, but in many respects they were far ahead of us. This collection will ultimately be presented to the Historical Society, and will prove one of their most valuable acquisitions. Meanwhile the fire, which had cheered and warmed us with its ruddy glow during our interview, was expiring, and looking at the clock I found it a great deal later than I supposed, so admirably entertained had I been. The storm was over, and the moon, just coming out of a bank of fleecy clouds, looked down upon streets as quiet as Goldsmith's deserted village, as I started for home. Reflecting upon what I had heard and seen, I could not but think of that peculiar adage, "Let us encourage the beautiful, and the useful will take care of itself." Without seeing any young ladies, or talking any society gossip about the last party, or next engagement, I had had a very delightful evening call.

NO!

No sun—no moon,
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dust—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No traveling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November! —[*Thomas Hood.*

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

EARNESTNESS.

Moody and Sankey are successful. Why? Have they the eloquence of Demosthenes or the commanding presence of an Apollo? No; the simple secret of their wonderful power over men is that they are in earnest—terribly in earnest. They have faith in their work; they know, they feel the power of religion to make men better, happier and holier, and they burn to let men into the secret of happiness. They have cleared the decks of all vague theories, dogmas and formalities of religion, and they fight for the simple truths of Christianity, love to God and love to man. Orthodox preachers frown upon the wonderful revival begun by these two apostles. While the well-paid and well-fed ministers of our fashionable churches dole out the bread of life to about five hundred rich, well-dressed and well-behaved pew-holders, Moody and Sankey feed thousands upon thousands of the multitude, who are excluded from the benefits of religion by our modern pew system. It is mere enthusiasm, soda-water religion which the crowds obtain from Moody and Sankey, say these orthodox parsons. We admit, the seed which these two evangelists sow may fall, some among thorns, some by the wayside, and some on stony ground, but the chances are that more hearts of good soil will be found in the crowds that hear Moody and Sankey than among the small, regular congregations of the churches; and when the seed does fall into a good heart, we may leave the Holy Spirit to develop that seed into a religious life.

Preachers unable themselves to cause any excitement, or to rouse any enthusiasm about the gospel which they weekly, or rather weakly, preach, may sneer at the results which two live men can produce with the same gospel and with less churchly accessories; but thoughtful people cannot but think what a real power after all there is in the religion of Christ to draw men to God, and how few are the preachers that are fit for the high calling of their profession. Ministers are continually preaching to the people to give liberally to the Church, to foreign and domestic missions, and to this and to that worthy object, but if they would preach more gospel and less theology, the people would give without being asked; for when the love of God takes possession of a man's heart, he immediately begins to do God's work. No, ministers, do not pooh pooh Moody and Sankey's efforts, but try to imitate them. The more enthusiasm you can get up in your churches, the larger will be your congregations, the larger will be your receipts, the larger the number of young men desirous to enter the ministry, the larger the number of Christians, the sooner the nations will be converted, the sooner the coming of Christ's reign upon earth. R. P.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, years ago, sent a letter to the post-office of a ladies' fair at Pittsfield. On the first page he wrote:

"Fair lady, whosoe'er thou art,
 Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care,
And hush, oh hush thy breathing heart—
 The *one* thou lovest will be there."

On turning the "poor leaf," there was found a one dollar bill, with some verses beginning:

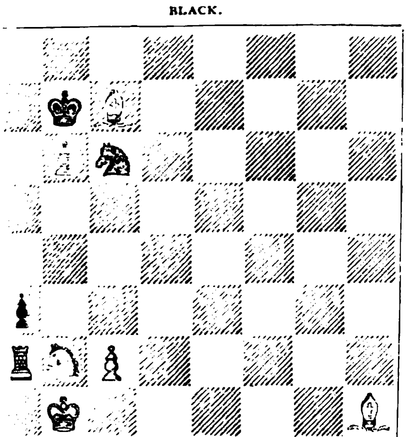
"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell,
 If this is not a truthful letter;
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
 And nought (0) can make thee love it better."

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 11. By T. D. S. Moore, London, Ont.

BLACK.



WHITE.

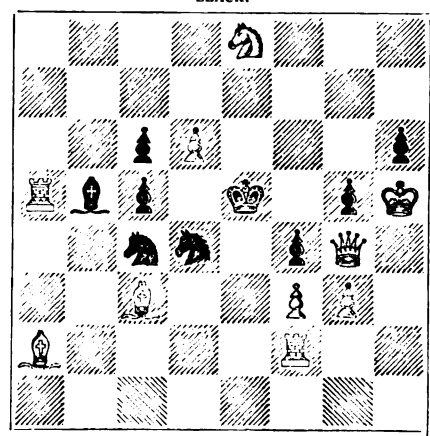
White to play and mate in 3 moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 2. By Simon Fleischmann

BLACK.





WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

Everyone seems anxious to play Mr. Ensor since his success in the late match with Mr. Brown. Mr. Mason, of New York, and Mr. Elder, of Detroit, have challenged him. Mr. Brown offers to back Capt. McKenzie to give him a pawn and move for $250 a side; and, lastly, an unknown and unnamed gentleman from the Far West—away beyond the Rocky Mountains—sends in his note of defiance, and wishes to put up the sum of $250 in a match of eleven games. We hope Mr. Ensor will not let all these opportunities pass of bringing some good chess players to Buffalo.

—The Philadelphia Chess Club has taken three more rooms, the extra space being demanded by the increasing membership. The club seems to be in a flourishing condition. We must put in a word here, and say we do not at all fancy the attitude this club has assumed in trying to usurp the rights and prerogatives of the American Chess Association, simply to gratify a revengeful spirit on the part of some gentlemen, whom, perhaps, it is not best here to name. They certainly do not seem to be actuated by motives that should influence chess players, or any other class of men, for that matter, and we hope they may respond to the general call that seems to be made, to lay aside the differences which exist, and unite in having a grand international tournament at the Centennial Exhibition.

—Detroit has recently formed a chess club, which is reported as being in a flourishing condition. The following is a list of the officers: *President*—Fred. H. Elder. *Vice-President*—F. H. Burgess. *Treasurer*—C. D. Erichsen. *Secretary*—T. P. Bull. The club now numbers twenty active members:

—The Mt. Clemens (Mich.) Chess Club has elected the following officers. *President*—N. C. Kelley. *Vice-President*—Thomas H. Foster. *Secretary*—J. C. Goodvier. *Corresponding Secretary*—A. M. Keller.

—The Toronto Chess Club is about to have a tournament.

—We hoped ere this to be able to chronicle some facts in reference to a tournament in the Buffalo Chess Club, but the arrangements are not yet completed.

—A Western Chess Congress is talked of, during the winter, to be held at Detroit—a sort of a preliminary meeting to let the boys get in good practice for next year, we suppose.

—A chess column has been started in the Boston *Globe*, by J. N. Babson; also, one in the St. Louis *Globe*, by Max Judd.

—The *City of London Magazine* for October has an unusual amount of interesting matter. Mr. W. N. Potter, the editor in chief, seems to have all the qualities requisite for making such a magazine just what it should be. He is a clear, forcible writer, a very strong player, and has a just appreciation of what the times demand of him. We learn from the *London Field* that Mr. Potter is engaged in a match with Dr. Zukertort. We shall look with interest for the result of the match, and the appearance of some of the games.

—The Down-Town Chess Club, of New York city, lately gave a reception to the Newark Club. There was a collation provided for the guests, after which there was a consultation game by committees from the two clubs, and twelve games played simultaneously by M. Alberoni. Two or three of these games were unfinished on account of the lateness of the hour; of the remainder, Mr. Alberoni scored all, excepting one game. The consultation game was also indefinitely postponed, on account of the members of the Newark Club having to leave to reach their homes.

—Messrs. Mason and Alberoni are at present engaged in a match at the Café International, New York city. The winner of the first seven games wins the match. The score at our last advices stood, Mr. Mason 6, Mr. Alberoni 1, drawn 3.

—We take the following fine end game in actual play from the *Westminster Papers*:

S. Loyd—White.– K at Q 2, Q at K B sq. R at Q R 5, Kt at Q Kt 6 and Q R 7, P at K 3, K 4, Q [illegible] Q B 2, Q Kt 2 and Q Kt 3.

Rosenthal—Black.—K at Q Kt sq. Q at K Kt [illegible], R at K R sq. B at K B 6, Kt at Q B 2, P at K B [illegible], K 4, Q 3, Q B 4 and Q Kt 2. White had the move and won as follows:

1..Q takes B	1..Q takes Q
2..Kt to Q 7 ch	2—K to R sq
3..Kt to B 6 dis ch	3..Kt interposes
4..Kt to K 6 mate	

—The following very fine game was played a short time since in Philadelphia.

KING'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

White. (James Mason.)	Black. (J. Elson.)
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..P to K B 4	2..B to B 4 *(a)*
3..Kt to K B 3	3..P to Q 3
4..B to B 4 *(b)*	4..B to K Kt 5
5..P to Q B 3	5..Kt to Q B 3
6..P to Q 4	6..P takes P
7..Castles	7..P takes P
8..K to R sq	8..Kt to Q 5
9..Q Kt takes P	9..B takes Kt
10..P takes B	10. Kt to K 2
11..B to K 3	11..Kt to K 3
12..P to K B 5	12..B takes B
13..P takes Kt	13..Castles
14..P takes P ch	14 .K to R sq
15..P to K B 4	15..Kt to K Kt 3
16..Kt to Q 5	16..B to Kt 3
17..P to K B 5	17..Kt to K 4
18..Q to K R 5	18..Q to Q 2
19..R to K B 4	19..Q takes P
20..Q takes P ch	20..K takes Q
21..R to R 4 ch	21..K to Kt sq
22..Kt to Q 7 mate *(c)*	

(a). Considered inferior to other methods of declining the Gambit. P to Q 4 is perfectly sound and often leads to a strong counter attack.

(b). P to Q B 3 is the usual move, and if Black reply 4 B to K Kt 5. White plays 5 B to K 2 and is soon said to have the better game.

(c). Mr. Mason has conducted this game in very fine style. The termination is particularly brilliant.

—The following queer little game, recently played in this city, we take from the Detroit *Evening News*. Remove both of White's Kt's and his Q R.

White. (Geo. H. Thornton.)	Black. (Tyro.)
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..B to B 4	2..Kt to K B 3
3..Castles	3..Kt takes K P
4..R to K sq	4..P to K B 4
5..P to Q 3	5..P to Q 4
6..B to Kt 3	6..Kt to Kt 4
7..R takes P ch	7..B to K 2
8..R takes Q P	8..B to Q 2
9..Q to R 5 ch	9..P to Kt 3
10..Q to R 6	10..P to B 3
11..R to Q 4	11..Q to Kt 3
12..Q to Kt 7	12..Kt to K B 2

And white mates in 4 moves.

—During this month the Philadelphia Club will hold a tournament, in which all the leading players will take part.

MRS. BUZFUZ'S DREAM.



1.—Winter approaching, Mrs. Buzfuz reads a circular setting forth the merits of the new Superb Parlor Stove.



2.—She starts out to buy one.



3.—It begins to snow.



4.—And keeps on doing so, only more.



5.—Mrs. Buzfuz grows very cold. Snow comes down harder than ever.



6.—Mrs. Buzfuz freezes stiff.



7.—Snow covers her up.



8.—She changes into a new Superb Parlor Stove.

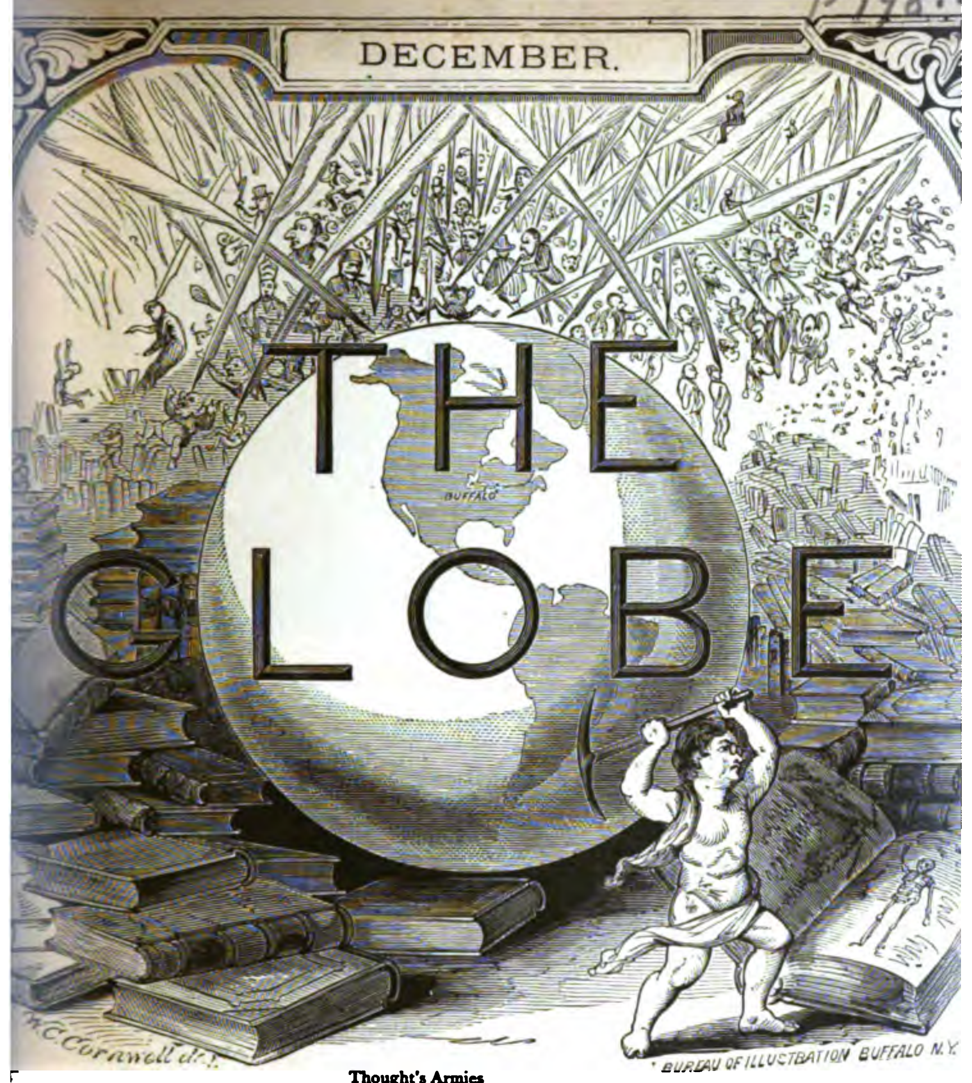


9.—Wakes up and finds it all a dream. Room very cold. Resolves to send to Adam Reid's, 117 and 119 Main street, immediately for one of the new Superb Parlor Stoves, which are acknowledged to be the best in the market.

[See next page.]

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.



Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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BUFFALO.



Etched by A. W. Sangster.

BURNING OF THE MOHAWK.

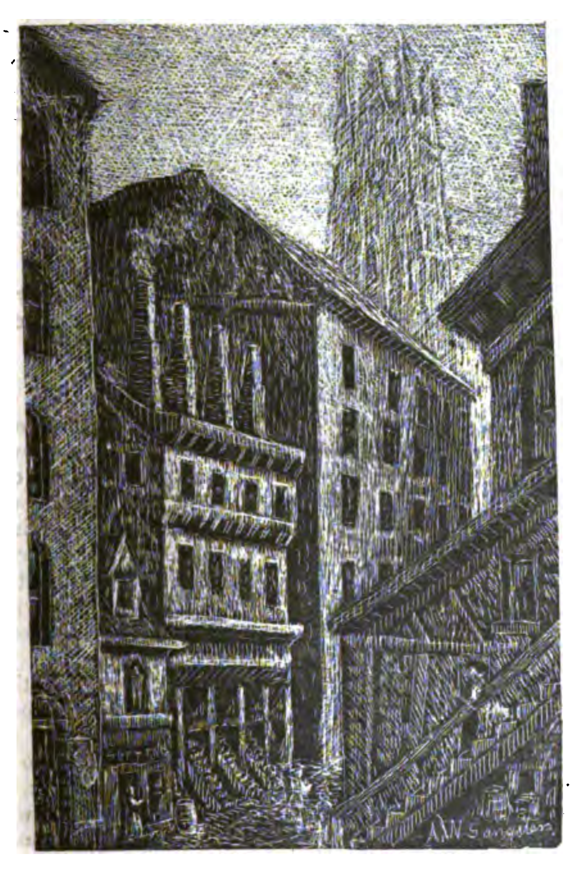
THE GLOBE.

VOL. III.]	DECEMBER, 1875.	[No. 9.

QUARTER STREET EPISODES.

BY A LODGER.

I. THE RIVALRY.



Quarter Street may be unknown to many of my readers, since it is of no consequence in the commercial metropolis. It performs no part in the economy of trade, further than to furnish a door of delivery for the great vans of Brown & Co. and a half-dozen similar wholesale establishments, the rear elevations of whose warehouses, garnished with hoisting tackle and the grime of neglect, abut upon it; or to the bustling little

grocers' and milkmen's carts which awake its echoes in the early morning. Otherwise, it is "no thoroughfare."

Beginning life in the shadow of the great gray-stone church whose sanctity throws its protecting influence along its first fifty yards, Quarter Street suddenly assumes the appearance of a paved alley, being encroached upon and narrowed down to a width of twenty-five feet, or less, by the dead brick walls, of enormous dimensions, of the giant warehouses already mentioned, which utterly despoil it of the destiny it might have enjoyed but for their baneful influence.

The only break in this solitude of bricks is a ten-foot alley, guttered out at an oblique angle for a distance of a dozen yards, where it terminates by a blank wall relieved only by a waterspout; a row of four tenement houses next beyond, with gaping areas and a dilapidated air; and a small grocery and huckster shop with the sign, "Sutter & Co." over its door.

A little further on, the street terminates in a cul-de-sac; the terminus being the Quarter Street Lodgings, which afford cheap housing for various grades of clerks, salesmen, artizans, and all that riff-raff of Bohemian art, laborers whose talents are unappreciated or unknown, and whose funds are not greatly augmented by the exercise of them.

A court here opens to the right which bears, besides a general appearance of order and cleanliness, the name of Smiles' Corner, and whose precincts are inhabited by families and remnants of families in the humbler walks of life.

Thus hived in, the occupants of Quarter Street are a close-communion society, whose individual movements are known and noted; the goings and comings of the least or the greatest being alike events, the oft-repeated occurrence of which never lessens their interest.

How this state of facts acted as a check upon the behavior of the individual Quarter Streeter, promoted virtue, and subdued vice, we shall see.

The firm of Sutter & Co. had monopolized the local trade of Quarter Street for an indefinite period. Some said ten years, some fifteen, and some even put the limit at twenty years. They had scrimped in weight, given short measure, taken the odd half cent, watered milk, sanded sugar, drugged spirits, and practiced all the tricks of the trade they drove without let or hinderance; though with many and prolonged remonstrances from indignant housekeepers and irate husbands.

Notwithstanding this, Sutter & Co. were popular, there was no denying that, though what contributed to that popularity it would be hard to tell.

Even the oldest inhabitant—himself not very old, for Quarter Street was pre-eminently a depot for floating population—even the oldest inhabitant testified to that, and wondered at it; but popular they certainly were, and well patronized, considering the limit to the number and means of their customers.

Sutter & Co.'s was the only establishment doing business on the street, if we except the peanut stand at the corner, and the firm consisted of a woman, the widow Sutter, and her boy Jim, who acted in the capacity of bar-tender and general purveyor, and the only exponent of the "Co."; which facts, probably, in some measure were held to account for the popularity aforesaid.

Not much wonder, then, that when Nathaniel Gorpson appeared upon the scene and opened a bar and retail grocery next door to her (literally opened it, for it was nothing but the rear end of a fossil wholesale store which he occupied, and the opening was accomplished by cutting down the middle of three windows), and hung out his sign with the legend, "Nathaniel Gorpson, Groceries, Wines and Beer"; Sutter & Co. looked upon it as the commencement of active hostilities, and, as the quickest

way of putting down the interloper, calmly ignored the whole proceeding.

Evidently, Sutter & Co. thought the new establishment would not be patronized without her sanction; but then, Sutter & Co. was a woman, and could not be expected to understand the philosophy of trade, nor the value of competition to the consumer, and having enjoyed the profits of catering to the inhabitants of Quarter Street for so long, it was difficult to admit that the rivalry was to work her any injury. But day after day there appeared in the now polished windows of Gorpson's grocery, such tempting baits as gay placards announcing, "Spinnage," "Lettuce," "Fresh Butter," "New Laid Eggs," "Spring Chicken," etc., in daily succession and variety, with the usual success. This was a manœuvre that Sutter & Co. had never needed to make use of in the days of monopoly, but she was now moved to say that she *hoped* she *could* say as much in as good English and better print if she set about it, but the people knew her establishment and her goods, and she was willing to let them speak for themselves; at the same time challenging the fealty of her customers by an expression of the belief that Gorpson would prove a fraud, a statement in which Sutter & Co. was very far from trusting at that time.

Every fresh placard appeared like a personal insult to Sutter & Co., and every old customer that was seen purchasing at the new-comer's was regarded in the light of a deserter, and held guilty of high treason; and, as they dropped off one by one, and were seen coming from Gorpson's with parcels of cheese, or sugar, or coffee, or loaves of bread, or dozens of eggs, neatly done up in brown paper and white cord, Sutter & Co., clinching her teeth, calmly looked after them and sneered, while the gall of bitterness curdled the milk of human kindness in her composition, and, retiring to privacy behind the molasses butt, she gave way to tears.

The womanly paroxysm over, she communed with herself while girding on her armor for the encounter she would not believe necessary; and, when the same customers again entered her own establishment, Sutter & Co. met them with unruffled calmness, gave them even measure or weight, and let them go without sacrificing a jot of dignity to the demands of trade.

"I will show them," said Sutter & Co., sub voce, "that I can get along without any of them. They shant know that I care a snap where they go—no more do I—but who would have thought that the housekeepers of Smiles' Corner, and the girls from Brown & Co.'s, would have gone there for their groceries, or the young men from Quarter Street Lodgings for their beer, when they have known me for years and years, and never got less han their money's worth from my counter? But, 'tempers mutandus,' as the lawyers say, though I am sure I have done nothing to rile them! There's one thing, and that's flat; they shant budge me, and they'll find out! Them that wants my stuff can have it, and welcome; but I shant run after any of them!"

With which pious resolution Sutter & Co. called in her boy Jim from the bar, to take the shutters down and sweep the floor, while she went to prepare the boarder's breakfast.

In addition to her other cares, Sutter & Co. kept a boarder. Benjamin Lotwig, Insurance Solicitor and Adjuster of Losses, occupied Sutter & Co.'s second floor front; took his breakfasts in Sutter & Co.'s back parlor, and his dinners at the most convenient restaurant to where he happened to find himself when the usual hour for that meal arrived; smoked his morning cigar behind his morning paper in Sutter & Co.'s bar; and, whenever inclined to conviviality, gratified the inclination in the same place; had his boots cleaned by Sutter & Co.'s boy, and enjoyed utter content; all for the paltry sum of five dollars a week.

He was Sutter & Co.'s main stay, counselor and co-adjutor—a protection against burglars and insult; and, as she had herself said, was worth more than his money was to keep unsalable articles from spoiling on her hands.

Here, then, was an opportunity! She would avail herself of the acuteness and masculine wisdom of Benjamin Lotwig. This was no trifle, after all, but a real concern, that involved interests of vital importance; and he must give her the best result of his most serious consideration of it! Here was a chance to distinguish himself in her service! Ah! how fortunate it was that she had some one to render such assistance in so trying a time! It was not every one that you could trust your affairs with as you could with Benjamin Lotwig! There was not another soul that she knew, to whom she would admit that she was fearful of the new-comer. Indeed, he was a real comfort to her, and he should have something a little nicer than usual for his breakfast; and when he had eaten it, and was in a good humor, with one of her finest cigars to smoke, she would open the subject.

But what did this same Benjamin Lotwig do on this particular morning? Why, ate his breakfast hastily without comment, seeming pre-occupied; accepted the cigar tendered by his hostess, and pocketed it, leaving the house without giving her a chance to utter her confidence; and—as the the Lord was her helper—went into Gorpson's!

What he actually did there was a stroke of business. He introduced himself to the proprietor; drank three glasses of beer at a net expense to himself of thirty cents; took out a policy on the stock of groceries, beer, wines, and cigars, bar and furniture, household goods, bottles, casks, glasses, and fixtures, at a net expense to the proprietor of seven dollars and a half. But this was not quite all, for, this done, Mr. Benjamin Lotwig, instead of returning to his seat in Sutter & Co.'s to smoke his cigar and boast of his success, sat down in one of the maple chairs, behind the oleander tree in Gorpson's window, poised his heels on the edge of the green tub which contained it, and fell a chatting with Nathaniel Gorpson upon the affairs of the neighborhood in general, and of each other in particular—in fact, struck up an acquaintance—and, having finished his cigar, went away to his business without even thinking of Sutter & Co.

Consequently he did not observe a certain wrathful countenance that was looking out at him as he went by, nor hear the subdued choking utterances which proceeded from the lips of that countenance.

Sutter & Co. had been watching, and, with the aid of a pantomime report from her boy Jim, stationed on the sidewalk, indicating hob-nobing and sly conversation, had discovered —what! not a shrewd business transaction and a lucrative interest; but rank deception, collusion, and intrigue, all looking to her discomfiture and downfall!

"O, a pretty pair!" ejaculated Sutter & Co., huskily, through set teeth, as soon as she found a particle of voice. "O, a delightful pair of plotters! The deceitful viper! The nasty ungrateful wretch, that I have taken into my house and treated like a brother! Oh! that he should lay in with that, horrid, nasty, meddling Gorpson, to injure me—it is too shameful for anything!" and, overcome by her emotions, Sutter & Co. once more gave way to tears.

The emotion having nearly spent itself, she suddenly remembered that she had a duty to perform, and, with a heroic effort, she effaced the signs of her brief weakness, reprimanded the lachrymal gland with a dab or two of an apron-covered knuckle, and rushed upstairs to the first floor front, whence, after the expiration of half an hour, she emerged with a semi-

serene countenance, and went about her business behind the counter.

Shortly before tea-time, the inhabitants of Quarter Street were scandalized by the appearance of a small, determined woman, and a still more diminutive boy, with a marked facial expression, carrying, successively, two large trunks, a valise, a great coat, and a hat-box, to the curb-stone in front of Sutter & Co.'s, and piling them up in conspicuous order.

The woman and boy were Sutter & Co.; and the luggage was that of Benjamin Lotwig, Insurance Solicitor and Adjuster.

That arrant knave soon appeared; and after perusing a placard with "Rooms to Let" upon it, which appeared in his window; and a note which was pinned upon the lappel of his great coat, and which proved to be a receipt in full for all demands to date, from Sutter & Co,, before the eyes of all Quarter Street, and amidst the jeers of a dozen and a half of demoniac boys, he seemed to twig the pleasantry, and sauntered smilingly into Gorpson's, whence the sounds of hilarity sufficiently indicated to the attentive Sutter & Co. the tenor of the conversation; but not that four rounds were drank to her health by the arch plotters.

Then this vile impostor procured a cart for his effects, departed from before her door, and took refuge in a neighboring tenement house, without giving Sutter & Co. a chance to abuse him; a proceeding which stamped him as a coward, and gave color to the setting out he received at her hands.

The next day, Sutter & Co. enjoyed a run, and dispensed with the drawings of tea and pints of ale the items of intelligence concerning her lodger herein chronicled, and received condolence with becoming modesty. It was perceived that her animadversions pointed more directly to the odious Gorpson, with whom the strife for precedence was now fairly begun, and upon which she entered with the most resolute determination to win.

It was curious to see how the sympathies of the populace flowed and ebbed, and kept pace with the battle, and their patronage with their sympathy.

One day, when it was known that Sutter & Co. had a bit of scandal to relate, as how Gorpson had bought a ten-pound crock of hurt butter that she had refused, and worked it over into rolls; or that she suspected, from certain indications discernible only to the trade, that his boasted brands of ground coffee were mixed with chicory; or that she had been credibly informed that it was his foul practice to utilize the heel-taps collected in the evening for sale to his early morning customers who bought by the quantity, etc., etc.; her establishment would be crowded with customers; and the next day, perhaps, the flood would turn as strong in the favor of Gorpson's; that worthy having discovered, through the medium of her own boy, that Sutter & Co.'s license was not regular, especially in the matter of the bar; and that she bought principally on credit, which accounted for the inferior quality of goods she was obliged to put up with.

Did Gorpson hear a complaint that Sutter & Co.'s molasses was black and contained a sediment? He immediately stuck up a placard announcing, "Pure old Porto Rico molasses, at eighteen cents the quart!" Did Sutter & Co. learn that Gorpson sold inferior vinegar? She returned the compliment in a flaming announcement (the achievement of her boy Jim) of, "No beer and molasses cask rinsings in the vinegar sold here!"

Did the Bohemians of Quarter Street Lodgings congregate somewhat numerously at Gorpson's of an evening? It was characterized as an "orgie," by the rival house, that should have been broken up by the police. Did the same thing occur at Sutter &

Co.'s? It was represented as a scene which no unprotected woman would have allowed herself to be found at, except she were influenced by a most degrading love of gain.

This exchange of courtesies delighted the Quarter Streeters, (for were they not profiting by the divulgings?) and so they encouraged the strife; chuckling quietly to themselves the old saw, "when rogues fall out, honest folks get their due," and fluttering from one to the other listening to their grievances and driving bargains by relentlessly declaring that they could do better at Gorpson's or at Sutter & Co.'s, as the case might be. Some did not scruple to hint under their breath, at calumnies and libels, which they could repeat word for word, but which torture would not compel them to.

A week had elapsed, and Sutter & Co. on counting up her receipts, had found that in place of dropping off, her trade had increased at least fifty per cent. since the arrival of Gorpson; and the latter, on balancing his books at the end of the same time, arrived at a similar result; that is to say, his trade had been greater than before his coming to Quarter Street; when, one morning, there was observed an unusual setting of trade towards Sutter & Co.'s. To such an extent was this observed, in fact, that Gorpson had nothing to busy himself about, and set to watching the phenomenon. He walked to the curb-stone and glanced in at the window of the rival store. There sat Sutter & Co. with flushed cheek, and form bent eagerly forward, her elbows on the counter, in excited conversation with a row of customers the length of the room; while her boy Jim trotted between the bar and the group with trays of beer-glasses filled full.

There was intense excitement, evidently.

Presently one came out, glanced nervously up at his front windows, then in at the door as she hurried past, and catching at her bonnet, shied off across the street in a bee-line for Smiles' Corner, still looking over her shoulder, but without observing him.

Another looked at him in passing, and in return for his salutation, muttered what sounded very much like "monster." Another with her arms full of packages, puckered her mouth as if to utter "brute;" and all avoided him as though he were a leper.

What did it mean? He was not long in finding out. The air of Quarter Street was charged with mystery. It was become stifling to the Smiles' Cornerers. The mystery must be probed. There must be a thunderbolt to clear the air! They resolved themselves into a committee of inquiry, and Mrs. Melinda Dibble, the boldest spirit of Smiles' Corner, being delegated and dispatched on her mission, happened in to Gorpson's during the day, and couched the supposed thunderbolt in the commonplace inquiry:

"How is your wife, to-day, Mr. Gorpson?"

As this was accompanied by a severe expression of countenance, it was expected to produce a startling effect; consequently the delegate was a little chagrined when it proved productive of no more fruitful return than a stare and the rejoinder of, "My wife, did you say?" which might have been accounted for by the fact that in the week that he had been there, this was the first inquiry that had been made for the partner of his joys and sorrows.

But the delegate was not to take judgment by default, and so she repeated her question.

"Yes, how is your wife to-day?"

"Rather poorly, rather poorly, Mrs. Dibble," said the culprit.

"Poorly, indeed!" ejaculated his accuser, roused by what she deemed a shallow attempt to foil her, to an energy of utterance that damaged her safety valve.

"We know you, sir! You are found out! No need to sham, or deny, or skulk. Why in the name o.

pity, sir, don't your wife have a physician, or a nurse, or an airing at the least, if she is ill? but she is not ill, only in mind, poor soul! Where do you keep her—I know! you need not trouble yourself to tell me. I know—a prisoner of state in the tower, the vilest dungeon of your vile castle! (The delegate here grew poetical, having transfixed her victim with her eye; and doubtless imagined herself a knight errant on a mission of rescue, or at the least an emissary of the king, with the authority of a signet.) I demand her immediate surrender in the name of the committee of Smiles' Corner, who demands her release! What *have* you got to say for yourself, anyway?"

Thus exhorted, Nathaniel Gorpson, who had elapsed into a state of utter imbecility, collected his faculties sufficiently to smile propitiatingly, and seemed about to frame a reply; but the smile broadened into a grin which exploded like a volley of musketry into a burst of laughter: so loud was it that its echoes reached the ears of the eager listeners in Smiles' Corner, who were waiting for the return of their delegate; so loud, hearty and exultant, that it drove the delegate, covered with shame and confusion, out of the store, leaving the proprietor to recover his gravity by himself.

The delegate from the Smiles' Corner Committee went home; but was too much mortified to make a report.

To a question from her associates, she replied, that the accused had said nothing; not so much as "aye, yes, or no," to her accusation.

"What did you do?" asked Miss Pall, who was also a leading spirit.

"Why, I accused him to his face of keeping his wife a prisoner without food or drink, or anybody seeing to her wants, or caring for her; and he just threw up his hands and laughed in my face! Oh! I never was so insulted in my life! The man must be crazy, or a fool, and I, for one, won't bother with him any more."

Here was a dilemma. What was to be done? Miss Pall said, inasmuch as they had put their foot in it, they must now endeavor to get it out clean; and advised another interview with Sutter & Co., and a more satisfactory account of the matter as known to her.

One or two of the girls from Brown & Co.'s were timidly in favor of dropping the whole matter where it was; but this was overruled, and the committee proceeded at once to Sutter & Co.'s.

The interview with that lady disclosed the fact that her knowledge of the prisoner was very slight, but conclusive; consisting of a partial view of her face at the second story rear window, and the pregnant remark, which she distinctly heard after a single exchange of common-places, that she was confined. Further, that she appeared emaciated and had a frightened nervous air, and went away from the window hurriedly, before she had time to say more, as though some one called her. Also, that all this had occurred at an early hour in the morning, just after the deponent had risen; that she was very much startled at first, not even knowing of the existence of the prisoner; but that she became calm immediately, and waited a very long time for a re-appearance.

All of which was substantially as first related, and delightfully mysterious; but withal, unsatisfactory to the committee, who were constrained to adjourn for further deliberation.

The mystery continued for two long weeks, during which time four committee meetings were held, the excitement daily increasing; and affairs began to assume an alarming hue for Nathaniel Gorpson, whose diabolical behavior under accusation, and utter disregard of the demands of the committee were voted most reprehensible and intolerable; though no one was found hardy enough to tackle him again.

Mrs. Dibble had retired from the committee, and from public life. But

in other directions the committee, led by Miss Pall, was active. Traps were laid, by the employment of disinterested parties, to decoy the wary Gorpson into an admission of his guilt. Notes were sent him, signed by the chairman of the committee, demanding relief for the incarcerated, and containing threats of public interference if their demands were not complied with. A vigilant watch was kept at the second story rear window of Sutter & Co.'s every morning between the hours of four and seven, in the hope that the experience of Sutter & Co. might be repeated; but the windows of the prisoner's room were closely curtained, and all their watching and listening elicited nothing more startling than an occasional oath from the now thoroughly indignant Gorpson. Not an inhabitant of Quarter Street was allowed, on pain of the displeasure of the committee, to purchase so much as a farthing's worth at Gorpson's; and a perfect stream of trade was kept up at the now busy establishment of Sutter & Co., where the beaming matron waited on her old friends, with more than the old ardor and good will. The infection spread to the boys of Quarter Street, and the offender was hooted at from behind corners, or boldly derided from doorsteps every time he ventured out. He was even, on one occasion, it is said, assaulted with mud by an urchin who was rescued from his wrath by being received into the arms of its unconscionable parent, at the foot of the area stairs. Nothing but this mystery was thought of. It became the street talk, the tea-table talk, the afternoon call's conversation. Never was Quarter Street so exercised! Heads of families were exhorted to interfere; to notify the police or local authorities. The complaints of their wives and daughters duly set forth in irresistible female eloquence the inhuman treatment of the incarcerated.

Tears were employed—those engines of destruction to prejudice, objection and strong will; and still the stubborn male element held aloof, and the incorrigible Gorpson made no sign. His business was ruined; his character, at least in a local sense, utterly demolished; all the objects of life in Quarter Street destroyed. Still he held out.

Inexorable papas, impracticable and inoffensive lovers and male friends, were saying for the hundredth time, in answer to the hundredth appeal, "Wait a little, my dear; don't be too fast to get into trouble," etc.; when, one day, a carriage was seen to drive up to Gorpson's front door, and a large black whiskered man to get out and disappear between the portals.

Expectation was on tiptoe!

Every available window in Quarter Street that commanded a view of Gorpson's grocery, was occupied on the instant! It was four o'clock in the afternoon. A half hour elapsed. Nothing occurred. Another half hour. Suspense was becoming intolerable. Still another half hour went by; when a messenger, who had not been seen to enter, nevertheless came out of Gorpson's, got into the carriage and drove off, heedless of two Quarter Streeters who accosted him. Another half hour dragged on, and it began to be whispered that they might have removed the prisoner from another part of the building while the front door was watched. It was an appalling thought, but before it could be acted upon it was found to be tea-time in Quarter Street, and, alas! there was no tea got! Angry men came home, and drove their spouses frantic with reproaches, while they ran distracted, teapot in hand, from neighbors to neighbors to borrow the necessary caloric to draw it.

Just as this had been accomplished, and the excitement had been, in great measure, dissipated by the effort at mollification of the angry male element, and the enjoyment of a cup of tea, the denouement came!

At that moment the black-whiskered man emerged slowly from Gorpson's

front door, walked to the curb, glanced down toward the corner, and at his watch; and, as his carriage with the messenger then drove up, was about leaping in, when a Smiles' Cornerer, the one faithful watcher, seizing this as the supreme moment, ran forward, and, with clasped hands and a most dramatic countenance, gasped:

"What is the matter, sir? O, sir! don't go until you have told us what it is; we have waited and waited this fortnight, and the mystery is as deep as ever. Do tell us, please, sir!"

"Why, of course," said the dark-whiskered man, with the blandest smile, seizing the reins and touching his horse, "It is as fine, healthy a boy, ma'm, as I ever saw, and the mother doing well."

It is an undoubted and well-attested fact, that the venturesome Smiles' Cornerer who received this shock to her unsupported nerves, fainted dead away on Gorpson's grocery steps; that she was brought to, only by the united efforts of the whole committee and four cups of the strongest tea; and that, before she uttered a syllable towards imparting the secret which oppressed her, she went into uncontrollable hysterics, which so prostrated her that it was an hour before she became sufficiently coherent to be understood.

The effect of this announcement, when repeated to the committee, beggars description! Many of them were reduced to a state that robbed life of all its charms; and it was only by degrees that they were brought to a state of mind admitting of the performance of the kind offices usual in such cases.

Their first united action was an attempt to arraign Sutter & Co.; but it failed for want of evidence, her representations being found to be correct.

She, it was, indeed, who led the way to a reconciliation and the offer of assistance, which was graciously accepted.

To their credit be it said, the committee followed in a body, with the exception of Melinda Dibble, and outdid, in their energetic kindness, their energetic hostility of the week before.

Gorpson's grocery was besieged for a long time with them, *en masse* and singly, bearing diminutive parcels in dainty white napkins or choice specimens of crockery, and, in place of distorted physiognomy, the prey of excited feelings, there were beaming faces and laughter. Smiles' Corner could not do enough. Its matrons vied with each other in offers of material aid; and never was getting up more triumphant, or record of ill-will more thoroughly wiped out—for was not a babe born unto them for a sign of peace and good will?

VLEN-TEN.

SIXTY SECONDS IN A DROP OF WATER.

I had just watered my plants. The Geraniums, and Chrysanthemums, and Monthly Roses opened their petals and sepals, in seeming delight, as the liquid crystals glided gently over their trembling forms. There was silent music in the mute things, as they received their morning baptism.

When my pleasant task was ended, I took my eye from a drop of water, that sparkled upon the tip of a bending stem, and glanced at the clock upon the mantle. It lacked a *single minute of eight.* My mind had scarcely noted the time, when a mysterious feeling seemed to creep over me. I was shrinking within myself. It did not seem as if my body grew less, but rather, as if everything around were increasing in bulk. The furniture of the room was assuming majestic pro-

portions. The clock looked like a great perpendicular rock resting upon a broad table-land; while it seemed as if I were at a great distance from it, and drawing near with the speed of a bird. The plants were no longer the frail things that I had watched and watered, but a forest of giant trees shooting upwards, as trees grow in a dream. Upon one of the mighty branches, I saw a vast globe, which I knew was the drop of water I had seen just previous to this marvelous change; but bearing the same relation to its former insignificant proportions, that a great river sustains to its tiny mountain feeder. My attention was now wholly taken up by this swiftly expanding globe, and I felt, that here I was to grasp mysteries of which I had never before dreamed. I had scarcely aroused myself to a full consciousness of my peculiar position, when I found my feet resting upon the surface of the evolving sphere. Rapidly it increased in bulk, and I saw that the sides had lost their previous lustre, and that they had assumed a darker hue. Slight marks appeared, which widened and deepened, until I saw that they were fissures, lined on either side with broken crags, and precipitous heights.

Glancing upwards, for a moment, I saw that there was a great dome, extending away, and downward, on every side, whose blue depths were sprinkled with shining balls; and I knew that those balls, or stars, were nothing but drops of water, similar to the one on which I stood.

But my physical senses found greater attractions below than above, for there was breaking upon my vision a weird scene. The entire landscape was being rent into valleys and mountains, like nothing I had ever seen before. From the centre of great plains, innumerable crystalline rocks reared themselves like giants above my head. For a moment I caught a glimpse of their wonderful forms, and saw that they were perfect in contour, and formed, in all their parts, to correspond with their surroundings. But, as everything continued to enlarge, and to stretch up and away, I soon lost sight of the marvelous harmony, and saw nothing but the rough outlines of a single great valley, in which I stood. In attempting to walk, I felt, and heard, my feet crushing something like frozen lawn-grass, and looking down, I saw a miniature forest upon the ground. This, too, seemed to develop, in all its dimensions, as rapidly as everything else had done. Almost before I realized it, the blades of grass became mammoth trees, which towered above my head; and I thought myself the only occupant of these primordial shades. The surroundings were strange beyond all description, as I stood trembling with excitement. Suddenly the swift evolution of tiny substances into majestic heights ceased, and I sought to become familiar with the scene.

I readily perceived that I was in a dense wood, through whose overhanging foliage, a soft light percolated in gentle showers. Where I stood there was a road-way; but on each side, and as far as the eye could penetrate, were the most beautiful flowers I had ever seen. There was no breeze; for the great trees prevented the entrance, or the escape, of vagrant zephyrs. There was no uncomfortable heat, for the web of green and gold overhead, kept back the hottest rays, while only enough were permitted to sift through, to color the flowers, and to keep the ground of the right temperature.

As I wandered at ease through the Sylvan shades, I suddenly became conscious that I was not the only inhabitant of this mysterious world. In the hard road-way I saw deep crevices, which I immediately knew had not come by chance. I could also trace, here and there, the footsteps of some heretofore unknown animal. Doubt and wonder gave place to curiosity, and I determined to know more of the strange beings who were to be my future friends or foes.

Walking along the path, in the direction that appeared most promising, I soon came to a spot that bore unmistakable signs of cultivation. My mind was so intently fixed upon the person, or persons, whom I expected to see, that I paid less attention, than I otherwise would have done, to the things that fell under my observation.

After a short, and most delightful, walk, I came to a house. By house, I do not mean such an edifice as we have at the present time: neither was it like anything of which I had previously read. The walls were of crystals, so dense that one could discover their outlines; and yet, so transparent that all within, or beyond, was plainly revealed to the eye. There were no windows, nor doors, for I afterwards learned that these things were not needed. The four surfaces of the square were broken but once, and at this spot there was an opening which, I rightly surmised, to be the place of entrance and exit. The furniture was of the same material as the house; and, to my amazement, I saw that the inhabitants had the same crystalline peculiarity. It was crystal everywhere. Ground, trees, flowers, house, furniture, inhabitants, were all formed of the one common and universal substance.

The persons whom I saw in the dwelling were employed in various culinary operations, and I immediately realized that here were beings of superior intelligence. But I was soon discovered by the busy laborers, who rushed out of their abode, in the greatest haste, the moment they caught sight of their new visitor. At first they were afraid; but when they saw that I did them no harm, they slowly came towards me. It must have been a strange sight to them, to look upon a being of such complicated parts, and of such a different appearance from what they had been accustomed to see. Their excitement knew no bounds, and they gave vent to their feelings in violent gesticulations, and peculiar vocal sounds. From the attitudes which they assumed, I saw that they had taken me for a Divine personage, and were adoring me as a deity. As soon as I could make myself understood, I informed them by signs that I was not a god, and that they must not worship me. I explained to them, as distinctly as I could, that I was a person like them in very many respects.

What struck me as being very strange, was the simplicity of their speech. It seemed to correspond with the constitution of their physical natures. But it was far easier for me to understand their language, than it was to express my thoughts so that they could grasp my true meaning. Even the simplest ideas, clothed in the plainest of Anglo-Saxon words, were far above their comprehension; and, as I spoke, they pondered long over each sentence, before they could discover the least shade of sense. On the contrary, their language was so simple, and consisted of so few ideal and verbal combinations, that I rapidly obtained, not only the rudiments, but what must have been to them, the greatest complications of words and thoughts. It was a strange scene, as we stood there, trying to make ourselves understood to each other. The one trying to condense thought into the most comprehensive sign, and word, speech; the other party seeking as intently, to converse in a manner far above their general plane of thought. If these wonderful people, so child-like, so open-hearted, were marvels to me; what an enigma must I have seemed to them, as they vainly attempted to fathom my short and expressive sentences. While their ideas and intended meaning stood forth as transparent to my senses as were their bodies, they utterly failed in reading the mental productions of their visitor; and he certainly seemed to them as superior in intellectual qualifications, as he was in the elementary combinations which entered into the constitution of his body.

But the wonder exhibited by both parties, soon gave place to settled curiosity, and we resolved, as if by intuition, to understand more of each other, and to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance. As soon as we came to this mutual understanding, I was invited into the transparent house, and willingly accepted the kind offer.

The arrangements for cooking the meal, which had been broken in upon by my arrival, were now recommenced, and proved to be of the greatest interest. As I have already stated, all substances were more or less transparent in their nature, and this fact accounted for the extreme simplicity of the culinary operations. Any organic, or inorganic, matter was suitable for fuel, as heat was produced either by separating the elements from each other, or by properly uniting them in chemical combinations after they had been disunited. In all matter I could find but three primitive elements. The withdrawal of any one from the other two gave warmth; as did the union, in proper proportions, of any two out of the three. Heat having been developed, the food was soon ready, and we sat down to the common, but abundant, fare. Upon applying myself to the viands before me, I found that they were as simple in texture as everything else I had thus far seen. But these people needed little to supply the necessary fuel for their bodies, owing to the few native elements employed in the construction of the various bone, nerve and muscular tissues. They obtained, in the three combined principles, all that their natures craved. As for me, I found it difficult to find proper nourishment, owing to the complicated organisms of my system; nevertheless, I managed to obtain enough to support life during my brief sojourn.

During the progress of the meal, we kept up the conversation, as far as we were able to do so. But all labored under great difficulties: they in trying to understand, and their visitor in attempting to make his speech so simple that it could be comprehended.

When we had finished, we strolled around the estate of my host, and I found many things to amuse and instruct me.

In studying the botany of this new world, I discovered facts and principles that I had never known before. In the place of the air which I had been accustomed to breathe, we walked through a mild atmosphere of undulating ether, which transformed life from one grade into another, by its continual and inconceivably rapid movements. As soon as an animal died, the original principles of its being were gently wafted into new forms, which sprang up like magic under the life-giving breeze. The ether carried strength and vigor up through the roots, and stems and branches of plants, to the very extremities; or else, entered the opening mouths which clustered by thousands upon each quivering leaf. Instead of blood, I saw that the veins of various animals were filled with this invisible element, and that it accomplished a purpose far grander than anything of which I had previously imagined. In fact, I saw that all of the phenomena of life were due to the presence of this ether, which had within itself the power of developing all of the physical energies with which I became conversant. Physical life was nothing more nor less than the atmosphere adapting itself to the peculiar demands which were made upon it, and which seemed to develop according to the inherent attributes enclosed in, or conveyed by, it.

The geology of this mysterious world was no less wonderful and strange than the other things of which I have spoken. The various strata were simply layers of crystals, more or less transparent, as one or another element predominated in their construction. It appeared to me, from the appearance of the various formations, that long ages had passed away

since they had been so regularly piled, one upon the other; and yet, I knew that it had been but a few seconds of common duration since that drop of water had assumed its individuality, while falling from the watering-can to the leaf of a geranium.

But, interesting as I found my study in the natural world, I longed to see and understand more of the beings who were the rulers and lords of this vast domain. I desired to be brought face to face with the persons who had spent their lives in trying to solve problems which, to me, were as simple as the alphabet. My curiosity in this direction was soon to be gratified, but in a way that almost proved disastrous to the schemes my brain had been laboriously evolving.

Having continued our deeply interesting researches for some time, until I had grasped the plan upon which the various grades of animate and inanimate beings had been constructed, my host informed me that there was to be a large gathering of his fellows at some distance; and invited me to go with him. Seeing here the opportunity of cultivating my love for knowledge, I gladly accepted the invitation. Upon the road I learned that questions of the deepest interest were to be discussed. Upon inquiry as to the character of those questions, I was informed that they related to the origin, nature and destiny of all things; and the relation of that which was seen, to powers and influences extra-mundane in character. "Here," thought I, "is the very bone of contention between various schools and sects in my own world;" and I journeyed towards the scene of intellectual and theological combat, with my curiosity excited to its highest pitch.

(To be continued.)

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF BYRON.

XIII.

(Jottings of conversation with the Poet, by Thos. Medwin, of the 24th Light Dragoons; published fifty years ago, and now out of print.)

ORIGIN OF A DRAMA.

Calling on Lord Byron one morning, he produced 'The Deformed Transformed.' Handing it to Shelley, as he was in the habit of doing his daily compositions, he said:

"Shelley, I have been writing a *Faustish* kind of drama: tell me what you think of it."

After reading it attentively, Shelley returned it.

"Well," said Lord Byron, "how do you like it?"

"Least," replied he, "of any thing I ever saw of yours. It is a bad imitation of 'Faust;' and besides, there are two entire lines of Southey's in it.

Lord Byron changed color immediately, and asked hastily what lines? Shelley repeated,

"'And water shall see thee,
And fear thee, and flee thee.'"

"They are in 'The Curse of Kehamah.'"

His Lordship, without making a single observation, instantly threw the poem into the fire. He seemed to feel no chagrin at seeing it consume—at least his countenance betrayed none, and his conversation became more gay and lively than usual. Whether it was hatred of Southey, or respect for Shelley's opinions, which made him commit an act that I considered a sort of suicide, was always doubtful to me. I was never more surprised than to see, two years afterwards, 'The Deformed Transformed' announced; (supposing it to have perished at Pisa;) but it seems that he must have had another copy of the manuscript, or had re-written it perhaps, without changing a word, except omitting the 'Kehamah' lines. His memory was remarkably retentive of his own writings. I believe he could have quoted almost every line he ever wrote.

LAMPOON.

One day a correspondent of Lord Byron's sent him from Paris the following lines—a sort of Epitaph for Southey—which he gave me leave to copy.

To Southey.

"Beneath these poppies buried deep,
The bones of Bob the Bard lie hid;
Peace to his manes! and may he sleep
As soundly as his readers did!

Through every sort of verse meandering,
Bob went without a hitch or fall,
Through Epic, Sapphic, Alexandrine,
To verse that was no verse at all;

Till Fiction having done enough,
To make a bard at least absurd,
And give his readers *quantum suff.*,
He took to praising George the Third:

And now in virtue of his crown,
Dooms us, poor whigs, at once to slaughter;
Like Donellan of bad renown,
Poisoning us all with laurel water.

And yet at times some awkward qualms he
Felt about leaving honor's track;
And though he has got a butt of Malmsey,
It may not save him from a sack.

Death, weary of so dull a writer,
Put to his works a *finis* thus.
O! may the earth on him lie lighter
Then did his quartos upon us!"

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

EMPTY CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

Just about a year ago, one of the sweetest little Christmas stories that ever was told, was told in a pathetic, tender, lovely way by a picture. The picture, called "Faith—Waiting for Santa Claus," was a water color of M. Woolf's, and a *fac simile* appeared in *Harper's Weekly* of Dec. 26, '74, and in that form thousands of eyes saw it, and thousands of hearts were touched by it. It was a picture of a sweet-faced, poorly clad little girl—the veriest mite of a little baby-girl—a friendless, deserted little waif, sitting, all curled up, asleep in the corner of the doorway of a toy store on a cold snowy Christmas Eve, after the toy store has been closed and locked, and everybody has gone home. Her basket is on the doorstep beside her, and on the panel of the show window, just around the corner of the doorway, a little stocking is pinned up—all empty and swaying in the wind. The lights are out in the toy store, but you can see in the window by the glimmer from the street lamps, babies in cradles, and masks, and wagons, and dolls, and Santa Clauses, and Christmas trees, and Noah's Arks, and sail boats, and drums, and numberless other things. The snow is swirling and drifting outside and rushing now and then around the doorway, rustling against the basket, or resting softly on the nestling little figure. The wind is singing a lullaby that soothes the little one to a sleep full of dreams made sweet with the settled faith that the stocking will be full when she wakes. A great, grinning mask looks askance and half-wonderingly at the trusting sleeper; a cradled baby peeps out at her with a curious stare; but, with her scant shawl gathered close around her, she sleeps on sweetly. Ah! how you long to fill that empty, swaying little sock! How you wish that you saw right before you now the reality! How quickly would you make the faith of this dear little one, fruition, by filling up the stocking full to the brim. Would you, dear reader? Then look around you. The sweet little story picture has a moral. Do you know of no empty, swaying little stockings that some poor children will be trustingly hanging up, on

Christmas Eve this year?—stockings that they will take down again in the morning with heavy hearts, and, with sad, tearful eyes, and half suppressed sobs, find nothing in them. Have you in mind none of these? The empty Christmas stockings! Will there not be many of them this year? And if you know of none, and have never thought of it, make this Christmas of '75 the sweetest in your life, by searching out some poor lonely but trusting one, who, like the dear little baby-girl that Woolf has drawn, has hung out her stocking in the snow and wind of the Eve, and has settled herself peacefully and sweetly to sleep, in patient waiting for what the morrow shall bring.

THE BURNING OF THE MOHAWK.

The effective etching which forms the frontispiece of this number, is the record of an actual event, which is thus described in a Buffalo paper:

It soon became apparent that the *Mohawk* was doomed to destruction, and as the best means to prevent the spread of the flames it was decided that she should be towed out of the slip, and scuttled if possible, as it was not practicable to scuttle her where she was. Accordingly four powerful tugs were attached, and the vessel, blazing from stem to stern, was moved away into the Erie Basin, and then across to a point outside the old breakwater. It was a magnificent spectacle as seen from the foot of Erie street. For a moment the dense smoke which rolled shoreward obscured everything; then the outline of the vessel could be seen, with great sheets of flame rolling up into the air; then again the spectator could distinguish nothing but a mass of smoke and flame moving over the water; another instant, and the great black smoke-stack of the vessel would come again into view. It took but a very short time to get the *Mohawk* to the place where she was finally to succumb to the fiery element; but as she moved over the water for the last time, the scene was one of great interest, and showed her to be "horribly in the toils" of the victorious flames.

CONFUSION UNDER FIRE.

The Count de Paris, in his recent work on the Rebellion, says: "A curious circumstance mentioned in the official accounts of the battle of Gettysburg, which was fought upon ground comparatively wooded, shows to what extent, on both sides, the excitement of the conflict caused the loss of self-possession among soldiers who had been accustomed for some time to handling their arms. Among 24,000 loaded muskets picked up at random on the field of battle, one-fourth only were properly loaded; 12,000 contained each a double charge, and the other fourth from three to ten charges; in some there were six balls to a single charge of powder; others contained six cartridges, one on the top of the other, without having been opened; a few more, twenty-three complete charges regularly inserted; and finally, in the barrel of a single musket there were found, confusedly jumbled together, twenty-two balls, sixty-two buck-shot, with a proportionate quantity of powder. These souvenirs of the battle admirably depict the confusion; we can easily imagine the soldier stopping to load his gun while his companions are advancing, and instead of stepping to the front and firing off his piece, renewing the operation of loading until the weapon becomes a useless instrument in his hands; but we should not severely criticise the American soldier on this account, for it appears that an examination of the battlefields of the Crimea gave similar results."

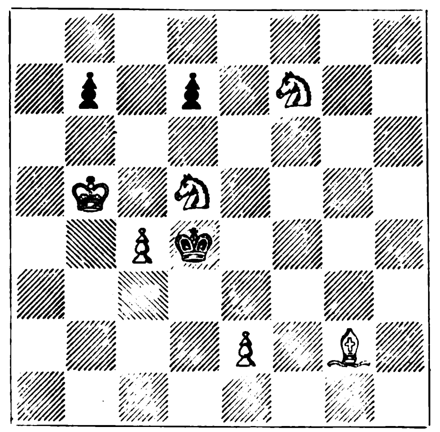
THE OLDEST BIBLE MANUSCRIPTS.—The two most ancient manuscripts of the Bible known are the Codex Sinaiticus of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and the Codex Vaticanus of the Vatican Library at Rome, both of which are believed to have been written about the middle of the fourth century A. D. The Sinaiticus consists of 345½ leaves of very fine vellum, made either from the skins of antelopes or of asses, each leaf being 14⅞ inches high by 13½ inches wide. Both manuscripts are written in Greek capital letters, are without spaces between the words, and have no marks of punctuation.

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 12. By Geo. E. Carpenter.

BLACK.



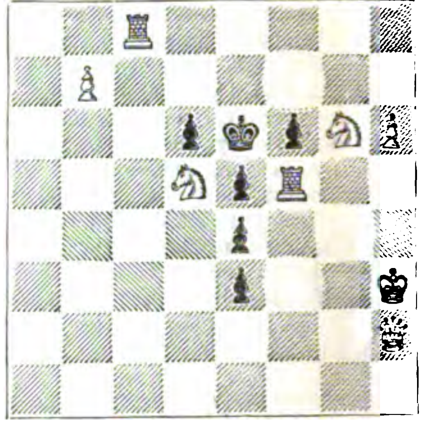
WHITE.

White to play and mate in 5 moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 3. By X. Hawkins.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

ALBERONI-ENSOR MATCH.

Great interest has been felt among the chess fraternity of our city concerning the match just completed between Mr. E. Alberoni, of New York, and Mr. Ensor, of this place. The games were played at the rooms of the Buffalo Chess Club, and the match was completed on Saturday, the 10th inst. The contest was for the sum of $200, the winner of the first seven games to have the stakes. The match was decided in Mr. Alberoni's favor, with a score of seven games to Mr. Ensor's five. This is certainly not a bad score for Mr. Ensor, considering the fine reputation Mr. Alberoni has as a player. We understand, however, that Mr. Ensor intends to give Mr. Alberoni another trial, and a second match for the large stakes of $400 is now being arranged, with every prospect of a speedy issue. Mr. Alberoni by his courteous manners has won many friends during his stay among us, and we hope he may often incline to be a frequent visitor to our city. We give below the first game of the match.

First Game.

CENTRE COUNTER GAMBIT.

(Mr. Alberoni.) White.	(Mr. Ensor.) Black.
1..P to K 4	1..P to Q 4
2..P takes P	2..Q takes P
3..Q Kt to B 3	3..Q to Q R 4
4..P to Q 4	4..P to K 3
5..K Kt to B 3	5..P to Q B 3 *(a)*
6..B to Q 3	6..Kt to K B 3
7..Castles	7..P to K R 3 *(b)*
8..Kt to K 5	8..Q Kt to Q 2
9..P to K B 4 *(c)*	9..P to Q B 4
10..P takes P	10..B takes P ch
11..K to R sq	11..B to Q 5
12..Kt to B 4 *(d)*	12..Q to Q B 4
13..Kt to Kt 5	13..K to B sq *(e)*
14..P to Q R 4	14..Kt to Q 4
15..P to Q Kt 3	15..Kt to B 6
16..Kt takes Kt	16..B takes Kt
17..B to R 3	17..B to Kt 5
18..B takes B	18. Q takes B
19..P to B 5	19..Kt to B 3
20..R to K 4	20..K to K 2
21..Q to B 3	21..R to Q Kt sq
22..P to B 3	22..Q to B 4
23..Q R to K sq	23..P to Q Kt 4
24..Kt to R 5	24..B to Q 2
25..P takes K P	25..P takes K P
26..Q to Kt 3	26..K R to Kt sq
27..P to Kt 4	27. Q to Q 3
28..Q to K 3	28. Q to Kt 3
29..Q to B 4	29..Q to Q 3
30..Q to B 3	30..Q R to K B sq
31..Q to K 2	31..P takes P
32..B to B 3	32..R to B sq
33..Kt to Kt 7	33..Q to Kt 3
34..Kt to B 5	34..R to B 2
35..B to Kt 4	35..R to B 3
36. Kt takes R P	36..Q to B 2
37..P to Kt 5 *(f)*	37..R to B 5 *(g)*
38..R takes Kt	38..K takes R
39..Kt to Kt 2	39..R to Q B 4 *(h)*
40..B takes P	40..B takes B *(i)*
41..Q takes B ch	41..K to Kt 4
42..Q takes R	42..Q to B 5
43..Q to K 8	43..R takes B P
44..R to K 5 ch	Resigns.

a.) A weak move, hindering the general development of the pieces.

(*b*). Losing time.

(*c*). White is rapidly developing his pieces.

(*d*). This move initiates a very fine manœuvre.

(*e*). Probably the only move.

(*f*). Mr. Alberoni continues to conduct the attack in a fine and energetic style.

(*g*). Apparently good, but in reality agreeing with the views of the antagonist.

(*h*). It would probably have been better to take the Bishop; but, in such a case, Mr. Ensor's King would have remained in a precarious and open position.

(*i*). Another mistake; but the game would have been hopeless anyhow.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

QUERY?

"What shall I give my husband for Christmas?"

This is a very common conundrum at this season. Ladies find it extremely difficult to select appropriate gifts for their husbands. There can be nothing more acceptable to a business man than one of the elegant Fairbanks Postal Scales. Its bright, symmetrical form before him all the time, and in use many times during the day, it accomplishes the great object of a gift, namely, that of constantly bringing to mind the giver.

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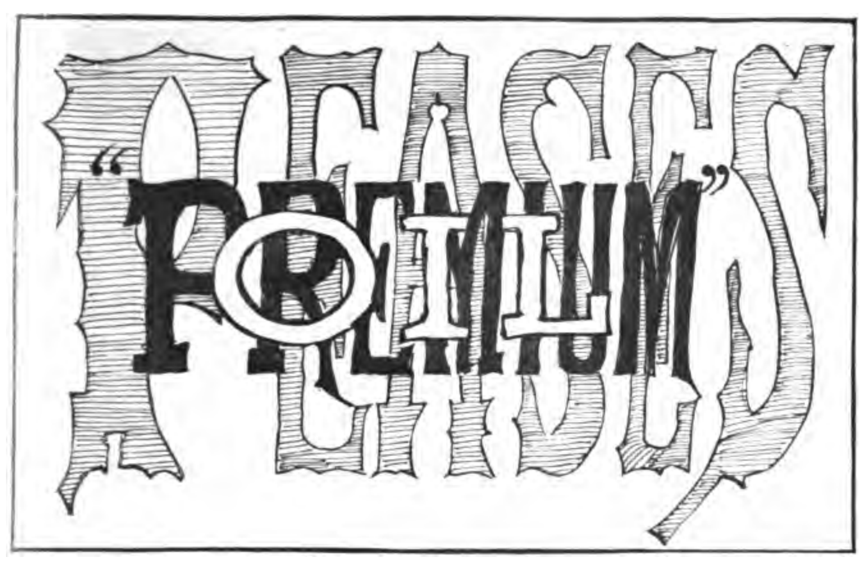
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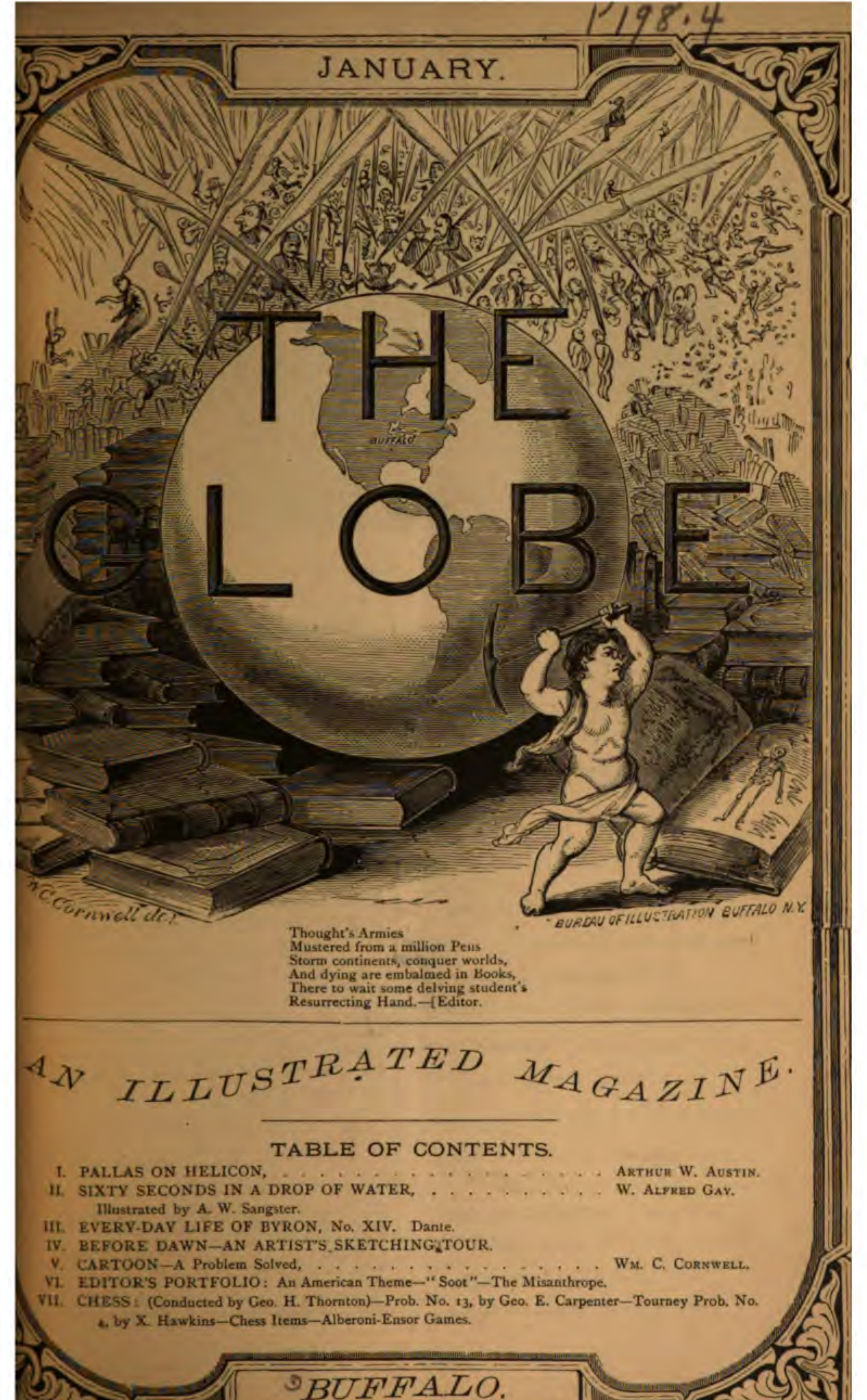
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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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BUFFALO.

THE GLOBE.

VOL. III.] JANUARY, 1876. [No. 10

PALLAS ON HELICON.

From aiding Perseus in the war,
  Through dangers braved and triumphs won,
Pallas, with grandeur greater far
  Than mortal pomp hath ever known—
Her spear-point gleaming like a star—
  Came to the mount of Helicon.

With glory meet, and armed complete,
  What went she up the mount to see?
Not Phœbus yoke his chargers fleet,
  And rising, gild the laughing sea,—
But smiling sweet she came to greet.
  The daughters of Mnemosyne.

The sacred sister deities
  Who thrill and fire each minstrel's breast,
And yield their own sublimest prize
  Confirmed by Time's supreme attest!
To these the goddess of the wise
  With greeting came, a worthy guest.

Past Oread haunts, where forms of grace
  Gleam fairy-like, and disappear;
Past groves, where lovers of the chase
  Might well employ the hunting-spear—
Up to the Muses' dwelling-place
  Came she whom Athens held so dear.

Among their bowers a wondrous rill
  Gave forth low-lisping melodies;
When first with eager, restless will
  Winged Pegasus explored the skies,
Descending on the sacred hill,
  Beneath his hoofs these waters rise.

Beside the spring Athené stood,
  And brighter hues her glories take,
While all the queenly sisterhood
  Before her due obeisance make;
A welcome then, in reverent mood,
  The Muse of stars, Urania, spake.

Not lacking cheer, nor mutely cold,
  Remained the bright, illustrious throng,
But radiant with Apollo's gold,
  High honors to their guest prolong,
And all for her, with power untold,
  Revealed the matchless charms of song.

To render vain earth's sweetest strain,
  Thalia's voice might well aspire,
That full accordance could maintain
  With proud Euterpe's notes of fire,
And lofty Clio's calm refrain,
  And hers who swayed the tragic lyre.

Then one, the chiefest, most divine,
  Thrilled on her harp of epic tone,
And sang, till o'er the sun's decline,
  Hesper, the faithful herald, shone.—
Thus Pallas met the tuneful nine
  Upon the mount of Helicon.

O, sacred ones, there tarry ye!
  Nor may the storm-clouds o'er ye roll;
But throned forever may ye be
  On that supreme, ideal goal,—
There hold the unswerving fealty
  And love of every poet-soul!

ARTHUR W. AUSTIN.

SIXTY SECONDS IN A DROP OF WATER.



THE CRYSTAL CITY.

After a long and most delightful walk through the dense forest, we came to evidences of a higher civilization; and, I may also say, of intellectuality. Fields had been cultivated, trees felled and piled up along the roadside, in various symmetrical and ornate devices. Here and there were houses of an advanced style of architecture. All giving evidence of the thrift of the inhabitants. Occasionally I saw buildings constructed for the purpose of utilizing the ether, and making it subservient to the will and purpose of mind; and, although extremely simple in character, yet the various devices evinced an advanced state of improvement, for such limited abilities in the inventors and users. In due time we approached a city which shone with such dazzling splendor, in the light of the overhanging heavens, that it was impossible for me to look upon the scene, until continued effort and great caution had rendered me capable of beholding such transcendant beauty.

The city needed no walls to protect her from her enemies, for her natural position was almost impregnable. From the centre of a vast tree-covered plain, a single giant hill arose to a towering height; upon whose summit clustered thousands of public and private buildings. These edifices were wonderful in contour, and exhibited a style of architecture altogether different from anything I had ever seen. Each fabric was constructed in terraces; and ofttimes one hall or temple would be piled upon another, until the entire structure had the appearance of an enlarged Cheops. I had often dreamed of cities constructed by the will or word, like an Aladdin's palace; but here were wonders of art which far out-rivaled my

most imaginative dreams. As the city broke upon us like a lake of ice, tossed skyward by an unseen force, I saw that there was great excitement among the inhabitants. A thousand crystal bells were tinkling and ringing in most perfect harmony; and yet, in such a nervous manner, that it seemed as if a thousand deranged spirits pulled the ropes. I readily surmised that the cause of the excitement was my approach. Nor was I wrong. As the minor outlines became more distinct, I could see tens of thousands of beings clustering on wall, and embrasure and tower; and when I could distinguish the faces, I saw that they were changed by terror.

As my feet touched the pavement, under the arched gate-way, the multitudes prostrated themselves before me, and I was compelled to stop for fear of trampling upon them. As I tried to calm their fears by words and signs, I saw that I only added fuel to the excitement; so I desisted and permitted my host to explain the nature of the visitor, and the object of his visit. After a protracted explanation upon his part,the multitudes arose and hastened to the heart of the city, in which was located an amphitheatre much larger in dimensions than the famous Coliseum at Rome. It was open overhead, while the seats were arranged all around, tier upon tier. In the centre was a large platform which was for the leading disputants and their assistants. The trembling officers prepared an elevated seat, which I was invited to occupy. After the necessary preparations had been made, and the great pit crowded almost to suffocation, I was invited to address the throng. Never had I labored under such great embarrassment in trying to express my thoughts in public, as upon this occasion. My words were all monosyllabic in character, while the ideas were the most simple that my intellect could frame; and yet, they seemed to be perfectly unintelligible to the frightened throng. As I spoke of the world in which I had lived, and attempted to condense my thoughts into their own tongue, they looked from one to another in fear and astonishment. My voice sounded strangely to myself, because of the peculiar atmosphere by which I was surrounded. This might have partially accounted for the effect of my words upon the people. And yet, the main reason why I was not comprehended, lay in the fact that my speech was almost infinitely superior to theirs, in its complexity of parts, and in the various thought combinations of which it was capable.

Finding that what I was saying did no good, but rather that it was awaking a commotion among my auditors, I desisted and sat down. After the excitement had somewhat subsided, a debate arose among certain persons, whom I concluded were leaders in thought. In this conclusion I was right. These men were masters among their followers, and moulded the opinions of the people. After watching the drift of the argument for some time, I saw that the scholars naturally divided themselves into two classes, and that each class had a party, who adopted the views of their leaders. These classes were quite distinct from each other, and, in many respects, corresponded to the Scientists and Theologians of my own world. After a few rambling thoughts, a warm debate spring up with regard to the strange visitor. The scientific students were almost the only ones engaged in the dispute, although now and then one of the religious teachers would add a word. The question under debate was as follows: "Is our visitor something or nothing?" The ones who took the negative side, admitted that they had seen and heard me; but based my non-entity upon the fact that they had never heard or read of any such personage before in the history of their race. To admit the existence of the visitor would establish a new and dangerous precedent for future generations to follow.

"Then again," they argued, "we cannot understand what this person says, even if he be a person. He seems to have lips which send forth sound, and muscles which denote and produce power; but everything is an enigma, and because we do not understand, we will not believe." The opposite party argued from the witness of their senses. "We see, and hear and feel. Now could it be possible that these three avenues to the soul would convey false messages?" The theologians came to the help of the latter class, and I saw that they were better posted in history and logic than any or all of the others. They cited evidence from both history and tradition, to show that ages before, a monster had arisen from the centre of the globe, whose feet were larger than the highest mountain; and whose legs and body were lost in the sky. They also produced evidence to prove that at one time their sphere had been in a different condition, and that there was a period when the present state of things did not exist. They also exhibited maps of the different strata of their sphere, to show that fearful convulsion had upheaved and rent the ball to its very centre. "Then," they reasoned, "if these things did actually occur, and we cannot deny, from what source came the power which brought order out of chaos? Was it inherent in matter, or was it superior to matter in every respect?" They willingly admitted that no marvelous change in the course of natural events had taken place within the memory of the existing race; "but this," they said, "did not prove the non-existence of superior, and it might be, of infinite intelligences." From the records of past generations they adduced testimony that showed that very many of the luminous bodies overhead had changed their places, and even disappeared from existence. "Could this," they said, "be accounted for upon the existing manifestations of power in and on our own globe? Because they had never seen these phenomena, was that a proof that tradition, history and nature were false witnesses?" Having conducted the argument thus far with most consummate skill, they then appealed to the reason of their hearers, as to whether there was not strong presumptive proof of a superior Being, and of the interest which that Being must exhibit in the welfare of all created life.

How I longed to explain to them the great secret of the outside world; to tell them that their globe was simply a drop of water; and the worlds overhead, kindred drops, all hanging pendant from the leaves of a few plants; and further, that the falling stars were those drops of water becoming detached from the leaves; that the chaotic state, of which they spoke, was simply the particle of water, on which they stood, falling, with thousands of kindred particles, upon my flowers; and that the great monster, of which tradition had handed down such fearful tales, was nothing more than an animalcule paddling its way though the liquid fluid. But, as I tried to speak, the vast audience only stood agape with amazement, nor appeared to understand a word.

As soon as the excitement caused by my speech had somewhat subsided, the discussion was continued.

Some now declared that the strange visitant was a god; while others argued, just as vehemently, that I was certainly a demon. This portion of the debate made me feel very uncomfortable, for I saw that my character was wholly misinterpreted by the entire multitude. The fact that I exhibited a superior and an infinite knowledge, and that I had done no injury to any one whom I had met, was adduced as a reason why I should be deified. On the other side, the silence which I had been compelled to keep, was considered as conclusive evidence that I was a fiend. "If the strange visitant had been divine, he could make himself known. Ability, with a god, must necessarily be the measure of willingness;—*ergo*, he does not manifest

willingness, therefore he is not a god. But, he is evidently greater than we. He can understand us, but we cannot grasp his thoughts, therefore he is supernatural. Now, that which is supernatural must be either god or fiend. As it has been proven that our visitor is not a god, he must be a demon." The masses seemed to acquiesce in this strange logic of their leaders, and I was declared to be the "Evil One."

This was certainly an awkward, if not a dangerous, position in which to be placed. In fact, I did not know what radical step the excited multitudes might take next. The decision, however, was not unanimous, for those who had wished to deify me, still held to their opinion, and asserted their power. Then again, the presence of a supposed fiend exerted a restraining influence upon the remainder; and I soon felt that I was safe, and at liberty to continue my observations and study.

It might be well to state, that I have not given the exact words, nor even thoughts, that were used by the disputants, owing to the difficulty of translating their simple language into the far more complicated Anglo-Saxon tongue. Yet enough has been transcribed to show that the mode of argument was similar, in many respects, to the polemics practiced by the various schools and creeds of humanity.

After the decision had been rendered, and the excitement had somewhat subsided, the assembly broke up, and left me with the leading debaters, to continue my investigation. Accompanied by these important personages, I proceeded to examine the different points of interest. I have already stated that the city was located upon an immense rock, that arose from the midst of a broad plain; and that the buildings were piled one upon the other until they reached a great height.

It has been said by Oriental travelers, that Cheops—the largest of the Egyptian pyramids—covers thirteen acres of land. Not far from the colosseum, in which the debate had occurred, was a building whose base was as large as the base of Cheops, and which had much the appearance of that pyramid were it truncated one hundred feet from the ground. Upon it rested a second truncated pyramid, with a base much smaller than the first. Upon the second rested a third; and upon that a fourth. The latter, however, was an entire pyramid. Each of these pyramidal bodies was surmounted by four pinnacles, which shot upwards from the projecting corners. These spires branched off, at the apex, into several lance-like points, that scintillated in the light of the overhanging heavens.

The appearance of this gigantic structure was inconceivably grand. Its peculiar style of architecture, and the material of which it was constructed, served to increase the effect that was produced by its mammoth proportions and towering height. The four surfaces of each pyramidal portion of the edifice were broken by hundreds of doors and windows, which served, together with the graceful pinnacles, to break the monotony which otherwise must have existed.

Upon entering the building, I found that it was a city of itself. Hundreds of inhabitants transacted their business affairs, attended to the domestic arrangements of the several households, and performed religious duties under one common roof. Each of the four truncated pyramids was subdivided into stories, or floors, which were connected together by broad inclined planes. In going from story to story the inhabitants employed a most peculiar style of conveyance. A large commodious apartment was mounted on runners, which, in their turn, were fitted into grooves along the plane; so that the carriage, or sleigh, glided up and down from floor to floor, with its load of passengers. The different inclined planes were connected together by landings, which were used



THE TEMPLE.

as stopping places for the vehicle. In this manner the entire building, from base to summit, was rendered easy of access. The force employed was the ether, or atmosphere. The functions of this mysterious element were manifold and marvelous, for it entered into all the transactions and enterprises of the people, and was the principal source from whence they derived their mechanical, as well as physical energies. Under different conditions this ether was capable of presenting different phenomena. Heat, light and electricity were but separate names for the powers of this wonderful substance. Its uninterrupted flow produced light alone. Its stoppage, change of direction or confinement, gave heat, as well as light. Its combination, under certain conditions, with either or both of the remaining elements, produced electricity. Thus it was a valuable and indispensable aid to the inhabitants, and was employed throughout the entire building which I have been describing. Previous research on the part of scientific students had discovered its qualities, and developed the necessary machinery, so that it was used wherever force was required. Every room was lighted with it. Its warmth was extracted. Its electric powers were obtained, and then used as mechanical force; while it poured its life-giving principles in magnetic waves through the systems of plants, animals, and the higher intelligences. Silent ether is darkness and death. Active, it is light, heat, motion and life. As I studied its marvelous qualities, the thought flashed upon me that here, in this almost unknown substance, some future student of my own world should be enabled to find the mighty mystery of physical life.

After we had watched the delicate, but powerful, machinery for some time, my guides proceeded to point out the many curiosities of the interior. And certainly they were grand. Nature and Art had labored side by side; and bo'h had done their work well. The blocks of crystals were beautiful in themselves; but when piled upon each other in symmetrical order, the effect was picturesque and

wonderful. Their peculiar forms and lightness rendered them useful, with but little labor, except that of piling them one upon the other. On close investigation I found that these layers of crystal had been artificially fused together, so that the entire building was simply one solid rock. Less advancement had been made in the construction of the arch. Here the inhabitants had discovered nothing but the rudiments, except that occasionally two stones were used instead of one. These were placed at right angles to each other, with the lower ends resting against the sides of the gateway, or entrance.. In most places only one block was used, which spanned the opening from side to side. These simple arches were numerous throughout the entire building, and added much to the general novelty.



THE RUDIMENTARY ARCH.

On the lower floor we came to a large room, where the rudimentary arch had its most perfect manifestation. In the center of the room, which was eight-sided, was an octagonal platform, whose sides were parallel to the sides of the room. At each angle of the platform there was a column, which reached to the ceiling, and which formed one of a row that connected one of the angles of the platform with the corresponding angle of the room. Upon these pillars rested the arches, which one could easily imagine groined, so perfectly had the huge blocks been chisled and placed in position. Instead of seats there were depressions, and corresponding elevations; so that the walls of the room, the elevations, the depressions, and the sides of the platform formed a series of circumscribed, or inscribed octagons. There were no chairs or sofas upon the platform, but instead, several eight-sided crystals which served the purpose of seats. I was in the temple.

A number of rods extended from the ceiling nearly down to the platform, to the lower ends of which were fastened a great many plates. These plates were so placed upon each other, that they had the appearance of a large book. Upon examining them I found that one side of each was carefully engraved in the language of the people. The work was very neatly done, and revealed a high state of art cultivation on the part of those who had performed the undertaking. Glancing along the written surfaces I read what purported to be a description and history of everything from the first morning of creation.

I could but smile, as I read the simple thoughts, for eternal duration reached no further back than to the emptying of my watering can. Eternal space extended out to a few geranium leaves. The deity was a common house-fly, that had plumed his wings in the falling drops: while the evil spirit was nothing but an animalcule that had scattered disorder and chaos by its wayward movements. These things were magnified to infinite proportions.

The work stated that the divine being—the house-fly—had descended from his high position to carve the globe out of preëxisting substances, and to

evolve the various grades of being from, and through, certain everlasting forces which were ready at hand; that when all was prepared, he had taken certain of his children from his home and placed them upon the new world; that this world was the centre of one-half of the universe, and the home of deity the centre of the other half; and that all the stars overhead (drops of water,) were placed there for the benefit of the people to whom the book was written. Further along I read, that outside of this two-winged universe, there was another immense kingdom which had existed forever under the sway of an omnipotent being (the animalcule) who was an inveterate enemy of the only true deity.

At this point I was interrupted by the merry ringing of bells. First was heard a single stroke, clear and distinct. In a moment there was another on a different key. Then others, until the very air seemed laden with waves of music dashing against each other. Peal rang to peal, and chime clanged to chime. Then the reverberating echoes were heard flying backward from the distant mountains. All the rooms of the building became vocal with sound, for they had been constructed on perfect musical principles, and answered back when certain chords were struck. The palaces rang forth, when the entire chromatic scale was sounded at once. The city was music itself, and seemed to quiver on its glassy base in an ecstacy of bliss. It was grand! But what shall I say of that after burst of harmony, as ten thousand times ten thousand voices poured forth their notes in one exquisite. soul ravishing song of glorious melody? It seemed as if the heavens and the earth had been blended into one mighty organ, across whose keys a hundred angels were swiftly gliding. Suddenly the music ceased. Then came the rattle of machinery; the tramping of many feet, and the falling back of crystal bolts. Into the temple the multitudes thronged, until every place was occupied. It was the hour for worship. When the first bell had struck, I had hastened to the entrance of the mansion, that I might find the source of such a sweet musical tone. During the ringing and the singing I had listened in rapture. When the inhabitants had crowded the avenues to the place of sacred convocation, I had joined them, that I might catch the spirit of the hour. When all had entered the temple, a noble personage stepped to the platform, and tenderly taking one of the engraved plates in his hand, read the chiseled thoughts to the devout throng. The reading gave place to a half prayer, half song, which was chanted by all present, after which the throng was permitted to disperse. I was like one in a dream, so deeply had my senses been steeped in the sweet music of the crystal city; nor did I completely regain the control of my will until my guides returned, and invited me to see more of the wonders of the place.

Leaving the temple, we passed through the corridors, and gateways, until we stood once more in the open air. Looking along the different streets, I saw that there were many score of edifices, similar to the one whose mysteries I had so recently explored. The main thoroughfares either ran parallel with, or at right-angles to, each other, and were lined by these majestic buildings. Along one of the streets we leisurely walked, while one of the company, at least, feasted his eyes upon the marvelous feats of workmanship exhibited in the stupendous piles.

In the heart of the city we came to an extensive park, seemingly half a mile, or more, square. In various parts of this park there were curious buildings, different from any I had yet seen. These buildings were square at the base, and reached upwards like the brick chimneys of some manufacturing establishment, except that they were many times higher. I was informed that they were constructed for the purpose of gathering and utilizing the forces that slumber in ether. There

was no lack of light, as the ether, when unchecked, produces it in abundance. But heat and electricity were not found in a free state, in sufficient quantities for general use, so that it became necessary to develop these two powers of the invisible element, by artificial means.

My accommodating friends informed me that large reservoirs had been excavated in the centre of the rock on which the city rested, where heat and electricity were stored; and that passages extended, from these great caves, to the different buildings of the city. In fact, I found that these reservoirs were immense receivers, where the powers of the air were confined under a tremendous pressure.

Seeing a large walled opening in the ground, I started towards it so hastily, that I did not hear the warning cry which my companions uttered. I had almost reached the verge of the yawning chasm when I was startled by a strange rumbling sound. This immediately gave place to rapid peals of thunder. Suddenly there burst from the mouth of the opening a volume of fire, which darted upward in forked tongues, until it seemed to rend the heavens. Then everything faded from view, and I sank back as one dead.

(To be continued.)

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF BYRON.

XIV.

(Jottings of conversation with the Poet, by Thos. Medwin, of the 24th Light Dragoons; published fifty years ago, and now out of print.)

"DANTE."

"I wrote 'The Prophecy of Dante' at the suggestion of the countess. I was at that time paying my court to the Guiccioli, and addressed the dedicatory sonnet to her. She had heard of my having written something about Tasso, and thought Dante's exile and death would furnish as fine a subject. I can never write but on the spot. Before I began 'The Lament,' I went to Ferrara, to visit the dungeon. Hoppner was with me, and part of it, the greater part, was composed (as 'The Prisoner of Chillon') in the prison. The place of Dante's fifteen years' exile, where he so pathetically prayed for his country, and deprecated the thought of being buried out of it; and the sight of his tomb, which I passed in my almost daily rides, inspired me. Besides, there was somewhat of resemblance in our destinies—he had a wife, and I have the same feelings about leaving my bones in a strange land.

"It was the turn political affairs took that made me relinquish the work. At one time the flame was expected to break out over all Italy, but it only ended in smoke, and my poem went out with it. I don't wonder at the enthusiasm of the Italians about Dante. He is the poet of liberty. Persecution, exile, the dread of a foreign grave, could not shake his principles. There is no Italian gentleman, scarcely any well-educated girl, that has not all the finer passages of Dante at the fingers' ends,—particularly the Ravennese. The Guiccioli, for instance, could almost repeat any part of the 'Divine Comedy;' and, I dare say, is well read in the 'Vita Nuova,' that prayer-book of love.

"Shelley always says that reading Dante is unfavorable to writing, from its superiority to all possible compositions. Whether he be the first or not, he is certainly the most untranslatable of all poets. You may give the meaning; but the charm, the simplicity—the classical simplicity,—is lost. You might as well clothe a statue, as attempt to translate Dante. He is better, as an Italian said, '*nudo che vestito.*'"

I asked Lord Byron the meaning of a passage in 'The Prophecy of Dante.' He laughed, and said:

"I suppose I had some meaning when I wrote it; I believe I understood it then."

"That," said I, "is what the disciples of Swedenborg say. There are many people who do not understand passages in your writings, among our own countrymen: I wonder how foreigners contrive to translate them."

"And yet," said he, "they have been translated into all the civilized, and many uncivilized tongues. Several of them have appeared in Danish, Polish, and even Russian dresses. These last, being translations of translations from the French, must be very diluted. The greatest compliment ever paid me has been shown in Germany, where a translation of the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold' has been made the subject of a University prize. But as to obscurity, is not Milton obscure? How do you explain

——"smoothing
The raven down of darkness till it smiled?"

"Is it not a simile taken from the electricity of a cat's back? I'll leave you to be my commentator, and hope you will make better work with me than Taafe is doing with Dante, who perhaps could not himself explain half that volumes are written about, if his ghost were to rise again from the dead. I am sure I wonder he and Shakespeare have not been raised by their commentators long ago!"

BEFORE DAWN.

AN ARTIST'S SKETCHING TOUR.

There is no more delightful publication in the world for artists first, and for all people of culture next, than the English periodical *The Portfolio.* It is edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, an art writer of the first rank, himself an artist; and it numbers among its contributors the best artists and art writers in England, France and Germany. Its illustrations consist of choice etchings and delicate photo-reproductions of oil paintings, and are of the highest type published in the English world. Strange to say the literary part of the publication is not a whit behind the illustrations in point of merit, and by way of proving this, let the reader peruse the following from a recent number. It is a portion of an article from the graceful pen of Rene Menard, on Corot, the great modern French landscape painter. There is nothing in any language so near to nature sweet and pure, as Corot's description.

"Corot is *par excellence* the painter of morning. He can render with more felicity than anybody else the silvery light on dewy fields, the vague foliage of trees mirrored in calm water. He was not fond of the noonday light, and it was always in the earliest morning that he went out to paint from nature. He has himself described his artistic impressions in letters which foreshadow his pictures. Here is an extract from one of them:

A landscape painter's day is delightful. He gets up early—at three in the morning, before sunrise; he goes to sit under a tree and watches and waits. There is not much to be seen at first. Nature is like a white veil, upon which some masses are vaguely sketched in profile. Everything smells sweet, everything trembles under the freshening breeze of the dawn. *Bing!** The sun gets clearer; he has not yet torn the veil of gauze behind which hide the meadow, the valley, the hills on the horizon. The nocturnal vapors still hang like silvery tufts upon the cold green grass. *Bing! Bing!* The first ray of sun—another ray. The small flowerlets seem to awake joyously; each of them has its trembling drop of dew.

*We preserve Corot's interjections, Bing! Bam! Ding! Boum! where it pleased him to insert them. They mean nothing except that there is a change in the character of the scene, which he chooses to mark in this way.

other in nervous silence for a brief period; and they might have grown restless in their embarrassment had not the striking of the tall clock in the corner reminded Peggy that it was fast nearing time for the ceremony, and she was not yet dressed. Bidding Enoch to walk out and take a look at the fine brood of chickens she had in the henery, she hurried up to her room for the purpose of donning her wedding attire.

Soon the minister arrived, and the guests began to assemble in the old fashioned square parlor. The pious Rev. Mr. Fifthly sedately shook hands with the grown people and glanced sternly at the quieted group of little boys and girls who had squeezed into the apartment with the other people and now stood with their minds occupied—partially with the novelty of the situation, and partially with expectant speculations as to the part they would be permitted to perform in the disposition of the grand dinner that awaited the guests, after the marriage was over.

There was no delay in the ceremony. Exactly as the hands of the old clock indicated the appointed hour of twelve, Enoch and Peggy stood before the minister ready to be made man and wife. The words were pronounced, the greetings were said, the dinner was eaten, and the glowing hues of the sinking sun, invading the swift moving car, shone on two happy faces as Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Goodsense were whirled away from Maple Valley toward the great, bustling, smoky city.

III.

The interior of the large Music Hall was fast filling with the votaries of the tuneful muse. Dazzling was the scene, for the sparkle of the thousand and one gas jets found fitting companionship in the responsive glitter of rich jewelry, silks and velvets, as the favored representatives of the beauty and fashion of cultured Boston gradually absorbed the seats of the brilliantly decorated auditorium. Ushers, polite and prim, moved hastily here and there, bringing order out of the chaos of helpless beings who stood rustling and chattering in the carpeted lobby awaiting safe conduct to their chairs. The hum of human voices was soon silenced by the cheerful strains of music as the orchestra breathed forth the first notes of the beautiful overture to "Il Trovatore." A stream of people continued pouring into the building until when the music ceased, and the heavy curtain arose upon the first scene of the opera. the seats, aisles and lobbies were filled to their utmost capacity. The great M'me Silvernote was to sing, and the vast audience awaited with impatient eagerness to hear the famous prima donna whose wonderful voice had won for her a proud European fame. Soon she appeared, an ordinary plain faced woman, but with a voice of such marvelous sweetness and magnetic power that her first notes hushed the whisperings and breathings of the thousands who were there, and held them as though in a spell. And as she proceeded to sing the charming aria—

"The night, calmly and peacefully, in beauty seemed reposing,"

the rich purity of her vocalization warmed her hearers into a fever of enthusiasm which culminated only in a storm of applause at the close of the song. And thus through each succeeding act did the singer astonish and charm her critical hearers. Every song of hers was honored by special tributes of flowers and applause. *Manrico* and *Azucena* were rendered in admirable style and the *roles* of *di Luna* and *Ferrando* were sung by *artistes* of great repute, but the enraptured audience had neither eyes nor ears save for *Leonora*. Her triumph was complete, and when the final note had died away, and the thud of the falling curtain signalized the close of the performance, not one of that great assemblage was there

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

AN AMERICAN THEME.

On the programme of a celebrated German Band who are now traveling through this country appears a piece entitled "Variations—On an American Theme." The bandmaster plays this with great skill on the cornet.

The editorials of some thousands of papers and magazines throughout this country will in these first days of the Centennial year teem with patriotic references to the wonderful progress of the American people during their first hundred years as a nation, their rapid advancement in art, science, literature and commerce, the vast accumulation of wealth, the extension of frontiers and the hundred other points in their rapid march to the front, on which the people of the United States have cause to congratulate themselves. The great prominent fact of Progress will be the subject on which a thousand changes will be sung and a thousand glorias be chanted. In short, what the German bandmaster has done so skillfully on his cornet, the American editors will do in a rhetorical and eminently appropriate way, namely, they will treat their audiences to "Variations on an American Theme."

Now all this is proper and praiseworthy. Self-congratulation always did do Uncle Samuel's children good, and they have special cause, as a great Nation, at the close of its first century, for congratulation now; and yet with all that we have to be proud of, thinking people, and even superficial observers, cannot but be aware of the fact that although in many essential particulars, perhaps nearly all, the American Nation has bettered itself, yet on one vital point we have nothing to congratulate ourselves; in one vital particular we have not advanced—we have not stood still—we have decidedly, and to an alarmingly gross degree fallen away from the standards of the Forefathers. It is needless to specify that it is in the matter of Public Morals that this derogation has taken place. Party papers on both sides have each paraded the corruption of the other until the public has become surfeited and disgusted with facts. The startling events that are taking place around us, and have become every day occurrences; the forgeries, suicides, embezzlements and wholesale public steals which are keeping the inky shoes of the press so busy in these latter days, are evidences enough of the fact of our degeneracy in this particular. These days which set us to thinking of the Revolutionary men and years, and comparing them with to-day's men and times, ask forcibly the question, were such things common or even heard of *then?* How would those stern grand old fathers of the Revolution have looked upon a man who put his hand into the public treasury and drew out, again and again, for his own (or his friends') use, the people's money? Would they have looked with more indignation on a murderer than on him? Would not summary justice have been dealt out to him by the wrathful populace? How is the public tone in regard to such matters changed to-day? Sympathy is the feeling that goes out to the criminal. Tweed escapes, helped off by public servants, and men say they are glad the old fellow has gone. But this sermon on public corruption has been preached a hundred times. It is only in the light of comparison with the first days of the Republic that it is here presented again. We have gained a great deal in the hundred years, but

how much we have lost in the way of integrity and sterling principle in the managemnnt of public affairs. The honesty of the forefathers! what an improvement it would be on the lack of it. Here is an American theme which deserves both thought and action.

"SOOT."

What do men talk about when they are at their work, and are not talking business? The question seems an absurd one at first glance. Of course there are a million and one odd subjects, interesting to as many different people. And yet the query in a general way can be answered. It is a deplorable fact, that in the vast number of factories, shops, stores, banks, and offices, in this and other countries, the general tendency of conversation among men (outside of business topics) is towards the vulgar. Any business man will tell you so, although there are many exceptions which do not affect the rule. The proportion of low-minded men is far above the proportion of those who are not so, and their influence spreads itself everywhere. Pitiful as it may seem, low jests, obscene stories and the ruthless dragging down of every topic into the mire are what keep the men part of the community amused during business and other hours, when they are together.

Pick any dozen men indiscriminately, lock them together in a jury-room, or send them in close carriages as pall-bearers to a funeral, and in half an hour they will be telling each other the most obscene stories that ever were invented. Some of the keenest wit of the age, and that which never gets into newspapers or books, is expended in this direction. Young boys, fresh from careful home training, enter the business arena, come under the scathing fire of these stories and jests, and are "spoiled." Preachers and philanthropists wonder at the increase of immorality, yet here it is nursed and dispensed from mouth to ear all the day long.

What is the remedy? Another deplorable fact. There is none. The clean-mouthed man stands one to twenty-five. He has no chance, and, worst of all, continual contact is tending everyday to make him less careful of his words. It is only the stoutest determination that can stand against this foul-mouthedness. And yet it is worth standing against. In just the proportion that a man lets his mouth utter unclean things, in just that proportion does he lose respect for himself. A company of young theologians were assembled at an evening party. Three or four of their number happened to be gathered alone in one of the side-rooms. One of them began the relation of an obscene story. He had barely started when he thought he heard the rustle of a silk dress.

"Hist!" said he, in a whisper, "are there any ladies there?"

"No!" Spoke up one of the number. "But there are gentlemen *here*. What you dare not say in the presence of ladies, you *ought* not to say in the presence of *gentlemen*."

The rebuke was appreciated, and the story went untold. But the pure mouthed man has a hard battle to do. Let him then fortify himself for it with pure thoughts; and take for his model and constant study, Him who in all things was pure. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The waters from the fountain head must be sweet, or the whole stream will be bitter.

THE MISANTHROPE.

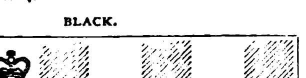
AN EPIGRAM.

He has a grief he cannot speak,
He wears his hat awry;
He blacks his boots but once a week,
And says he wants to die.

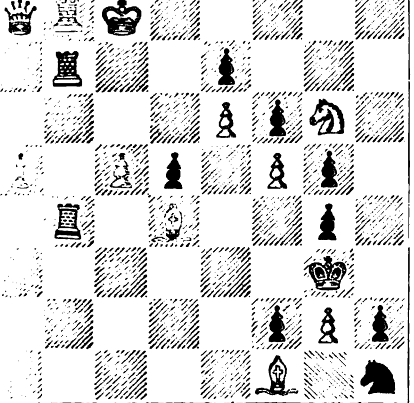
CHESS.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 4. By X. Hawkins.



BLACK.



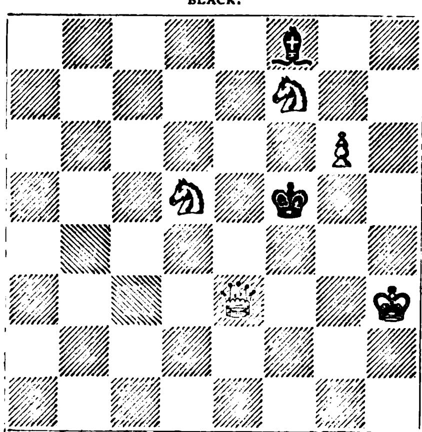
WHITE.

White to play and give mate in 3 moves.

PROBLEM.

No. 13. By Geo. E. Carpenter.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in 4 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

Value of Chess Pieces.—Some interesting results were given by Mr. H. M. Taylor, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity college, Cambridge, in a paper "On the Relative Value of the Pieces of Chess," read before the British Association at Bristol. He found by a mathematical process that if a knight and a king of different colors were placed on a chess board at random the odds against the king being in check were 11 to 1; if a bishop and a king, 31 to 5; if a rook and a king, 7 to 2 and if a queen and a king, 23 to 13. If, however, we consider only safe check (i. e., check in which the king is unable to take the piece) the odds are respectively 11 to 1, 131 to 13, 5 to 1, 107 to 37. From these numbers we can obtain a fair theoretical measure of the relative values of the pieces. Thus, if we take as our measure the chance of safe check, the values of the knight, bishop, rook, and queen are in the ratio 12, 13 24, 37, while the value of these pieces in the same order, as given by Staunton, are 3.05, 3.50, 5.48 and 9.94, the value of the pawn being taken as unity. Mr. Taylor remarks that the value of a pawn depends so much on the fact that it is possible to convert it into a queen that the method does not appear applicable to it.

—The statement which has appeared in some of the chess publications, that the officers of the American Chess Association were elected for but one year, and that their term of office has already expired, is an erroneous one. Article IV. of the Constitution reads as follows: "All officers shall be elected by ballot, and shall hold office until the close of the meeting of the National Congress called by the Association next following that at which they shall have been elected." This should effectually silence those who have heretofore denied the existence of the Association.

—Mr. George E. Carpenter, the celebrated problem composer and analyst, has kindly consented to act as referee in the Globe problem tournament. We feel assured that there is no one better qualified for the position, or whose services would give better satisfaction than Mr. Carpenter's.

—Mr. H. E. Bird, the celebrated English chess player, who arrived in New York a few weeks since, has been playing a large number of matches in that city. He lost the majority of games to McKenzie and Mason. We believe he has won a majority of all other players in New York. It is understood that Mr. Bird will visit our city before his return to London. In company with Capt. McKenzie he will go to Philadelphia to see what arrangements can be made in reference to a chess congress during the Centennial Exhibition. If satisfactory arrangements are made, the tournament will bring to this country Steinetz, Zukertort, Blackburne, Potter, Rosenthal, Anderssen, and many other chess celebrities. A large number of matches has been arranged between Mr. Bird and the leading Philadelphia players.

—In the recent match between Messrs. Alberoni and Ensor, in this city, Mr. A. and his friends claim that the score was 7 to 4 in his favor, instead of 7 to 5 as announced in

our last number. The second match between these players will not come off as expected.

—The match in London between Messrs. Potter and Zukertort has resulted in a victory for the latter gentleman by a score of 5½ to 3½.

—Mr. Alberoni and Max Judd of St. Louis are now playing a match at Cleveland. Present score is, Judd 2; Alberoni 1.

—Mr. Mason and Mr. Bird recently played a match in New York for a purse of $100.00, made up by the members of the Down-Town Club. Mr. Mason won by the large score of 11 to 4. He is receiving many congratulations for his victory over so formidable an opponent.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 7—1. R takes B P etc.
No. 9. Q to Q R 7
No. 10. Q to Q B 7
No. 11.—1. P to B 3   1. P takes Kt
2. R to R 8 etc.
1. P to B 3   1. K takes Kt
2. B takes Kt etc.

ALBERONI-ENSOR MATCH—SECOND GAME.

"RUY LOPEZ."

(Mr. Ensor.) White.	(Mr. Alberoni.) Black.
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..Kt to K B 3	2..Kt to Q B 3
3..B to Q Kt 5	3..P to Q R 3
4..B to R 4	4..Kt to K B 3
5..P to Q 3	5..P to Q 3
6..B takes Kt ch	6..P takes B
7..P to K R 3	7..P to K R 3
8..Castles	8..B to K 2
9..Kt to Q B 3	9..Castles
10..Kt to K 2	10..P to Q B 4
11..Kt to K Kt 3	11..Kt to K R 2
12..Kt to K R 2	12..P to K B 4
13..P to K B 4	13..P takes K P
14..Q P takes P	14..B to Q Kt 2
15..P to K B 5 *(a)*	15..B to K R 5
16..Q to K B 3	16..Kt to K B 3
17..Q to Q Kt 3 ch	17..K to R 2
18. Q takes B	18..B takes Kt
19..Kt to K B 3	19..Q to Q Kt sq *(b)*
20..Q to Q B 6	20..Q to Q Kt 3
21..Q takes Q	21..P takes Q
22..Kt to Q 2	22..B to B 5
23..R to K sq	23..B takes Kt
24..B takes B	24..P to Q Kt 4
25..B to Q R 5	25..Q R to Q R 2
26..Q R to Q sq	26..R to Q 2
27..P to K Kt 4	27..R to Q Kt sq
28..B to Q 2	28..P to Q Kt 5
29..K to K Kt 2	29..P to Q 4 *(c)*
30..P takes P	30..R takes P
31..B to B sq	31..Q R to Q sq
32..R takes R	32..R takes R
33..K to K B 3	33..P to K Kt 3
34..P to Kt 5 *(d)*	34..R P takes P
35..B takes P	35..K to Kt 2
36..B takes Kt ch	36..K takes B
37..P takes P	37..K takes P
38..R to K 2	38..K to B 3
39..R to K B 2	39..R to Q sq
40..K to K 4 ch	40..K to K 3
41..R to Kt 2	41..R to Q 5 ch
42..K to K 3	42..R to K R 5
43..R to K Kt 3	43..P to Q R 4
44..K to Q 2	44..P to Q B 5
45..P to Q R 3	45..R to Q 5 ch
46..K to K 2	46..R to K 5 ch
47..K to Q 2	47..R to K B 5
48..P takes P	48..P takes P
49..R to K Kt 2	49..K to Q 4
50..K to K 2	50..P to K 5
51..R to K R 2	51..R to R 5
52..K to Q 2	52..K to Q 4

And after a few more moves the game was drawn

NOTES.

(a). Perhaps dangerous, leaving his K's P without the necessary support, particularly if it comes to an end game.

(b). Q to Q 2 would perhaps have been better, threatening to win a Pawn.

(c). Premature and risky.

(d). Very weak, giving away all the advantage obtained of the premature advance of Black's Q P.

(e). It seems as though Mr. Alberoni had a slight advantage, having his Pawn in the centre, but he does not play this end game as accurately as he is accustomed to play in such positions.

THIRD GAME.

KING'S FIANCHETTO.

(Mr. Alberoni). White.	(Mr. Ensor.) Black.
1..P to K 4	1..P to K Kt 3
2..P to Q 4	2..P to K 3
3..P to K B 4	3..P to Q B 4
4..B to K 3 *(a)*	4..Q to Q Kt 3
5..P to Q Kt 3	5..Kt to K B 3
6..Kt to Q B 3	6..Q to R 4
7..Q to Q 2	7..P to Q 4
8..B to Kt 5 ch	8..B to Q 2 *(b)*
9..B takes B ch	9..Q K takes B
10..P takes Q P	10..K P takes P
11..K Kt to K 2	11..B to K Kt 2
12..Castles K R	12..Castles K R
13..K to R sq	13..K R to K sq
14..Kt to Kt 3	14..Q R to Q sq
15..P to Q R 3 *(c)*	15..R takes B
16..Q takes R	16..P takes P
17..Q takes P	17..Kt to R 4
18..Q takes Q P	18..B takes Kt
19..Q takes Q	19..Kt takes Kt ch
20..P takes Kt	20..B takes Q
21..Q R to Q sq *(d)*	21..Kt to B 3
22..R takes R	22..P takes R
23..R to Q sq	23..B to K 2
24..P to Q Kt 4	24..K to B sq
25..K to Kt sq	25..K to K sq
26..K to B 2	26..Kt to K 5 ch
27..K to B 3	27..P to K B 4
28..P to K Kt 4	28..Kt to Q 3
29..P to K Kt 5	29..K to B 2
30..R to K R sq *(e)*	30..K to Kt 2
31..R to Q sq	31..P to K R 3
32..P takes P ch	32..K takes P
33..P to Q B 4	33..Kt takes P
34..R to Q 7 *(f)*	34..B to B sq
35..R takes P	35..Kt takes P
36..R takes P	36..B takes P
37..P to Kt 4	37..Kt to B 7 *(g)*

And White mates in 2 moves.

(a). P to Q 5 would probably have been better.

(b). Mr. Ensor should have moved his K, leaving the Bishops exposed and winning, when the Bishops would have retired at least a move, which Mr. Alberoni has no time to lose, he already being in a very cramped and dangerous position.

(c). Mr. Alberoni did not comprehend the following fine combination of Mr. Ensor, in which Black plays Kt to R 4, giving him the advantage.

(d). White now plays for a draw in good style.

(e). To bring the adversary's K as far as possible from the Q's side, preparing to force there the exchange of pawns.

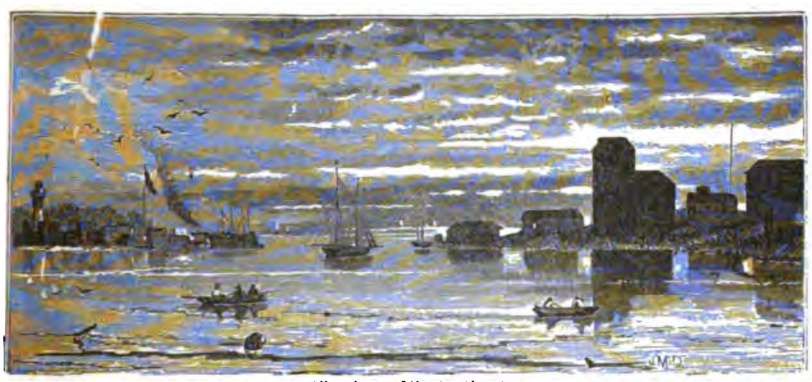
(f). With proper play the game should have resulted in a draw.

(g). A singular oversight.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

1876.

THE GLOBE.



(Specimen Illustration.)

This magazine is now near the completion of its third volume. The constant endeavor of its managers has been to improve it. That the endeavor has not been an unsuccessful one, the notices of the press printed on another page, and the pages of the magazine itself will show. The features for the year just opened cannot be here enumerated in full, but the attractions in all departments will be increased. Some of them may be noticed in a general way as follows:

ETCHINGS.

The etching is the highest style of illustration capable of being printed, giving nearer than any other process the work direct of the artist's own hand. During the year several of these will be published in the GLOBE, the productions of skillful artists, and printed on heavy plate paper will form fine subjects for framing. Their merit is far beyond that of the finest steel engravings, as while the beholder tires of the latter after a time, the etching improves on acquaintance, and constantly discloses new points of interest and beauty.

HEADS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

The admiration with which the wonderfully expressive head of Sir John Falstaff, and the grand picture of Friar Laurence, in recent numbers, have been received, induce us to promise more of these popular heads from Shakespeare, by Mr. A. N. Samuels, with appropriate articles from best writers accompanying each.

NIAGARA RIVER ILLUSTRATED

is in course of preparation, and will be published in successive numbers of this magazine, with carefully prepared and interesting description.

A series of comic and picturesque free-hand sketches of

CHARACTER HEADS,

gathered from life in the streets, markets and offices, by an artist of known ability, will form a feature of future numbers.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE.

Some exquisite drawings on wood, by Mr. Charles Graham, of New York, and engraved by the talented engraver, Mr. John MacDonald, of the same place, will form an attractive feature.

A NOVEL, BY ONE OF THE GREAT GERMAN NOVELISTS,

never before printed in English, is in course of translation for the GLOBE, and will be illustrated. It is hoped that this feature may be prepared in time for issue this year.

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS,

on heavy plate paper, comprising various subjects, will be published at intervals.

THE NATION'S FESTIVAL; A TRIP TO THE CENTENNIAL,

copiously illustrated, will appear in a future number.

"SIXTY SECONDS IN A DROP OF WATER,"

by Rev. W. Alfred Gay, will be continued with striking illustrations of the wonderful crystal world.

NO. 2 OF QUARTER STREET EPISODES,

by Vlen-Ten, of which the first of the series, "The Rivalry" has appeared, will follow shortly under the head of SUTTER & CO.'S BOY JIM. This will be appropriately illustrated.

THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

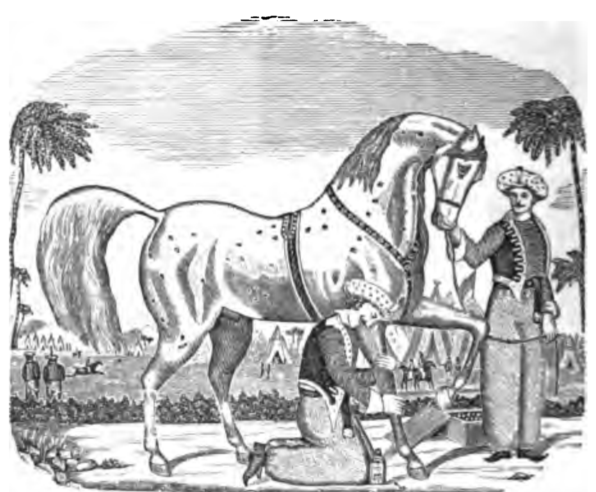
will contain, as heretofore, discussions of seasonable subjects, and short scraps of incident, fact and anecdote, odd, antique and curious, with occasional illustrations, cartoons, &c.

THE CHESS DEPARTMENT

will continue under the able management of Mr. George H. Thornton, and will contain increased attractions for the year, of which a distinct prospectus will soon be published.

THE GLOBE CO.

BUFFALO, January, 1876.



"Whether for use on man or beast, Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land. We know of no proprietary medicine or article now used in the United States which shares the good will of the people to a greater degree than this. Yellow wrapper for animal, and white for human flesh."—*New York Independent.*

Extract from a letter from G. H. Simmonds, Unionville, Ia., July 24, 1873: "I am selling more Gargling Oil than all the liniments put together, and I am keeping twelve different kinds. I think it is the best remedy for horseflesh in existence, and can say it without fear of successful contradiction."

Extract from a letter from Shoemaker & Co., Bloomington, Ind., Sept. 17, 1873; "It is the popular horse liniment in this country."

Extract from a letter from George A. Snell, Braman's Corners, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1873: "I sell more of your Gargling Oil than of all other liniments combined, and have seen it used on horses and cattle with good effect when others have failed."

Extract from a letter from Pattee & Co., Derry, N. H., Aug. 26, 1873: "We think your Gargling Oil one of the best articles for which it is recommended that we have ever used or sold."

Extract from a letter from Snowdon & Gibbs, Concordia, Kan., July 28, 1873: "We sell more of your Gargling Oil than of any liniment we keep."

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is the Standard Liniment of the United States. Established 1833. Large size, $1; medium size, 50c; small, 25c.; small size, for family use, 25c. Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by M. G. O. Co., and sold by all druggists.

JOHN HODGE, Secretary

JOHN D. SMITH & CO.

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211 MAIN STREET.

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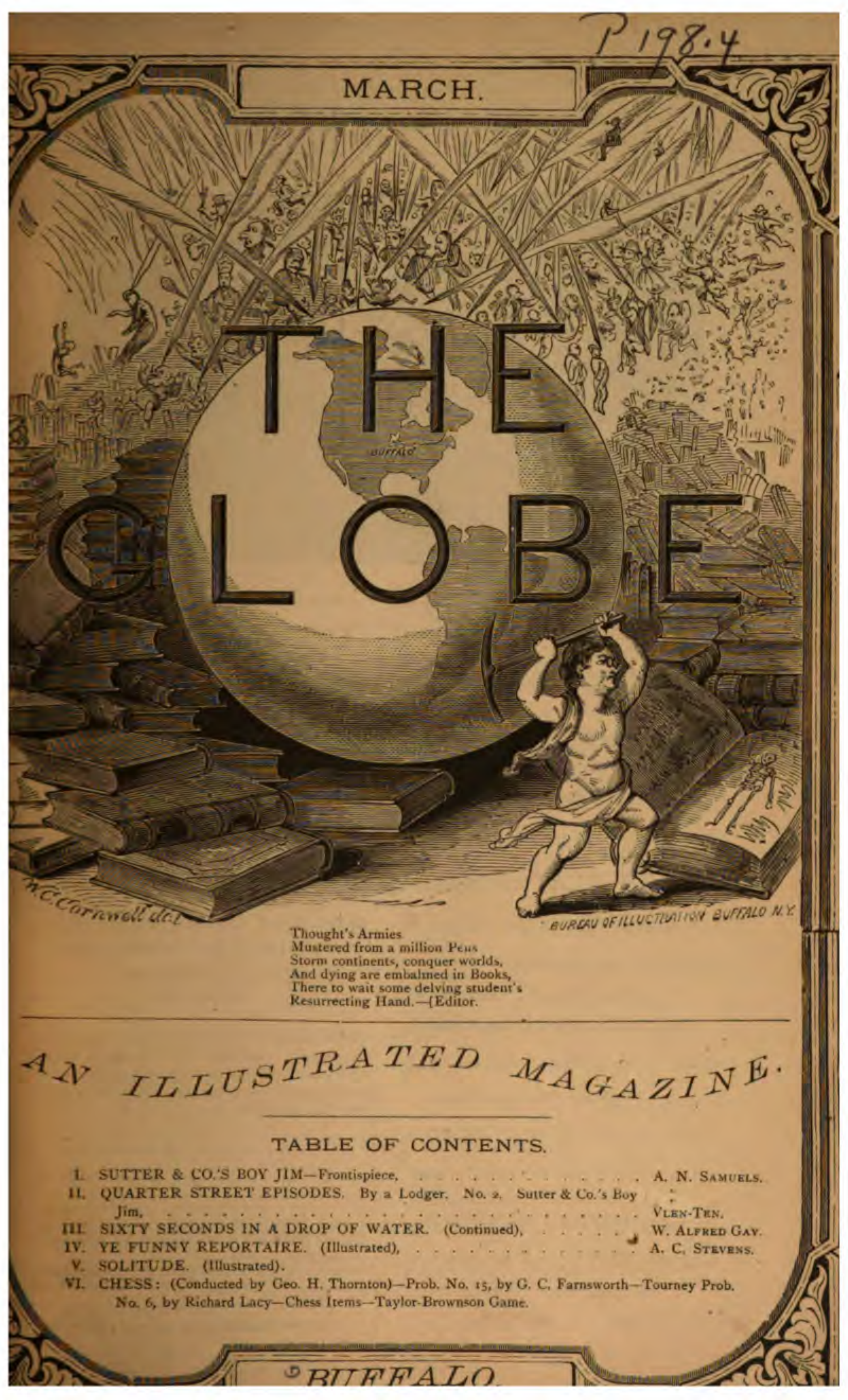
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Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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SUTTER & CO.'S BOY JIM.

THE GLOBE.

1876, March 30

VOL. III.] MARCH, 1876. [NO. 12.

QUARTER STREET EPISODES.

BY A LODGER.

II. SUTTER & CO.'S BOY JIM.

When Sutter & Co.'s boy Jim was arrested for mayhem, there was much division of opinion in Quarter Street as to whether it was a congratulatory circumstance, or otherwise.

The old woman who kept a peanut stand, and whose wares had been tipped over into the gutter by a strong north wind when no north wind was blowing, several times, and who referred the mysterious circumstance to the agency of Sutter & Co.'s boy—who, nevertheless, always helped her right herself—believed it was a good thing for the boy, and would curtail his impishness.

Likewise, the burly butcher, whose shop was round the corner, and who did his own advertising by standing outside his door and exhibiting his bulk of sixteen stone solid beef, was said to have unfeelingly remarked, when the affair was being canvassed in his presence: "Why, blast the little cuss, serves him right! Wot did he want to go and poison my dog Turk for? Did the dog ever bite him? Did the dog ever misuse him, that he should go and give him arson er strickenen?. That's the kind of boys wot ought to come to the gallows—boys wot poisons dogs is."

"Yes, and look at the way he used to fire stones and snow-balls, in the season, against Mrs. Dibble's front windows, and run screaming away out of reach when she came to the door with a light, and screen himself in the dark—though she knew his voice, and so she told his mother. But *she* never would believe anything against her boy, though a saint or an angel from heaven told it to her. Not she. 'James' was such a 'good boy' she never thought he would harm anybody or anything; besides he had told her he never threw a stone—though he used to wink in the most diabolical way when he said it, to anyone that was not prejudiced, and say he only 'jerked them' under his breath. Well, I am not sorry that he has got his just deserts at last, though I do pity his poor mother, truly."

Then there was Mrs. Dibble, the favorite oracle of Smiles' Corner, and Miss Pall, her Familiar—sometime her opponent, but now come over to the enemy for the sake of honor, perceiving that her authority was waning under the biting sarcasms of the redoubtable Dibble—these, and several other of the housekeepers of Smiles' Corner, on first hearing the news, were gathered in the court at Mrs. Dibble's doorstep (she paid the highest rent, and occupied the best apartments in the court on the ground floor), with hands under aprons, and shawls over heads, to talk it over and hear the particulars. "I knew just how it would end, and haven't I told you so a hundred times, and his mother too, if I have once," said Mrs. Dibble, when a due degree of

excitement had been reached. She was by virtue of her position, entitled to speak first—and last, too, for that matter, if she liked; as she usually did. "Haven't I kept my eye upon that boy for three years back, and noted his every movement?—and haven't I seen that he was going straight to ruin unless he was checked, and that pretty short? How much have the Sunday-school Committees tried to have him reform—how many visits have they made to his mother to get him into Sunday-school, where he would have the best moral training? But what did it amount to? His mother—poor simple soul!—was willing enough, but the boy could not, or would not, be pursuaded; and she hadn't back-bone enough to compel him to go. My soul! wouldn't I have sent him so quick his head would have swam some? How many times have the Young Men's Christian Association held psalm-singing on the corner here, for the sole purpose, as I have reason to know, of bringing these young lambs to the altar; but they might as well have sung to the rocks, or to the South Sea Islanders, to whom our language is unknown, as to try to impress anything on such a young reprobate's mind—except deviltry," she added, "which they are not dealers in, I believe."

"Quite true!" said Miss Pall, "and I have seen him with my own eyes, take and pin a piece of paper on to the coat-tails of those Christian gentlemen while they were engaged in their exercises, with such obscene and irreverent writing upon them as, 'What a Guy,' or 'For Sale,' or 'Does your mother know you are out;' or he would cut a step to accompany their singing when it was in quick time, for the other children to laugh at; and he was dextrous enough to escape being caught, and would subside into decent behavior the quickest I ever saw anybody in my brief experience with the world (she was forty, if she was a day): and, for my part, I don't wonder that he has come to what he has." To all of which the rest assented with profuse sighing, indicating that it was a fearful disgrace to have such a son, and that they felt much relieved to think they were not responsible for his behavior, nor involved in the consequences.

"But," said little Miss Winch, mildly, "it is a pity his poor mother has to suffer; and I think we ought to try and console her and help her in her trouble: besides, was Jim really a vicious boy? He was undoubtedly roguish and prankish," she explained, as several of the more timid looked aghast at this bold query, "but I never thought he was a bad boy at heart; and I have heard the old Sexton at Trinity say that if he was rightly managed he was a good, smart, and likely lad. I think we ought to try and do something for the poor mother, don't you?"

"Why, of course I do," said Mrs. Dibble, visibly nettled; "wasn't I just going over there when you came in? I am going this minute, as soon as I get my things on." Which she forthwith proceeded to do, assuming all the credit, both for the suggestion and its execution, with great complacency (an assumption which was duly honored), and flaunting into the presence of the object of her solicitude with the utmost cheerfulness, and exhorting her to bear up bravely in affliction, as that was her duty; citing several instances which had come under her notice of the apprehension of heretofore very excellent sons, in which the mothers had not so much as shed a tear, much less thrown themselves into a nervous headache, as she had done; and taking other cogent means of relieving her woe, all of which was chorused by the followers of their chief; ending by precipitating her into violent hysterics, after which they departed, highly gratified.

Then, on the other hand, there were the Bachelors at the Lodgings, and Gorpson, who kept a grocery where the Bachelors gravitated naturally for their evening sociality; all

of whom found little Jim Sutter immensely entertaining on these and kindred occasions, and recalled how he used to sing them a song, or tell a story, or dance a jig, as the demand was made, and everything with spirit and skill. They regretted their loss from selfish motives, and Jim's misfortune from real kindly ones. He used to come in on winter evenings after his supper, and relate the experiences of the day; for Jim had obtained the position of a Runner in the Western Union office, and met, in that capacity, with some curious adventures, which, to a sharp boy like him, were meat and drink.

"I remember," said Ben Chisholm, —who was the *Old* Bachelor of the Lodgings, and a clerk in the Custom House—"I remember how he came home one night glowing with excitement, and told how he had delivered a message to a little miss that day—that hour, in fact,—'a real little fairy,' he said, with flowing wavy hair, and 'plenty of sashes and ribbons around her'; which was to the effect that her parents were coming on such a train, nearly due; and 'she was so delighted,' said Jim, who was waiting for the answer, 'that she flung her arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson, and then run away up-stairs blushing like anything.' 'I'm a-going to marry that girl,' said Jim, 'see if I don't.' Ha! ha! ha!"

Again, he had been hotly abused when delivering a message in the lower regions (of the city) to an ignorant Irish woman, to whom he had to interpret it; and was belabored and besmeared with a dirty broom she had in her hand, accompanied by a volley of abuse from her tongue, and the snapping of a starved mongrel of the canine species, all because her renegade husband had been arrested and telegraphed her the news. "But I killed that dog," said Jim, "bet your eyes! And cooked her goose awful done!" And now *he* was arrested.

He had often run into luck by being hired to make extreme haste in delivery, and had, on these occasions, pocketed as much as a dollar frequently, for his services in dispatch. Then he would sally into Gorpson's with the air of a capitalist, call on "ale for everybody," and recount the strike he had made, and the superhuman speed it had cost him, and how he expected to make his pile in that business yet by the exercise of these extraordinary powers.

Another time, when he had walked miles — "Ten," he "guessed, easy enough,"—and searched long after hours for some obscure person who, perhaps, never had any existence, or had changed its locality so often that it was lost; or had got into a place and among people, where even his boy-courage quailed, and had had to get the protection of a policeman; or had been shocked, as even his boy-sensibilities sometimes were, by such occurrences as happened to him once, and which he graphically recounted afterwards, of being sent to deliver a message to a lady who proved to be very ill, and of its being attempted to keep it from her; but she, having heard it announced, demanding to have it read to her; of its being read in accordance with her demand, and of her immediately swooning away and dying outright, all within a minute, and before his scared eyes, which he could not have taken off her if he had been going to be skinned alive for not doing so. Or again, when he had to deliver a despatch, the last of a series of six or seven, all hopeful of a father's recovery, to three young ladies; which despatch announced the death of their loved parent; how he had haunted the street in which they lived, not daring to go in; how, at last, he had got to the doorstep, and his heart failing him, had run away again as fast as his legs could carry him, at hearing one of them singing at the piano; how he had, finally, impelled by duty, rung the bell, and before de-

livering the message had demanded the signature on his book, as he was in a great hurry because it was supper time, but really because he dreaded to see and hear what followed; how the girl who came out snatched the despatch and ran into her sisters without signing; how he had waited then, only to hear them shriek, and moan, and call on God for help, and to see them faint and fall, and to run with all his legs for help, crying, he knew not what—when he had had these experiences, he would say, and with reason, "By Golly, I must try and get into something else, for this kind of thing is wearing me out;" and to hear him tell of it, would make him friends of more unyielding material than that of which the Bachelors of the Lodgings were composed.

And so a sort of freemasonry had grown up between them and Sutter & Co.'s boy, which they had been loth to have broken off.

They had not been the best companions for the boy, very possibly, being too tolerant of his favorite vices, which were tobacco and ale; and, indeed, they came in for a share of the blame, when the blame came to be parcelled out; and feeling that their sympathy did not extend to the mother, they made no expression of their sympathy for Jim.

The old Sexton of the old church at the corner held this view of the case, from humanitarian and general philanthropic principles. Not that he believed in the saving virtues of boyhood, nor that Jim's was a super-virtuous character, but he liked boys, and thought Jim was a smart specimen; consequently, his opinion counted for nothing with the opposition.

"Ah!" said the old man, on hearing of the arrest, "a sad young rogue; a wild dog; a very Tartar of a boy! What a blow this will be to his mother. Poor soul, poor soul! I must go and see her first, and then I must go and see him." With which he put on his great coat and sallied out.

Meantime Sutter & Co. remained in violent hysterics, with little Miss Winch in attendance, waited on, in turn, by the washerwoman's girl, who had been called in from the street to help. Sutter & Co. lay prostrate on her bed, tossing and writhing in the most orthodox manner, and one which the greatest novice in diagnosing female ailments would have recognized at once as belonging only to hysterics, and demanding to be told, "Whydidi do it—whydidi—whydidi (gasp) whatasedun, oh—whatasedun—oh—oh—oh—oh (gasp, etc);" and presently, after more tossings and gaspings, and tearing of hair,—"oh whatever wouldispoor father say—if he knew it?—oh, whatshallido—oh, whatshalli ever do—oh, won't somebody help me," etc.

On the table were arranged the camphor and ammonia bottles, some of the patient's best gin, and a box of Dover's Powders, which were found in a cupboard by the distracted Miss Winch, by the happiest accident in the world, for she was looking for some hot water to mix the gin; and being found, and considered just the thing, were administered in triple doses every five minutes, to the no small relief of the washerwoman's girl, whose faith that "they would bring her 'round, only give 'em time," was a great consolation to Miss Winch.

That little woman was most terribly exercised. Never in her experience had she seen such an obstinate case; and she was something of a nurse, too. She flew between the back parlor, where the patient lay, and the front shop in quite marvelous time, and "perspired," as she afterwards said, "like rain."

The washerwoman's girl was at her elbow, except when she was on an errand after the doctor, or after somebody, or something; which she was, as far as the front door, on an average of once a minute, and then ordered to return and hold the patient's hand.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," said the little woman, when the old Sexton appeared. "You never saw anything like it; she's perfectly wild; I can't do anything with her; she raves and raves, worse and worse, it seems to me, every minute. It came on worse after the visit of the Smiles' Cornerers this morning, and it was bad enough before that, Land knows; but they are a little bit twisted ever since last summer, you know, and they excited her to that degree that there is no calming her. It must have been as many as three or four hour's she's been going on. Do say something to her!"

On the old Sexton's approach, Sutter & Co. inquired half a dozen times what he had done, and why he did it, and then varied the frenzy by the emphatic assertion that he was a good boy, and requiring to know if he was not, and who said he was not, and if she hadn't always kept a good name for him. This Miss Winch regarded as a good omen, and whispered the Sexton that it was the first change she had observed, and that she had feared the poor woman had really believed Jim guilty of some fearful crime, though before this, she had always defended him with true motherly zeal.

The old man did his best to soothe her, telling her that the boy was not bad by any means, and that he believed in him yet, and would do his best to clear him from the charge he was under; and having finally gained her attention, attempted to divert her from the subject in mind, by relating how he had gained some influence over Jim, though he had exercised it unknown to her or Quarter Street; how Jim used to come into his room in the basement of the old church, frequently, and sit with him, when doubtless the Smiles' Cornerers thought him up to his pranks somewhere. He told her with great sprightliness, amounting almost to a tone of banter, that she must not lose her faith in the lad, because others condemned him; that he had really thought better of her than that, who ought to know that Jim was clever and kind of heart, and would prove himself all right, yet—" then what a reproach it would be to her!"

"You know he was always kind to other little boys, and when they were in trouble was ever their champion, ma'am. I have often heard them say it," said the anxious Miss Winch, endeavoring to keep up the interest.

"And oh, yes," said the washerwoman's girl, "and a many times, ma'am, he has taken my part when I was being snow-balled, and mud got on my dress by the other boys; and once he drove a big dog away when I was scared by it, ma'am. Yes, and a many times, too, he has carried my pail home for me when it was very heavy, and most broked my arm off; and only took a little bit of a drink of milk out of it, ma'am. I think Jim was really good, don't you, ma'am?"

These arts having in some measure calmed the patient, little Miss Winch whispered apart to the Sexton whether he knew what the nature of the offense was that Jim had committed; said that that uncertainty had contributed in no small degree to the fears of his mother; and advised that he go out and attempt to discover what it was, while she again took charge of the patient. This was acceded to, and acted upon at once.

Now it so happened, that this most pertinent inquiry had not only not been made to the Sexton before, but it hadn't been made to anybody as he could find out, by anybody else—except, of course, the hysterical queries of Sutter & Co.

It seemed to have been satisfactorily settled in the minds of each Quarter Streeter that it was a crime of heinous import—a shade or two less than murder, perhaps—and that, therefore, Jim Sutter was everlastingly done for, which, after all, was the main thing. If any one of them thought about it, they assumed to know as long as no-

body inquired of them, and so said nothing; whereas, the fact was that the Sexton, on setting the inquiry afloat, could find nobody that really did know.

At last he happened into the butcher shop before mentioned, and the butcher's man knew what "Mayhew" was—of course he did! "Hits gouging hout uv a man's hi, that's wot 'tis. Hi knew a man wot 'ad both hize mayhewed hin Lunun, and both mayhews got a ten pun fine, and two years hin Newgate. That's wot *they* got, an' served 'em right, too; an' this youngster'll get the same more'n likely, and serve *'im* right too hif truth's told."

This open satisfaction was generally re-echoed by the more secret satisfaction of the rest of Quarter Street; and so perverse is human nature, that steps which were on foot to aid Sutter & Co., in her distress, among the more kindly, were stopped at seeing the old Sexton engaged in the work single-hand, and without asking their co-operation. Indeed, Quarter Street set its face against Sutter & Co., from that time; and so hard a face was it, and so great its determination to put down crime and criminals, and all abettors of criminals, and all sympathisers with criminals, that old animosities between its individual features were healed on the instant; or, if the sores were of very long standing, and obstinate from the presence of proud flesh, were at least salved over and put in the way of healing, by this wonderful community of virtuous resolve.

Unlimited credit was given at Gorpson's, where credit had been refused before, and "Pay as you go," a placarded motto; the gutter between the Lodgings and Smiles' Corner, long a cause of contention between the respective localities as to whom it belonged to keep cleaned, was swept dry at least twice that day, once by each of the contestants, in a spirit of friendly rivalry beautiful to see; and a secret receipt, that Mrs. Dibble had heretofore possessed wholly, and guarded from the rest of the world most jealously, to whom it had been a cause of untold envy for months, was publicly posted on the door of that lady's domicile, where all might read and enjoy.

The very cats, long pitted against one another as to their fighting qualities, or their rat-catching qualities, and hence, bearing themselves with bristling animosity towards one another, became conscious of a truce, and soon began to purr peacefully in concert; several of them even venturing to rub their backs against alien legs, fearless of sly kicks.

Then was it that the old Sexton, still pursuing his inquiries, was met and accosted by a man who shook his hand familiarly, took him into a convenient doorway, and much to his surprise, (though he knew the man well), was informed that he must drop the subject of Jim Sutter, for "That's *my* affair, you know, in revenge, and I have been watching for just such a chance. It will make my peace, and you must let it alone. I will bring the boy to her—he is all right;" and so sent the Sexton home again.

Then was it that the Smiles' Cornerers, being on the watch for developments, became conscious of the presence among them of Benjamin Lotwig, Insurance Solicitor, and Adjuster of Losses, who had not been seen since he was turned out, bag and baggage, from Sutter & Co.'s the year before, for taking Gorpson's part in the old quarrel; and Benjamin Lotwig, not alone, but leading by the hand Jim Sutter, dressed in a new suit of clothes, and pert and flippant as ever.

Then was it that Benjamin Lotwig, after shaking hands all around, publicly announced in Smiles' Corner, that he was the boy's champion, and was prepared to defend him against all comers; that he was going to renew his suit for the widow Sutter's hand, and had brought the boy to plead his cause; that if accepted he should remain among them *her* cham-

pion and defender against the world, and should take Jim into his own training, and, if necessary, give him a course of sprouts; but if unsuccessful, he should depart immediately, and be seen no more forever.

Then was it that he proceeded to Sutter & Co.'s, followed by the best wishes of all, and in person by the more sagacious of the Smiles' Cornerers, who were anxious to be the first to congratulate the widow Sutter, and remind her that they were also the first to offer their sympathy when she was in trouble. And then did they learn of her gratitude for the delivery of her boy, and her fealty to the deliverer.

And then, once again, did the congratulations pour in, and much gratuitous zeal became manifest, and many tongues vie with each other in singing the praise of Sutter & Co.; her fortitude under affliction; her brave resent of wrong; her great affection for her boy, and his remarkable restoration unscathed; all of which was just as they expected and prophesied.

Then, too, at last, did it come out through the confession of the artful Lotwig, that Jim hadn't been arrested at all, but had been enticed away for purposes of his (Lotwig's) own, now manifest, and the story set afloat in aid of this purpose.

Then was he declared a most unscrupulous wretch, and had his ears soundly slapped by his future bride; after which he was most emphatically assured by that lady, "and he very well knew," that nothing under the blue heavens but that very stratagem would have won her heart.

And then, too, Jim, being thus unexpectedly vindicated (it being, however, adduced as further evidence of the spirit of true prophesy having been among them), came in for unstinted praise and flattery, which he received with stoical indifference; but every present blemish was persistently denied, and as the blame of his past misdeeds must fall somewhere, and as no one present was entitled to receive any, it was unceremoniously shouldered off neck and heels, and so got rid of, onto the Bachelors of the Lodgings; who were not only conveniently mixed up with the affair, but were the only parties so interested, who were able to bear the blame without harm.

And so this was considered a very happy adjustment, and the episode ended satisfactorily for everybody; the butcher being the only one who held to his adverse opinion; and even he was fain to soften a little, when he learned there was a man in the question, and some likelihood of a continuation of his custom from that quarter, with a possible increase of it eventually.

The wedding was celebrated in due time, in Old Trinity, and the old Sexton assisted in giving Jim a father who was to relieve everybody of all anxiety on his account, and perpetually keep him straight—but the firm of Sutter & Co. was known in Quarter Street no more.

SIXTY SECONDS IN A DROP OF WATER.

It is utterly impossible to describe the frantic delight of the people, as they saw the enemy surging away in the distance. The very thought of their marvelous success made them almost wild with enthusiasm. They danced like madmen through the streets. From every tower, palace and pinnacle there arose an exultant shout, that rolled through the city like a turbulent wave. A single voice, falling upon the reverberating roar, reminded one of a rain-drop sinking into an ocean billow. The crystal bells pealed forth their notes in unison with the tumultuous joy that ebbed up from all hearts.

Suddenly every voice was hushed!

A dreadful stillness crept over the city, until I wondered what terrible disaster brooded near. As I looked out over the scene, and saw the tens of thousands that crowded every height, until the crystal city had the appearance of a huge myriad-headed monster, I found expectancy depicted upon every face. As I gazed in wonder and awe at the hushed throngs, the stillness was broken by the mellow tones of a bell; which, from the richness of sound, and depth of voice, must have been larger than the Czar Kolokol at Moscow. This was the key note. In answer to its clanging, another, and yet another chime sounded forth in perfect harmony. At times the tongues seemed muffled, and gave forth a gentle tintinnabulation that sank with glorious accord into the pleasure-quivering heart. Then the melodies increased in volume, like the swelling tempest that has just crossed the granite obstruction that momentarily checked its speed. Once, when the ringing had almost died away, a chorus of voices took up the symphony, and carried it from tender pathos up to exultant triumph. At this point the mortars belched forth their music from a hundred red-hot throats; but, so loudly was the chorus swelling, that their thundering notes seemed only so many drums keeping the various parts in time.

Seeing one of my former guides beckoning to me, I followed him, until we stood by a strange architectural pile, which had, so far, escaped my notice. It consisted of many hundreds of circular towers, which stood in symmetrical order. These towers arose, perpendicularly, to different, and at times, to towering heights. They were simply hollow, crystal cylinders, with the upper ends nearly closed. Had this structure been a thousand times smaller, I should have taken it for a mammoth pipe organ.

As I looked in admiration at the complicated edifice, and tried to discover its use, I saw that it was trembling as if shaken by some unseen power. At first I could distinguish no distinct sound; so loudly were the victorious song, and accompanying music, surging up to my brain. But at last I heard a soft note here and there in the harmony, which I knew came from these crystalline towers; and I perceived that the music evoked was in unison with the pealing bells, and the song of victory. As the chorus died away, this instrument—for it was an organ—trilled forth a most ravishing accompaniment. It had no bellows, save the reservoirs of ether; and these forced up their energies into the rock pipes, where they were transformed into sound. After expending its musical qualities, I saw that the ether made its appearance at the summit of each tower in flaming tongues of fire. I had always thought that harmony of sound, and harmony of vision were identical; but never before had I *seen* Music and *heard* Beauty. The previous opinion, which I had held, that Harmony may enter the brain through the different senses, and reveal itself to the mind as Beauty, Fragrance and Music, and yet remain Harmony, was confirmed by seeing the chromatic scale transformed into a magnificent pyrotechnical exhibition. I even found that the air was filled with a sweet aroma, that dropped on every side, as the flaming tongues seemed to melt away to nothingness. I have no doubt but that each fragrant atom, that appealed so gently to my brain, would have been as beautiful, and as musical, as it was sweet, could it have been magnified to infinite proportions; and had I been endowed with the exquisite sensibilities which are so necessary to grasp and appreciate harmony.

But these thoughts of mine were instantaneous, and did not break in upon the oratorio that my faculties were striving to grasp in all its parts. Under the influence of such inspiring strains, the mind was elevated and

quickened; so that a dozen different ideas could be formed at once; and many parallel threads of thought spun out without any danger of entanglement.

Before the song had entirely died away, the people manifested their joy in yet another manner, that added new interest to the occasion. The lightning concentrators had been so placed, that the great lenses could be reversed, and the electric flashes applied from beneath instead of above. As I looked at these monsters, which had proven the guardian angels of the city, I saw that we were to have a most magnificent exhibition in honor of the victory so lately gained. But how feeble the pen that shall attempt to describe that play of fire, as all the force of a million thunderbolts was developed and revealed, under the control of mind! From each set of crystals a flashing cone of fire arose to a great height, which was moved hither and thither as easily as if it had been a shadow. At first each of these cones described a circle, which interlocked with the corresponding circle on either side, until a mighty chain of lightning belted the city, and hung pendant over the outer walls. Then the flaming pillars could be seen oscillating to the right, and to the left, each pillar describing one side of a polygon that circumscribed the town. Suddenly their direction was changed; and they were made to move rapidly, first toward the city, and then away from it; so that the walls had all the ap-appearance of being castellated with turrets of flame. As if by magic, the white cones were turned inward, and gradually lengthened until the focal points met directly overhead, and formed a star of inconceivable brilliancy. The sight was most sublime, as we stood on the apex of one of Crystalia's palaces, and looked up at the dome of lurid light. I could but imagine that it was an Aurora Borealis enlarged from an arc to a circle; and then contracted, until the diameter of its base was less than half a league. The triumphal processions of a Cæsar, or a Mark Antony, are not to be compared with the glory of that glad celebration. Cæsar and Antony conquered by Genius and Force. Crystalia had triumphed by the aid of Genius alone.

As we stood in awe under the light that was flashed down from above, we were startled by a loud cry of alarm; and we could see the watchmen running hither and thither. The cause of the outcry was soon discovered; for the enemy had halted in the distance, and was gathering together its chaotic forces. The barbarians had found, while in full flight, that there was no foe in pursuit, and had come to a stand still. They were at a great distance from the city; but yet we could see that they were consulting together as if in regard to their future course of action.

As soon as the people could be brought to realize that the danger was not yet over, they set themselves to work, in preparation for whatever might take place.

As their only hope lay in the mighty electric powers which they had at hand, they proceeded to recharge the reservoirs with fiery ammunition. The immense stores had been nearly exhausted during the battle and the subsequent period of rejoicing, so that the most energetic efforts were necessary to obtain sufficient power for another engagement.

Every one was at his post of duty; and all labored with a will. The mighty engines creaked and groaned, as they took in and digested their powerful food. At times, it seemed as if the rock would be rent asunder, so tremendous were the blasts that were forced into the reservoirs.

When the work had been fairly commenced, the officers proceeded to examine the various engines of destruction, to see that everything was in readiness.

As they entered the passages leading from the city out to the enemy's

lines, a startling and terrible fact was realized, which almost petrified them with fear! *The mines, having been once employed, were now worse than useless!* There were as many avenues leading into the heart of the city as there had been charged vaults! After a hurried and exciting debate, they resolved to fill the exploded cavities with the *debris* that could be collected. Thousands of willing hands went to work; and, in a short time, had hurled every available rock, and tree and mutilated foe into the yawning chasms.

This work was completed none too soon; for the maddened savages were again returning to the attack, apparently as numerous as before.

The danger was appreciated by all, as they determined to sacrifice their lives, rather than to surrender to the enemy.

It was but a short time after the foe had begun to collect its scattered forces, that it again came within range of the mortars. These powerful weapons carried death and destruction into the ranks of the savage hordes; but failed to check their rapid approach. When they came to the deep pits, where so many of their number had been destroyed, they immediately began to clear away the obstructions which had so recently been gathered, and piled within the openings. As they commenced their work, the leaders of the people decided to first effect as much damage upon the foe as possible, by exploding the partially formed mines; and then to fill the passages with their soldiers, and as many lightning concentrators as could be conveniently removed and set up.

The first explosion was awaited with intense interest, for upon its success depended much of the hope of the city. The decisive moment came! The fiery charge rolled out to the enemy and produced great havoc in the ranks. But the effect was light, as compared with what had been accomplished when the mines were first used. One after another the horrid blasts rolled outwards upon their deadly mission; the mortars, in the meanwhile, keeping up a constant avalanche of boulders and molten lava.

In a short time the last mine had been exploded. But forward crowded the brutal mob, with wild shouts of defiance, filling the mouth of every opening with a surging throng of demons.

As soon as it was seen that the cones of fire would be ineffectual from the walls, many of the lenses were removed to the underground tunnels, there to perform their dreadful work.

As I stood near the commanding spirits of the city, I could only decide as to the condition of things, by the apparent success or defeat of the enemy in the distance. At times the mass of frantic beings would rush inward like a torrent. Then we knew they were conquering. Again they could be seen emerging slowly; and we felt that our warriors were victorious.

Yet what was bravery, or unequaled genius, against such a sea of brutal fury? The tide might be checked in one place, but it was sure to rush inward in another. Had the enemy come near the walls of the city, or had there been a score of well guarded lightning hurlers near the now useless mines, the case would have been different. But there was nothing between Crystalia and ruin, but the brave soldiers who were sacrificing themselves for their city's honor. It was simply a question of time; and we felt that the place was doomed. How bitterly did the leaders regret that they had not calculated upon a second attack, when they had so recklessly discharged their mines. But now it was too late; for we could see the enemy rapidly entering the distant openings, and we knew that they were driving back our courageous defenders. All too soon the beaten guards began to make their appearance from the towers which led to

the reservoirs. As soon as they reached the open air, they rushed for the engines which yet remained near the walls, and fixed the focus of each series of lenses upon some one of the various openings which led to the underground caverns. Although the barbarians were swarming through the caves that honeycombed the great rock, yet there was no danger of their injuring the electric stores that still remained, as they were confined in reservoirs which could not easily be broken open.

The engines, however, were soon disabled, so that the manufacture of electric force entirely ceased; and there was nothing left to be done, but to use the limited energies that were yet in reserve.

As the last detachments of defeated soldiery made their appearance, the enemy also began to rise above the ground in the heart of the city. Immediately the fiery points fell upon them, and burnt to tinder the wretched beings, as they appeared. Yet they continued to swarm outwards—forced along by the mob behind—and piled their scorched carcases in writhing, offensive hecatombs.

As we looked anxiously out towards the enemy, we could see it pouring into the different openings, like seething torrents, in apparent unconsciousness and indifference, to the fate of those who had gone before.

Had the electric stores been far greater, it would have been possible to have choked the passages with dead bodies; but the supply was fast failing under the continual drain that was being made upon it.

The frantic throng now attempted to barricade the entrances with the shriveled forms of the foe; but only succeeded in postponing, for a short time, the inevitable result.

Suddenly the cones of fire were extinguished! The stores of electricity had not been exhausted, and I wondered at the step. But soon I discovered the cause. The city was doomed to destruction; but not by the hand of her foe! Crystalia was about to erect her own monument. She had fought, and fought nobly, but had determined never to become the slave of any master.

With fiendish cries of exultation the cruel hosts ascended to the heart of the city. As their feet touched the pavement, the horrid work of butchery began. But it did not continue long; for the inhabitants sought refuge in their beautiful and strong palaces. The angry mobs poured along the streets by the thousands, and tens of thousands; and vainly attempted to batter down the crystal walls of the many lofty buildings.

Suddenly there was a low murmuring roar that shook the city! This rapidly grew louder, and more terrible! As I looked down from my lofty position, I could see the great towers reeling too and fro like drunken men! Then the palaces began to fall upon the heads of the affrighted savages! The electric vaults of the city had been opened by our more than Spartan defenders! The ground began to upheave, as the mighty energies exerted their strength! One fearful crash! A thousand flashes of forked lightning in a single instant! A thousand speeding thunderbolts! One mighty rumble and roar; and all was over! Crystalia had fallen; but she had died like a Samson!

(To be continued.)



YE FUNNY REPORTAIRE.

SOMETHING SERIO-COMICO-TRAGICAL IN THREE ACTS.

SITUATION—Left for the Imagination.
TIME—Two Years' Credit.

Preliminary Personalities.

YE EDITAIRE—A modern journalist with a light head and pen and a boil on his nose; merely the employer of ye Reportaire.

YE FUNNY REPORTAIRE—Another specimen of the fruit of the tree of journalism—with sharper shears than wits.

ACT I, SCENE I.

[*Stage set for Editor's sanctum; Editor wrapped in brown study and other habiliments, partially concealed behind breastwork of exchanges; the emblem of the profession, the goosequill embalmed in the paste-pot; the type-ical printer's devil in the stage-box as a super-fluous prompter; gives cue three times in hoarse whisper when Editor vents himself.*]

EDITOR—This news-paper—it fails—its circulation goes;
And yet to save its life I've worked, creation knows.

[*Wrings his hands—long paws.*]

Yes, how to quicken its poor circulation; that's the question;
The owners of its stock are wild and I have no digestion.

[*A huge joke, stuffed and mounted under a glass case, phantom-like, steals across the stage unperceived.*]

The thought has come at last! By Jove, it could not come too soon.
This paper in the play of "Journalism" shall be the *Pantaloon*--
To ridicule, hold up to laughter, all that comes along;
Its leaders light (as they must be), all locals burlesqued strong.

[*Attempts to write a joke on Tilden's boils; fails sorely, through sympathy; in despair—*]

Where shall I get the fiend to fit the *Pantaloon?* Where-find-him?



[*Crosses stage rapidly. Countenance boils over with the illumination of an idea.*]

I'll buy him; yes, all but his conscience, for that might bind him.

[*The soliloquy is dropped with the curtain; they all go out.*]

ACT II, SCENE I.

[*Stage set for local sanctum; Persian divans, Turkish carpets, pier mirrors, and lambrequins, strewed about recklessly; a dictionary, "Guide to Journalism," and the "Complete Clown," on the shelf; subsidized Reporter in communion with himself.*]

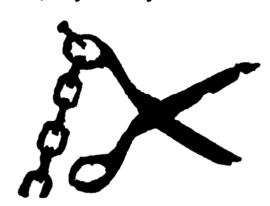
REPORTER—Oh cursed fate, that every single day
I have to manufacture fun for pay;
To render up new jokes, side-splitting—
Ye shades of Erebus, 'tis not fitting.
My writings are obliged to be grotesque;
I pun and satirize burlesque;
Ye Editor doth often scold me well, lest he
Should lose a bit of wholesome travestie.

[*The Editor is led in by the devil disguised as a printer's apprentice.*]

EDITOR—Your work is well; our circulation waxes;
Now holders of our stock can pay their taxes.
Of *Pantaloon* thou truly art the spirit,
Now list to my advice, be sure and hear it:
Writing a thing upon its merits—that's all smoke;
Even matters sacred, make them out a joke.
So, if a poor and unknown girl should die
To write it up real funny you must try.

[*Is pulled off the stage by supers.*]

REPORTER—Oh, weary world, if you but knew my task,
To render an account, my soul you would not ask.



[*Sees his shears; seizes shears.*]

Where is the *Free Press* with "His Honor"
And "Bijah" dealing justice round the co'ner?
The *Heralds*, Vicksburg, Norristown I'll clip,
To break the chain of laughter, which they slip;
The Danbury *News*, and other papers too,
I'll cut them all, and that without ado.
I credit not, but get the credit all,
And that while my own labor's very small.

[*Tableau:—Made from the cuts in the exchanges.*]

Act III, Scene I.

[*Stage set as before—and behind.*]

Editor (*to Reporter*)—You know that heavy sheet which we so hate—
Our pompous neighbor, the *Soberly Sedate?*

Reporter—Quite well, indeed; for manuscript
Out from my fingers into their's has slipped.

Editor—Now hark ye, minion, or brevier—
Write me a leader; without facts or fear
You may concoct it; The grim *Sedate*
Has stood above us much too oft of late.
To crush it you must write; sneer and satirize;
If not with truth then manufacture lies.

Reporter—Extracts I have, with which I will contract
Our neighbor's fame—without regard to fact.

[*The scenes slide; so do they all.*]

Scene II.

[*Two or three lapse of time intervene before the curtain rises; as curtain ascends so does the spirit of the Reporter who is discovered (with lorgnettes) to be dead, with his face in the mucilage bottle; in his hand is held the effusion called for by the Editor; enter Editor on parlor-skates.*]

Editor—Ho, what is this?
Is aught amiss?
This paper—I will read it;
The boy? What, dead? Then he'll not need it!

[*Reads the libel on rival paper.*]

'To What Base Uses,' Etc.—It is currently reported, to begin originally—that the morning edition of the *Soberly Sedate* is printed on the pocket handkerchiefs of its subscribers, who, after reading the contents, send the cloths to the laundry, whence they are returned to the journal named and used over again. This probably accounts for the fact that our neighbor's editorials are so often sneezed at. We suggest a new name for the paper; how would (*his nose twinges with a motion*) the *Nasal Organ* do? And—

[*At this point the Editor becomes convulsed with laughter and dies to the slow music of an organ-grinder outside.*]



SOLITUDE.

A society of artists decided to illustrate the subject of "Solitude," each in his own way, and to compare notes afterwards. A variety of sketches were the result. One represented a stork standing in a pool in the grim, silent depths of a forest at noon. Another, a dilapidated pocket-book with a careworn dollar-bill for its only occupant. A third, a grave in a lonely snow-covered field, with a cross at its head, on which one could read by the light of the white moon, "Unknown." Another, some Aztec ruins, centuries old, with a far stretching desert for a background. Among those a little "off" the required subject, was the following, which was denominated :

A CASE OF SUPPOSED SOLITUDE.

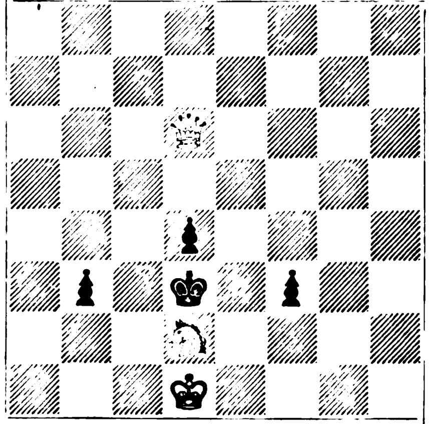


CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 15. By G. C. Farnsworth.

BLACK.



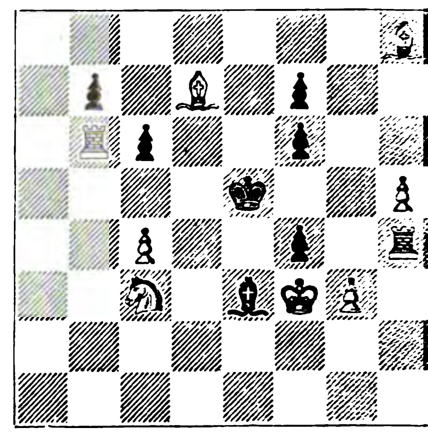
WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 6. By Richard Lacy, of Rhode Island.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

Mr. Bird's presence in this country continues to keep up a lively interest in chess matters. Together with Captain McKenzie he has made a visit to Philadelphia, where quite a number of matches took place. The members of the Philadelphia Chess Club were generally quite successful in their encounters with the visitors, making in all a score which was exceedingly creditable, considering the very high reputation these two players hold in the chess world. It was hoped that a match would be arranged between these two gentlemen, but it failed to come off for some reason,

—The match arranged between Captain McKenzie and Mr. Mason, announced in the various chess periodicals, has fallen through, on account of a disagreement as to the place of play. It is unfortunate that this difficulty should have stood in the way, for every one would have enjoyed a perusal of the games which a match between such strong players would elicit.

—The Centennial tournament will be held under the auspices of the Philadelphia Chess Club, and although we have not approved of the action the Club has taken in taking the place of the American Association, still we must give them credit for the prompt and efficient manner in which they have taken hold of the matter. There probably is no organization in the country, which would so energetically carry forward this vast undertaking. They have already a large amount of money subscribed, and are using every effort to make the tournament a grand success.

—The Steinitz-Blackburne match, which has hung fire so long, was announced to commence sometime during last month.

—The Connecticut chess tournament, which was to have taken place last month, has been postponed on account of the absence of players.

—Some interesting games intended for this month are deferred until our next issue on account of lack of space.

WHITE (G. W. Taylor.)		BLACK. (O. A. Brownson.)	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1—P K 4	1—P K 4	19—S tk B	19—K B 2
2—B B 4	2—S K B 3 *a*	20—Q R K 1	20—Q R K 1
3—S K B 3	3—S tk K P	21—B K 3	21—S K 4
4—P Q 3	4—S K B 3	22—B tk B	22—S Q B 5
5—S tk K P	5—P Q 4	23—P Q S 3	23—R P tk B
6—Q K 2	6—B K 3	24—R tk R	24—S Q 7
7—B Q S 3	7—B Q 3	25—R Q 1	25—R tk R
8—P K B 4	8—Castles	26—S K 3	26—K B 3
9—B K 3	9—Q S Q 2	27—S tk Q P ch	27—S K 5
10—P Q 4	10—K S K 5 *b*	28—P K B 3	28—K B 2
11—S Q 2 *c*	11—Q K R 5 ch	29—P tk S	29—P Q B 3
12—P K S 3 *d*	12—S tk K S P	30—P tk P *g*	30—P tk S
13—Q K B 2	13—S K B 4	31—P Q B 4	31—R Q 1
14—Q tk Q *e*	14—S tk Q	32—R K 1	32—K B 3
15—S tk Q S	15—B tk S	33—P Q R 4	33—R Q K 1
16—B tk P	16—P Q B 3 *f*	34—R K 7 ch	34—K S 2
17—B Q S 3	17—B tk K B P	35—R tk K R P	35—K K B
18—B tk B	18—S S 7 ch	Resigns.	

(*a*). S is the symbol used for Knight by Professor Brownson in his *Chess Journal.*

(*b*). A good move.

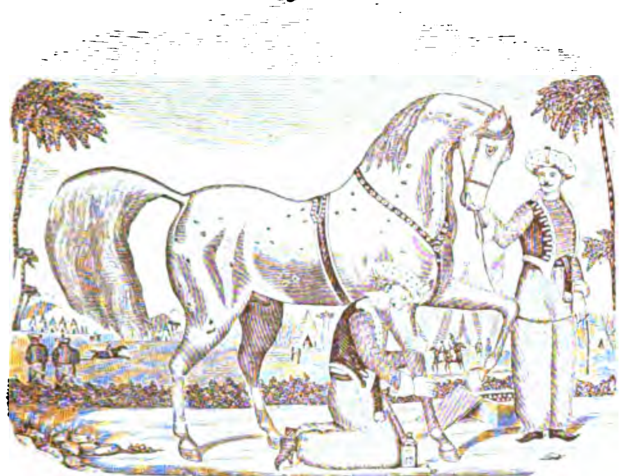
(*c*). Bad. He should have Castled, or even, S to K B 3 would have been preferable.

(*d*). Black now wins a Pawn at least.

(*e*). It would have been better to have Castled on the Queen's side.

(*f*). Black now regains the Pawn very neatly with much the better position.

(*g*). The Professor now wins very easily a well contested game on his part.



THE FAIRBANKS SCALE CO. have opened the Centennial year with a very decided card for themselves in the victory which they have recently won at Washington in receiving the government contract. The best of this victory is the fact that it was won, not on the lowness of the bid, for the company with whom the Fairbanks competed put in a bid far below the latter. It was the merits of the two scales, carefully and scientifically tested by Professor Mew for the United States government, which decided the award. This test established the fact that the Fairbanks Scales were always and in every respect accurate. As the contest was open to all the Scale Co.'s, this award establishes, if it were not already thoroughly established in the minds of the people, the fact that the Fairbanks are the Standard. The enterprise and energy which characterizes this company extends to all its branches. The Buffalo warehouse has just been removed to a large and commodious up-town store in the centre of the business part of Buffalo; and here, with plenty of room and an ample stock, they are prepared for a Centennial year's business. We shall have something to say of the new quarters in a future number.

A WORD TO ARTISTS.

If there is any man who needs in his w just the right materials and tools, it is Artist; and it is exasperating to him, fatal to his work, if he does not have th Artists in Buffalo, whether professiona amateur, through the painstaking of George A. Deuther, who has for the 25 years been devoting himself to the acc ulation of the most comprehensive stoc this line, are relieved from the inconveni just mentioned.

Everything that an Artist needs, in C Water Colors, or in India Ink, Sepia, I co, Coach and Sign Painting, or in Pa Monochromatic, Pencil and other Cr drawings, he can find here (184 Washin St.); and Gilders', Lithographers' and W flower Makers' supplies are also kep hand. The variety is so complete that most peculiar taste can be satisfied. Co ing the peculiar and curious tools and m rials of the profession, those things which best Artists use, is a passion with Mr. ther, and his great object is to leave no in this direction unsupplied.

NOBODY who can read will find it pos to skip the prominent announcement w occupies the next page.

THE GLOBE.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

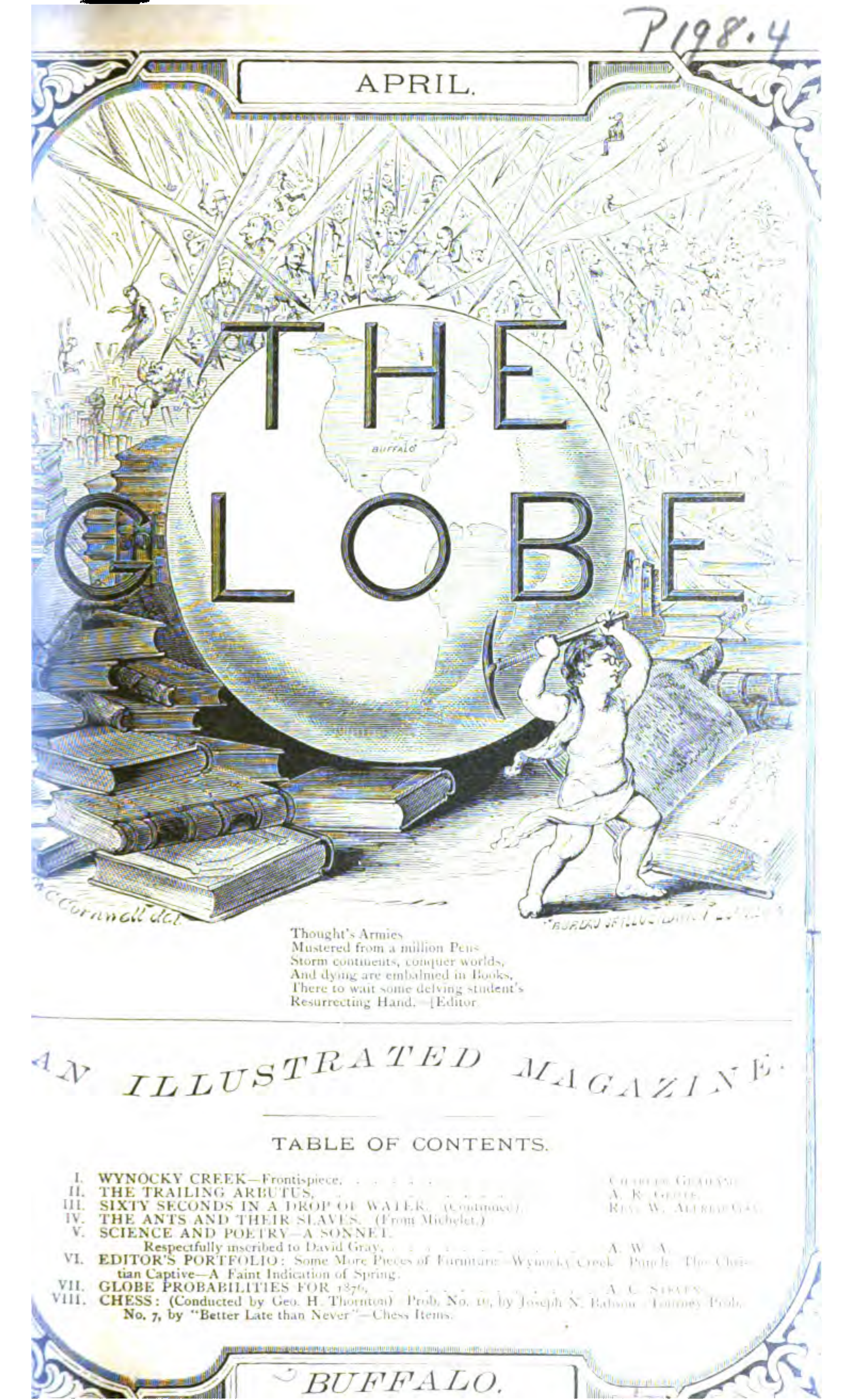
VOLUME IV.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
PUBLISHED BY THE GLOBE COMPANY.
1877.

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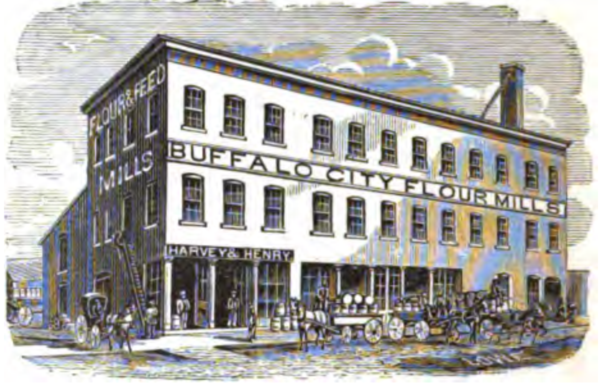
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APRIL.
THE GLOBE
BUFFALO
Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.
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BUFFALO.

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Makes this stove the best; combining every known improvement to this day. It is a beautiful stove in appearance, castings as smooth as glass, and any one wishing to see a good heating stove work to perfection is invited to look at it.

W. WOLTGE,

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ANY LADY can earn a new $65 WEED SEWING MACHINE (direct from the warehouses of the Company) by a few days' canvassing for the *THE GLOBE*, an Illustrated Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.



WYNOCKY CREEK, NEW JERSEY.

THE GLOBE.

Vol. IV.] APRIL, 1876. [No. 1.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

After the snows their fleecy covers
Lift from the ground,
Thy prostrate stems the year discovers
When buds abound.

With lips grown warm at their own pressure,
Fair April hies
To leave first kisses on my treasure,
His boyish prize;

As waiting lips are forced asunder
In loving much,
Thy petals open with glad wonder
At April's touch.

Where, in thine own New England twining,
O! flower of mine,
I hold thy clusters fast, consigning
My face to thine,

Past Aprils come in cruel fashion
Through empty years,
Thy scented blossom breathes a passion
That brings the tears.

A. R. Grote.

SIXTY SECONDS IN A DROP OF WATER.

The ruin of Crystalia was complete. Her grand works of Nature, and of Art, had been destroyed by the tremendous explosion, so that she was now a thing of the past.

Miraculous as it may seem, yet many of the people passed through that fearful ordeal almost uninjured; and lived to become, what they had so much dreaded, the slaves of the barbarians. The fact that any lives were spared, was due to the scant supply of electric force. If that had been but twice as great as it was, the foundation rock would have been blown to fragments, and every person destroyed.

Upon arising to my feet, I found the spot to which I had been hurled favorable for protection from the shower of falling rocks. But the scene on every side was indeed agonizing and heart-rending. My pen shall not describe the appearance of that blighted, ruined place, as I first looked upon it after its untimely fall. What with sorrow for the loss of my old associates, and fear in the shadow of an unknown future, my thoughts were fully occupied. I hardly knew whether to be thankful for, or to weep over, my salvation.

At first a vague hope had dawned upon me, that perhaps the enemy, as well as Crystalia, had been annihilated. But a moment's observation convinced me of the fallacy of such an expectation; for there were soon visible many scores of thousands, who had been untouched by the explosion. These survivors, finding that there was no further opposition to their attack, came pouring in upon the mighty wreck.

They soon realized how completely their purposes had been thwarted, and realizing, began to act like so many maddened demons. They roamed through the streets, looking everywhere for the treasure they had expected to capture. They called upon their deity to avenge their loss. They struck themselves continually in their brutish anger. But it was all in vain.

I afterwards learned that it had been their intention to make Crystalia, and the surrounding country, tributary to their rude government; and that they had anticipated much temporal good from such a condition of things. But they had simply paid a fearful price for that which was worthless; and in their revenge, they began to hack and hew both the living and the dead.

It seemed as if my examination of this beautiful world must suddenly, and disastrously, come to an end, when I was again spared by that spirit of curiosity, on the part of these savages, which, in other cases, has preserved the lives of both individuals and nations. I had read somewhere, of an early inhabitant of America, who had avoided death by showing his Indian captors a compass. I had no compass with me, even had I retained my presence of mind; but the complicated structure of my body proved to be a greater novelty to these creatures than was Smith's magnetic needle to the aborigines of North America.

The moment that these murderers set their eyes upon me, proved to be the moment of my salvation; for they ceased their inhuman butchery at once, and gathered around in awe and wonder. Immediately perceiving my advantage, I stepped towards them as if I had never thought of fear—which certainly was not the case.

My experience with these savages was simply a repetition of what had occurred upon my arrival in Crystalia; but I was not as ready to check the emotions that had been stirred up in their hearts, as I had been to convince my former friends of my likeness to them; for here, I felt, lay my only hope of preservation. Besides this, I had a great desire to learn more of these strange beings who had exhibited such consummate, although beastly, courage.

As I have stated before, there were

three elements—including the ether —entering into the physical combination of each inhabitant of Crystalia. But before me were creatures far more complicated in structure, than my former friends. The brief examination which the circumstances permitted, showed me, that there must be at least four elements entering into combination to form the bodies of my captors. I could not account for this strange phenomenon, for I had supposed that all the inhabitants of this crystal world were composed of only the two simple elements which unite to form water.

But the ignorant mob soon hurried me, and the few prisoners that they had spared, towards the distant country that they called their home; and we turned our backs forever upon the broken remains of the once beautiful city.

On the way a strange event occurred, which illustrates the differences of effect and time, between the circumstances of earth, and the phenomena revealed in a drop of water; although the same cause may produce both series of results.

I afterward found that some one, while handling a small mirror, had allowed it, momentarily, to reflect the light of the morning sun upon the tiny world, which had taught me so many lessons.

Both the cause and the effect seemed infinitely small to their originator; but they were infinitely great, in the change which they wrought upon the nature and conditions of the crystalline globe.

Shortly after we left the depopulated city, we became conscious of a gradual elevation in the temperature, and of an intensifying light that permeated everything. At last the heat and radiance became unendurable. It seemed as if the rocks would melt, while the whole face of nature was aglow with smoldering fire. The multitudes threw themselves upon the ground; and in their agonizing contortions, had the appearance of so many devils writhing under the burning eye of the Omnipotent. The trees twisted themselves together, as if they had been curling papers in the hand of a child. Shrubs, plants and flowers emitted sharp crackling sounds, and then rolled angrily into each other, until they formed a net-work of interwoven glass wire. The valleys and hills began to draw away from each other; leaving between, great chasms, which gave the country the appearance of the first map of a school boy. The mountains and long rocky ranges looked like pyramids, or belted chains of livid fire, with here and there a flaming tongue darting zenithward. The heavens were so brilliantly illuminated that the scorched eye balls turned in upon themselves in agony.

Had this intense heat continued but a little longer, the whole globe would inevitably have been destroyed, for already, clouds of glassy vapor were bursting up from the rent ground; while molten lava began to trickle down from the summits of the highest crags. Many of the foe had yielded up their lives, and very soon, all would have been no more.

Almost before we realized it, the liquid fire had congealed, so that the mountains had the appearance of being crowned with massive crests of shining jewels.

As gradually as they had before increased, the heat and light now lost their intensity; until, in time, the temperature had almost assumed its normal condition.

When the remaining barbarians had partially overcome their terror, they resumed their journey. Traveling, however, was no easy matter, for great gulfs opened before us at almost every step. But by dint of perseverance and laborious climbing, we at last entered the once distant, as well as dreaded, land.

Upon inquiry I had found that the governmental polity was quite similar to that of Ancient Greece, with the one noted exception, that it lacked the semi-civilized cultivation of Helenistic rule. I had also discovered that the country—as nearly as I can translate the name—was called Gurgia.

From the moment that we crossed into this wild region, I looked in vain for houses. But the more I scanned the vast areas of territory, the more was I befogged. Upon questioning my companions, I was informed that the inhabitants had taken advantage of the natural contour of the land, and the peculiar construction of the vast mountains; and had lived for ages in the capacious caverns that were visible in every hill side.

I cannot describe the long rocky ranges, that divided the whole land into valleys and pockets, any better than by supposing that the entire country had been, at one time, a sea of liquid glass; and that a mighty tempest had swept over it, as it was cooling, and heaved the hardening mass into hills and mountains; which, turning over in icy torrents, had congealed in mid-heaven; leaving crystal bowers of inconceivable grandeur in the sides of every elevation. These caves were ofttimes of immense proportions, and with their pendant stalactites, arrowy stalagmites and lofty columns presented beauties that might well arouse the æsthetic in any mind.

Amid such natural and weird scenery, I could but wonder how it were possible for a people to live in unconscious ignorance and beastliness; for I had always believed that a nation's intellectual life is moulded by its geographical, geological and botanical surroundings. Could it be possible that here I was to find a single exception to the supposed law? Later discoveries made plain the supposed paradox.

After traveling for some time through the territory of these savages, we found ourselves at last near an extensive range of lofty hills. From the mammoth caves that honey-combed every cliff, and the marvelous beauties revealed on either hand, one could easily imagine that he was approaching the council chamber of the gods. Travelers and savans are profuse in their glowing descriptions of the monumental ruins of Arabia Petrea. But what would they have said, could they have seen that mighty series of natural temples in the land of Gurgia, by the side of which, the chisel-hewn structures of Arabia, sink down to the insignificant proportions of a rabbit's warren? The pen fails in its work, as it attempts to describe the scene that burst upon me in that land of marvels. There Nature had carved her choicest works. She had used both chisel and brush, in preparing her grottoes. What a contrast between the workmanship of her hands, and the brutal hosts that swarmed in her sanctuary! How I longed for the time to come, when I could satisfy my desire for knowledge, in a perfect solution of the problem.

I had been previously informed, that the Gurgians were ruled by a rude species of an oligarchy; and that it was probable that this self-elected few was in session, waiting for the return of the expedition, which had been fitted out, as a crusade against Crystalia.

I dreaded to meet these baffled leaders, for I felt that their wrath would be terrible to witness, when they heard of the miscarriage of their nefarious schemes.

As these trembling thoughts were passing through my brain, we were gradually nearing the great caves, and soon stood within their precincts. The entrances were guarded by beings, who were, in every respect, the counterparts of those with whom I had already made so unpleasant an acquaintance. Leaving these sentinels behind, we passed inwards to the main audience room, when I suddenly found myself face to face with the legal heads of the nation. Here too was the same brutal cast of countenance, and the same vulgar bearing; so that I readily saw that I had but little mercy to expect in this quarter, unless curiosity should overcome anger and brutishness.

Very fortunately my fears were dispelled, and my safety assured, by the reception that I received. Instead of looking upon their prisoner as the cause of their defeat, they acted as if

they felt that they had gained a great prize, in the capture of one whose physical nature was so superior to their own. They seemed to experience the same feeling as that manifested by the early natives of America, when, for the first time, they saw the soldiers of Great Britain. All thought of the destruction of their army disappeared, under the more powerful emotions of savage curiosity and wonder.

Many questions were asked, as to my origin, nature and mission; and were answered, as the peculiar circumstances of the place, and the occasion, seemed to demand.

The language employed was different from that of the people of Crystalia. It was much more complex in its parts; and yet, it lacked that sweet melody, and intonation, to which I had been accustomed in the now ruined city. In fact, the speech of the questioners corresponded to the nature of their bodies.

As soon as my safety was assured, I began to look around, and to study the many natural wonders that were revealed in every direction. And truly they were natural, for Art had done but little. Indeed, where the hand ofintelligent beings had attempted to doanything, it had marred, rather than improved, the complete harmony previously existing.

The place of concourse, in which I found myself, was a huge circular cavern, several roods in diameter, and correspondingly high. The ceilings were broken into almost every conceivable style of architecture; and I soon learned, from the beautiful and varied designs everywhere visible, that Art is nothing more nor less, than the child copying the patterns of its parent Nature. Here were Roman arches, interlocking with each other, until whole sections were groined together; the mammoth columns being formed by the interwoven stalactites and stalagmites. In other parts of the immense room, the roof was after the Gothic order; with glittering crystal pendants hanging from every series of interlacing arches; and pillars, that very much resembled the heavy Egyptian, and the light fragile Arabesque, combined. In other portions of the edifice, it took but a slight effort of the imagination, to fancy that the spirits of long dead Greeks had attempted to carve an Attic temple from the solid rocks, so perfectly were the lines drawn between the massive Doric, the symmetrical Ionic, and the more beautiful Corinthian. The sides were broken by mullion, fret and lattice work; but mingled together so indiscriminately, that one was in a continual maze, in deciding as to the age, or the author, of each particular design. It has been said, that one of the first attempts ever made to unite two different styles of architecture, was in the construction of the Pantheon at Rome. But there I saw, not two orders alone, but many; and all so perfect, that the greatest artists would have been shamed in the presence of any part of the work. Were I allowed to dwell upon the fanciful, I should say that Strength, Wisdom and Beauty were the three master minds that had drawn the plans and superintended the construction of this magnificent building. Taking into consideration its perfect harmony, the presence of the brute multitudes only increased, by contrast, my wonder and amazement.

While I had been gazing around the spacious room, intent upon study and discovery, my captors had been discussing the character of their prisoner, and the future benefits which might be derived from his presence and counsels. But all final conclusions were necessarily deferred, owing to the limited knowledge which they had, as yet, received; and it was therefore determined, not to do anything in the matter for the time being. Feeling assured, from this, that there was nothing to fear, I resolved to fathom the problem, that had agitated my mind, as soon as circumstances would permit. How could these creatures be so brutal and debased, in the presence, and while under the influence,

of so many natural splendors, which are generally supposed to be aids to the cultivation of intellectuality and moral sensibilities? Whence came these complex bodies, in a world that was supposed to consist wholly of two simple elements? As I asked myself these two questions, little did I imagine the startling answers that I should so soon receive.

Upon inquiry, I found that the Arts and Sciences were utterly unknown; and further, that the inhabitants made little or no provision for future wants. They also informed me that their deity, and the source from whence they obtained their food, were the same. How great was my amazement when I heard that they worshipped a vast mountain, from whose sides they obtained their sustenance in the greatest abundance. This discovery gave me no rest until I had fully explored and solved the mystery.

As soon as possible I wended my way to this rich storehouse of the ages, and found it, as it had been described, a vast chain of hills and crags. A glance showed me that it differed almost entirely from the crystal world through and above which it reared its colossal form. It lay nearly north and south, and had the appearance of a range of granite rocks that had slumbered on through the storms of centuries. One thing more peculiar than anything else, was the great number of pinnacles that lifted themselves, at regular intervals, from its surface. But few of these peaks shot directly upwards, as all others that I have seen have done. Instead, they arose at right angles to the particular planes from whence they originated; and consequently pointed in every direction; some even lying parallel with the ground. Upon a closer examination, I found that the elements in these spires differed somewhat from those found in the body of the mountain. The range itself was of a dull brown color, while they were of a much lighter shade, and also slightly transparent.

When these facts had been discovered, I found myself close to the base of the hill, and saw that the sides had been honeycombed by the barbarians, in their search for food. In entering, they had followed certain seams, as miners do in digging for coal, or valuable ore. Here, for unnumbered ages, they and their ancestors had obtained all the sustenance that their natures had required; and that, with only the nominal labor that is requisite in the act of mining. The substance, which they so voraciously devoured, was altogether unlike anything that I had yet seen; and I saw that it consisted of, at least, four simple elements. Now certainly this was a great problem to be fathomed. What was this mountain range, that reared itself towards the heavens until its summit looked grandly down upon the pigmies miles below at its feet; and why those innumerable spire-like adornments? As I asked myself these questions, I determined to carefully measure the part of the mountain that was visible; and, with that as my starting point, arrive at an approximate conclusion as to the portions that, I believed, were buried in the ground. But it was no easy matter to carry out my intentions; for the work required many long journeys, as well as much careful and laborious study and calculation. The great difficulty that appeared to my mind was, as to how I should find the extent of the buried portion. I knew that there must be much of the range hid in the earth; for the spires pierced the surface of the soil here and there, and were tall in proportion to their nearness to the line of disappearance.

All my slight knowledge of Geometry and Trigonometry was brought into use; and proved a great aid to my investigations. Various circles, triangles and lines were drawn; and, from their relations to each other, conclusions arrived at, until I finally

saw before me an outline of the range. As I gazed eagerly and anxiously at the result of my work, I felt that I had somewhere seen the original, under other and far different circumstances. But where? A moment more and the truth flashed into mind! *The mountain was an animalcule!* The irregular elevations were the protuberances upon its back; while the cliffs, or pinnacles, that had so mystified me, were nothing more than the cilia growing upon the skin of the zoophyte.

The problem had been solved; and, in my exultation, I almost shouted for joy! Here was the cause of that physical complexity among the Gurgians! Here was the source of that beastliness, whose existence in the heart of Nature's treasure house had seemed a paradox! Here was that evil being, whose devastations had been so vividly described, in the sacred work that I had read at Crystalia! Here, too, was a sleeping monster, whose awakening should carry terror to millions of hearts! Truly, the lessons that I was learning were well repaying me for the dangers I had undergone.

How strange it all seemed! Previous to my entrance upon this new arena, I had studied the various types of *Infusoria*, by looking downward through my microscope at the tiny things that were wiggling upon a bit of glass. Now, all was changed. The human being had shrunk to the proportions of an animalcule, and was gazing at a monster, whose mighty crags were once invisible hairs, even under the most powerful glass. Yes, the most intricate of geometrical rules were necessary to lay off the gigantic proportions. How truly may it be said, that we measure space and duration by the relations which we sustain to them. The truth of this last proposition was soon to be verified in the most startling manner.

After I had satisfied myself as to the nature of the mysterious range of hills, I found much instruction, as well as amusement, in continuing my examination.

Upon scrutinizing the sides carefully, I discovered many natural and lofty caverns which entered to unknown and unmeasurable distances. These caves were the *pores* of the Protozoan; but they were so far apart, and of such magnitude, that it was utterly impossible to realize their actual size, and the office they fulfilled in sustaining the health, and even life, of the animal. Here, too, I made a great discovery! The miners had informed me that there were certain seasons when they found it impossible to dig for food, on account of the strong currents of ether that regularly rushed inward, and as regularly found an exit. Upon a close examination of this phenomenon, and a critical analysis of the parts, it became evident that the subtle fluid was necessary to sustain the life of the monster; and that its extreme lightness rendered it capable of penetrating between particles of matter, where the denser air could not enter. In fact, I found by measurement that atmospheric molecules would have blocked many of the smaller passages with their great bulk, while the lighter ether permeated every part unchecked.

How many more facts I should have discovered, I do not know. The work in which I was engaged had aroused within me all latent curiosity, and every slumbering desire for knowledge. But all was interrupted by a series of events that occurred in rapid succession.

While in the midst of my investigations, I noticed that the mountain was trembling. Knowing that it was a sleeping animalcule, I surmised that the beast was arousing itself from its long slumber, and, immediately gave warning to the thousands who were laboring within its sides. But it was impossible to show those stupid creatures their danger. The mountain, to them, was nothing but a mountain, near which they and their ancestors had lived for ages; and the assertion

that it was a beast brought upon me such reproach that my very life was in jeopardy. Seeing the futility, as well as the danger, of trying to make them understand the truth, I determined to place myself out of harm's way, and yet to watch the course of events. The trembling increased; not suddenly, as when we awake from sleep, but slowly, like the coming of one of the seasons; for seconds on earth are years in a drop of water.

In time, the tall spires began to vibrate, as if standing upon the crust of a growling volcano; while the ridges seemed to quiver in a convulsive manner. Standing near one of the natural caverns, I could see the sides first gathering slightly together, and then expanding, while huge blasts of atmospheric ether were forced outward or sucked inward. Those blasts increased in intensity, until they drew in the *debris* that was piled around the openings, or else forced out the chaotic piles in great avalanches.

As these manifestations of power and activity increased, I slowly withdrew, having determined to keep myself within the line of safety, and yet not to move so far away as to lose sight of the strange phenomena taking place. The scene became grand, as the long range was metamorphosed from a sleeping monster into a volcano with a million craters.

The force employed became sufficient, at last, to change the ether currents into electric discharges; and then there were alternate outpouring and inrushing streams of fire. This fact may possibly account for that soft glowing sensation that creeps over us when we arouse ourselves from a sound, healthy sleep. We feel the effect of the electrified ether that surcharges our bodies, as well as the air we breathe.

But there was not much chance for philosophizing, as I gazed upon that strange event—the banishment of an animalcule's sleep; for every moment had to be improved in retreating further and yet further from the scene of activity. At last I reached a distant range of hills to the east, from which I could look directly across the great plain, and against the side of the hugh leviathan.

The first glance that I obtained, from my new position, showed me that I had retreated none too soon; for the adjacent region was being rent in every direction by the muscular contractions and expansions taking place, while the whole country was vibrating down to its profoundest depths.

Suddenly there was a spasmodic effort made, which upheaved whole miles of crystal rocks, and tossed them madly into the heavens, like an inverted hailstorm! When the cloud had broken, and fallen again to the earth, there lay the majestic beast stretched out to its full length upon the ground, while its whole body was writhing convulsively! For a short time it remained in this position, when it suddenly lifted its head a mile above the earth, and started grandly forward, as if it had been a sub-soil plow hammered out in the forge of Vulcan by a council of the gods! In front, and on either side of this mastodon, hills and valleys, with all their precious burden of life and vegetation, were heaved up and away in huge, crashing billows, that settled down in the distance in two long chaotic mountain ranges, separated by a yawning gulf.

The monster soon disappeared in the distance; and as I looked down at that tremendous furrow that extended through the heart of Gurgia, I thought of the chasm that the Almighty cut through Arabia, from Lake Gennesaret on the north to the Red Sea on the south.

(To be continued.)

THE ANTS AND THEIR SLAVES.

(FROM MICHELET.)

When I learned for the first time, from the pages of Huber, the strange and prodigious fact that certain ants keep slaves, I was greatly astonished —as everybody has been by this singular revelation—but I was especially saddened and wounded.

What! I turn aside from the history of man in search of innocence. I hope at least to discover among the brute creation the even-handed justice of nature, the primitive rectitude of the plan of creation. I seek in this people, whom I had previously loved and esteemed for their laboriousness and temperateness, the severe and touching image of republican virtues—and I find among them this thing without a name!

What a joy, what a triumph for the partisans of slavery, for all the friends of evil! Hell and tyranny, laugh ye, and make merry! A black spot is revealed in the brightness of nature.

I had flung aside Huber, and no book had ever seemed to me more hateful. Pardon, illustrious observer! your grandfather and your father had enraptured and charmed me. The first of the clan—Huber, the great historian of the bees—has inspired with new warmth the religion of man, and lifted up his heart. But Huber of the ants has broken mine.

It was, nevertheless, a duty to resume my perusal of his work, and examine it more attentively. An immoral, a Machiavellian, and a perverse insect is worthy of investigation.

But, in the first place, let us make a distinction. A portion of these pretended slaves may only be cattle.

It is enough to look at the ants, thin to an excess, brilliant, and varnished, to conclude that they are the driest and most parched of beings. Their singular acridity has been established by chemical researches, and science has contrived to extract the mordant formic acid from their bodies. Sometimes, when they are in peril, they hurl it at their enemies like a venom. Not a few species employ it in drying, blackening, and almost burning the trees where they establish their abodes. Is not a substance so corrosive for others equally dangerous to themselves? I should be tempted to think so, and to this extreme acridity should attribute their greediness for honey and other lubricating substances. I submit my apothesis to the consideration of the scientific.

The ants of Mexico, in a specially favored climate, have two classes of workmen,—one charged with the duty of seeking provisions; the other, inactive and sedentary, entrusted with the work of elaborating them, and making out of them a kind of honey for the common nourishment.

The ants of our temperate climates, for the most part incapable of making honey, satisfy their imperative need of it by licking the honey-dew found upon certain grubs, which, without labor by the mere fact of their organization, extract saccharine juices from all species of plants. The transmission of this honey to the ants is effected quietly, and, as it were, by mutual agreement.

It operates by a kind of titillation or gentle traction, such as we exercise upon the cow. These grubs, placed at the extreme limit of animal life — viviparous in summer, oviparous in autumn—are very humble creatures, and prodigiously inferior in intelligence to the ants. The magnifying-glass reveals them to the observer as always bent, and always engaged in feeding. Their attitude is that of the cattle. They are, in truth, the milch-cows of the ants; and that they may always profit by them, the latter frequently transport them to their ant-hill, where they live together on admirably good terms. The ants take great care of the grubs, superintend

the incubation, and nourish the adults with their favorite vegetables.

In situations where great difficulty would be experienced in transporting and installing them, they empark them on the ground by throwing up around their field of pasture a fence of twigs and cylinders of earth. This may justly be termed the grazing-field, the *chalet* of the ants; which repair to it at certain hours to milk their herds, and sometimes carry their young thither for the easier distribution of the food. I am frequently present, especially in the evening, at these Dutch-like scenes, which have hitherto found no Paul Potter among the ants to depict them. Observe that these grubs, whether transported to the ant-hill or emparked on their favorite feeding-ground, possess the inestimable advantage of having their safety guaranteed by the redoubtable republic. The "lion of the grubs" (as a small worm is called), and other wild beasts, if they dared approach the herd, would feel very cruelly their stong mandibles and burning formic acid.

So far, then, we have no reproach to make; the grubs are cattle, and not slaves. The ants do exactly what we do; they make use of the privilege of superior beings, but exercise it with more gentleness and management than does man.

But we now come to a more delicate consideration. There are two kinds of ants, of a tolerable size, but otherwise of no peculiar distinction, which employ as servants, nurses, and cooks, certain small ants endowed with more skill and ingenuity.

This strong fact, which ought apparently to change our ideas of animal morality, was discovered early in the present century. Pierre Huber, the son of the celebrated observer of the manners and habits of bees, walking one day in a field near Geneva, saw on the ground a strong detachment of reddish-colored ants on the march, and bethought himself of following them. On the flanks of the column, as if to dress its ranks, a few speed to and fro in eager haste. After marching for about a quarter of an hour, they halt before an ant-hill belonging to the small black ant, and a desperate struggle takes place at its gates.

A small number of the blacks offer a brave resistance; but a great majority of the people thus assailed flee through the gates remotest from the scene of combat, carrying away their young. It was just these which were the cause of the strife; what the blacks most justly feared was the theft of their offspring. And soon the assailants, who had succeeded in penetrating into the city, might be seen emerging from it loaded with the young black progeny. It was an exact resemblance of a descent of slave dealers on the coast of Africa.

The red ants, encumbered with their living booty, left the unfortunate city in the desolation of its great loss, and resumed the road to their own habitation, whither their astonished and almost breathless observer followed them. But how was his astonishment augmented when, at the treshold of the red ants' community, a small population of black ants came forward to receive the plunder, welcoming with visible joy these children of their own race, which, undoubtedly, would perpetuate it in the foreign land.

This, then, is mixed city, where the strong warrior-ants live in a perfectly good understanding with the little blacks. But what do the latter? Huber speedily discovered that, in effect, they do everything. They alone build; they alone bring up the young red ants and the captives of their own species; they alone administer the affairs of the community, provide its supplies of food, wait upon and nourish their red masters, who, like great infant giants, indolently allow their little attendants to feed them at the mouth. No other occupations are theirs but war, theft, and kidnapping. No other movements in the intervals than to wander about lazily, and bask in the sunshine at the door of their barracks.

The most curious circumstance is, that these civilized helots really love their great barbarous warriors, and carefully tend their children, gladly and cheerfully perform their tasks of servitude, and, more, encourage the extension of their slavery and the abduction of the little blacks. Does not all this wear the appearance of a free adhesion to the established order of things?

And who knows but that the joy and pride of governing the strong and tyrannizing over their tyrants, may be for the little blacks an inner liberty—an exquisite and sovereign freedom—far superior to any pleasure they could have derived from the equality of their native country?

Huber made an experiment. He was desirous of observing what would be the result if the great red ants found themselves, without servants, and if they would know how to supply their own wants. He thought, perhaps, that the degenerate creatures might be inspired and uplifted by the maternal love which is so strong among the ants.

He put a few into a glass case, and with them some *nymphs*. Instinctively they began to move them about and to cradle them after their fashion; but soon discovered (big and robust as they, nevertheless, were) that the weight was too much for them; they accordingly left them on the ground, and coolly abandoned them. In truth, they abandoned themselves. Huber put some honey for them in a corner, so that they had nothing to do but to take it. Miserable the degradation, cruel the punishment with which slavery afflicts the enslavers! They did not touch it; they seemed to know nothing; they had become so grossly ignorant and indolent that they could no longer feed themselves. Some of them died of starvation, with food before them!

Huber, to complete the experiment, then introduced into the case one black ant. The presence of this sagacious helot changed the face of things, and re-established life and order. He went straight to the honey; he fed the great dying simpletons; he dug a hole in the ground, placed in it the eggs, prepared the incubation, watched over the nymphs (or *maillots*), and restored to life and happiness the little people, who, becoming industrious in their turn, seconded the efforts of their nurse. Felicitous influence of genius! A single individual had re-created the city.

The observer then understood that with such a superiority of intelligence, these helots might, in reality, wear the chains of servitude very lightly, and perhaps govern their masters. A persevering study proved to him that such was, indeed, the case. The little blacks in many things carry a moral authority whose signs are very visible; they do not, for example, permit the great red ants to go out alone on useless expeditions, and compel them to return into the city. Nor are they even at liberty to go out in a body, if their wise little helots do not think the weather favorable, if they fear a storm, or if the day is far advanced. When an excursion proves unsuccessful, and they return without children, the little blacks are stationed at the gates of the city to forbid their ingress, and send them back to the combat; nay more, you may see them take the cowards by the collar, and force them to retrace their route.

These are astounding facts; but such as they are, they were seen by our illustrious observer. He could not trust his eyes, and summoned one of the greatest naturalists of Sweden—M. Jurine—to his side, to make new investigations, and decide whether he had been deceived. This witness, and others who afterwards pursued the same course of experiments, found that his discoveries were entirely accurate.

SCIENCE AND POETRY—A SONNET.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. DAVID GRAY.

The Muse, her future life and ministry;
  This was the argument, and well he taught—
  In glowing speech expressing noble thought—
The true conditions of the harmony,
Which is not yet, but which shall surely be
  By Song and Science mutually sought;
  Nor sought in vain, but found, and richly fraught
  With strength to both, and glorious augury.
Then shall the halo of the deathless Muse
  Make Science beautiful, its triumphs grand,
  Illume with hues she only can command;
This is the faith he taught, and bade us choose;
  A faith which shines now like the lonely light
  Set in the shrine at night, on desolate Ætna's height!

A. W. A.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

SOME OTHER "PIECES OF FURNITURE."

A recent editorial in the *Buffalo Sunday Courier* discusses, under the unique head of "Some pieces of furniture," the manner of books with which our houses are furnished, and shows the average assortment to be an incongruous collection, selected without much literary judgment. The writer further points out the very general lack of knowledge as to what is really good, and what is not, in literature, and gives the following good advice to intending buyers of books, who are not possessed of what he calls the "literary sense"—namely, to purchase nothing modern (that is, current), but to select his books from the works that time has tested and stamped pure metal, namely, the standards. The rule is a good one, and if followed, the reader would soon learn to detect the counterfeit from his association with and study of the genuine.

There are, however, in addition to books, some other "pieces of furniture" which the average householder knows still less about; in fact, he may have a very competent knowledge of books and what to buy, and still be profoundly ignorant on this other subject: we refer to the selection of his pictures.

The writer alluded to has found the books comprising the stock of average houses to consist of a dusty Bible, a copy of the dictionary, and some other volumes of the most mixed and unequal character, including trashy novels and incompetent poetical works. Cataloguing, in the same general way, the pictures on the walls, we find almost always one or more execrably executed portraits, impossibly homely, an engraving or two of little merit and no interest, a showy print framed in a tasteless way, some knackery in the way of small and inharmoniously colored plates, a chromo or two, etc., etc. If the family have been abroad, this average oscillates toward some dastardly and soul-destroyed copies of famous foreign canvases.

There are few things which many people are more confident about than

their own knowledge of Art; and even if this is not the case, not many like to admit it, by asking some one who knows to help them in the choice of their pictures. If we could lay down some rule, as the book-instructor has done; if we could say, as he does, "buy only standards," the difficulty would in a degree be dissipated. But, what are standards? The works of celebrated painters? But it takes fortunes to buy only *one* of these. It does not help the matter to say, procure engravings of them; for these are of all degrees of merit, and few are faithful. What shall the man do then who really wants something good in the way of pictures, and frankly admits his ignorance as to what is bad? While it is impossible to solve the difficulty thoroughly, a few suggestions may help to do so.

A good photograph of a picture by a master is a choice possession. It is not difficult to procure. It is not high-priced. Here then is a good beginning. Braun's autotypes come as near perfection in reproducing what in the original cannot be bought, as anything published. They comprise some of the finest things in photo art, and they are not very expensive.

The point is to get as near as possible to what the artist did himself just as he did it. For this purpose a photograph is good, but an etching by a good artist is better, in that it gives nearer still the artist's own hand work. Printed directly from the plate, the lines of which, the artist has made himself and the acid with its sharp and truthful teeth has bitten in and made permanent, it comes nearer to what is wanted. But here, again, comes a difficulty: Which are the good etchings? This, however, is not so much of a difficulty after all, for the etchings sell only to artists and connoisseurs, and *it does not pay* to publish poor ones. The prices vary, but good modern etchings are not exorbitantly high; and, remember, one of them (a good one) is worth a dozen steel engravings. It lasts. Its richness and depth will outwear an engraving in a quiet contest on your walls every time. Try it. Hang an engraving and an etching together (as suggested by a writer in this magazine), and see how tired you will become of the one and how more and more in love with the other.

But after all, with autotypes and etchings you have not quite satisfied yourself. You want the artist's own work; something that has stood on his easel; something that he has worked over and loved; that has the real and truest imprint of his soul. You can have it. You can't have Geromes, or Carots, or Baudrys, or Churches, or Innesses, or Morans; but you can go to some artist's studio and if you can't afford a study in oil, get a charcoal sketch, or a pen and ink, or an India ink drawing, or a small water color. (How are you to know that he is a good artist? Well, you will have to ask somebody who knows, about *that.*) If the artist is a true one, he will put careful thought and real feeling into any one of these. Take it home and study and enjoy it. How long do you suppose you will keep the coarse, uncouth plates and colored prints and nauseating copies in the same room? Hanging there on your wall, it will be to you a teacher of the beautiful and the true, and a silent reproach to the numberless cheap and expensive imitations of Art, which disgrace the name. You say you cannot afford to furnish your rooms with pictures of this sort. Well then, better have bare walls with this one Truth than ten thousand staring framed Falsehoods.

WYNOCKY CREEK.

The American artist has a wide field for the play of his pencil. He finds thousand of picturesque spots that beam with the beauties of Nature and yet are unknown except in the immediate neighborhood, and these are generally unappreciated by the farmers and countrymen who have

grown up in their presence. Such a spot is that which forms the frontispiece to this number. Wynocky Creek is a beautiful little sheet of water in one of the most picturesque parts of New Jersey, and our artist, Mr. Chas. Graham, has thrown open an oval window through which we can see the clear waters flowing past reedy shores where old tree trunks have fallen to decay—past islands of shrubbery and forest-banks, while far beyond rises the grand mountain whose base it doubtless washes. Mr. Graham is an ardent lover of these picturesque American scenes, and his pencil has placed on canvas or paper many a one, as well in the far off regions of the Yosemite and the West, as in the mountains of New England and the hills and streams of the Central States. This one was made for the readers of THE GLOBE last summer, taken on the spot especially for them, and presented now after its winter sleep on the block, as fresh and full of summer air and atmosphere as the scene itself. Let it be only remarked in addition that the artist has had a faithful translator in Mr. Jno. MacDonald, who is one of those engravers who have the rare faculty of being themselves *artists* as well as skillful handlers of the steel.

"PUNCH" was concocted in the dark back parlor of a public house behind Drury-lane Theatre. The paper was started; it struggled on for about a year, and was then sold for £100 to Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the printers. In their hands it rose to eminence. All the wit in England hastened to their standard. It has had the honor of being expelled from several kingdoms on the continent of Europe. "One night, at Lady Blessington's," said a certain literary gentleman, "Lord Brougham told me that he would rather stand a six weeks' toasting in the House of Peers, than a single scarifying joke in *Punch*."

THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE.

Alone—yet not alone,
A Presence fills the mind with joy unspeakable:
No bolts, or prison walls debar the entrance
Of that Friend, whose love is closer than a brother's.
Whate'er the grief, or pain, or trial sore, that asks His sympathetic aid,
His love is adequate for all, and saves the soul from death.
The thief upon the cross needed no baptismal rites.
"This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."
Unhidden is your guilt and sin;
But the Witness is your Advocate—and Judge—
And gives Himself, your Ransom.

M.

A FAINT INDICATION OF SPRING

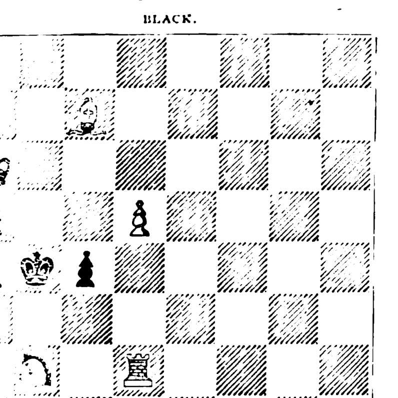


CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 16. By Joseph N. Babson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

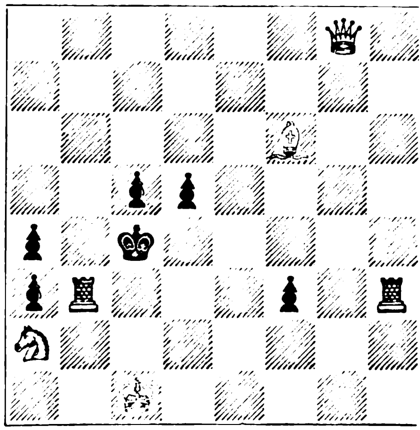
White to play and mate in 2 moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 7. Motto—"Better Late than Never."



BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

A tournament has been commenced at the Café International, New York City. There will be engaged in this contest the finest players of New York, and several from other cities we understand will take part. Mr. Ensor left this city the last of last month to enter the lists. Such a tournament as this promises to be, cannot fail to be of great interest to the chess-playing public.

We have received the *Turf, Field and Farm,* which contains the full score of the tourney up to the present time. The score is as follows: Mackenzie won 4, lost none. Alberoni won 7, lost one. Mason won 4½, ost 2½. Dill won 1½, lost 3½. Bird won ;, lost 2. Delmar won 3, lost 1. Hind won none, lost 6. Barnett won 1½, lost 3½. Parcell won 1, lost 5. Roser won 4, lost 3. Becker won 4, lost 2. Baird won 1, lost 7. Perrin won 1, lost 4. Smith won 2, lost 4. Ensor won 5, lost 1. Richardson won 5½, lost 3. Brenzinger won 2, lost 2.

—The tournament in the Philadelphia Chess Club has terminated. H. Davidson won first prize, A. Roberts second, Mr. Elson the third, being but half a game behind Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Stout the fourth. E. Darroch won he prize in the second division. A new even tourney has been commenced.

—The Blackburne-Steinitz match ended in victory for Herr S. by a score of seven to nothing.

The London magazines are somewhat at variance respecting this match and the influence it may hereafter exert. The *Westminster Papers* says, speaking of this encounter, "In spite of the puffs in the daily papers, and of the 'momentous contest,' and the grandiloquent phraseology of the Country Gent, we do not believe there has been any Chess match in the last fifty years in which the public have taken so little interest as the last." This the editor attributes to the thoroughly mercenary manner in which the match was conducted in charging an admission fee to witness the play, disposing of the games for publication by private contract, etc. The *City of London Magazine* speaks of it as a contest which has created greater excitement than any other of late years. It further says, "The subject is in everybody's mouth. The London papers, which usually treat Chess with scant courtesy, have devoted columns of rubbish to the investigation of the whole subject, from Confucius down. The enthusiasm engendered by the contest has been genuine, and it cannot fail to be useful." It is conceded, however, that Blackburne made but a tame fight against the great Steinitz. His defeat is attributed by some to the fact that Blackburne was not well during the match; but people will generally lay it to the fact that Steinitz is the *better player.* This is about where the matter should rest.

—Mr. Blackburne, we believe, is not quite dead yet. We learn of his lately playing blindfold against a very strong team of eight players, and, by exceptionally brilliant play, winning every game.

Dr. Zukertort has also been playing blindfold. At the West End Club, London,

he played twelve strong amateurs, winning eleven and drawing one.

—In our problem tourney, we leave it to the option of the composers whether their problems shall be published with a motto or under their own names. We have received some sets with mottoes, which shall be published accordingly.

—The problem department of the *Dubuque Journal* is, we understand, to be hereafter managed by S. Loyd, of New Jersey. It is pretty likely to be well taken care of in his hands.

—*The City of London Magazine* is now edited by J. Wisker, and, although we always had a great partiality for Mr. Potter as an editor, we must say that the magazine appears to be in very able hands, and judging by the number before us will continue to hold rank with any periodical devoted to the game.

—The English Chess periodicals seem to be somewhat sceptical as to the ultimate success of the Philadelphia tournament; but it seems that they have not learned of the fact that Gen. Congdon has resigned as President of the American Chess Association, and the efforts the Philadelphia Club are putting forth. We think now there can be little doubt that a tournament will be held, and a fine one. The friends of the game in this country should respond heartily to the call made for subscriptions and send them in promptly to the Secretary of the Philadelphia Chess Club, Philadelphia, Penn.

—A grand tournament open to all players resident in England, whether British or foreign, will commence at Simpson's Divan, 102 Strand, London, England, in a few days. It is intended that the first prize should be £25, the second £15, and the third £10. Many of the best players of the day have already entered. Major Martin, Blackburne, MacDonnell, Potter, Wisker, Jeussens, and others. Dr. Zukertort is doubtful. Herr Steinitz we hear will not play. In any case, with the adhesions already secured, the contest must prove of the highest interest.

—*The Watertown Reunion* seems to think that the attack of gout with which Mr. Bird seemed to be afflicted was a malady of excuse, and that nothing of the sort ever in fact existed. Mr. Bird might not thank us for expressing a wish that this was not so, and that in fact he did have a severe attack of this painful disease, but we should hope so rather than be made to believe he so stated when it was not the case.

—The following curious specimen was played in this city last week. Remove White's Q R and K Kt.

WHITE. *Geo. H. Thornton.* White.	Black.	BLACK. *J. E. B.* White.	Black.
1..P to K 3	1..P to K 4	4..R to K	4..P to Q 5
2..B to K 2	2..P to Q 4	5..P tk P	5..K P tk R
Castles	3..P to Q B 4	6..B Q Kt 5 checkmates!	

—Gov. Garland, of Arkansas, has [illegible] silver goblet to be played for at the Cen[illegible] Chess tournament.

—The accompanying fine game we [illegible] from the *Westminster Papers*.

WHITE. *Mr. Alberoni* White.	Black.	BLACK. *Mr. Bird.* White.	Black.
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4	13..B to Kt 3	[illegible]
2..B to B 4	2..Kt to K B 3	14..K to K	[illegible]
3..Kt to K B 3	3..Kt tk K P	15..Q to K	[illegible]
4..Kt to Q B 3	4..Kt tk Kt	16..Q tk P ch *h*	[illegible]
5..Q P tk Kt	5..P to K B 3	17..R tk Kt	[illegible]
6..Kt to K R 4	6..P to K Kt 3	18..Q R [illegible] ch *i*	[illegible]
7..Castles	7..P to Q 3 *a*	19..R to B 7	[illegible]
8..P to B 4	8..Kt to B 3 *b*	20..Q to Kt 7 *k*	[illegible]
9..P to B 5	9..Kt to K 2	21..Q R to K B	[illegible]
10..P tk P	10..P tk P *c*	22..Q tk P ch	[illegible]
11..P tk P *d*	11..P to Q 4 *e*	23..B tk B ch	
12..B to K Kt 5	12..P to B 3 *f*	Mr. Bird resigns.	

(*a*). 7 Q K 2 is better.

(*b*). Ruinous. 8 P K B 4 would provide [illegible] defensible game.

(*c*). If 10 Kt takes P, then 11 Q R 5.

(*d*). Mr. Alberoni conducts the game with [illegible] able skill.

(*e*). Black does not take the Kt on ac[illegible] B B 7 ch, 12 K Q 2, 13 B Kt 5, 13 R K, or R [illegible] (13 R K 5, 14 Q B 3, 15 P Q 4, 15 Q takes K [illegible] Kt 4 ch, etc.

(*f*). If 12 P takes B, then 13 Q takes Q [illegible] takes Q, 14 Kt takes P, 14 Kt takes Kt best, [illegible] B ch, 15 K Q 2, 16 R Q ch, 16 K moves, 17 K [illegible] and 18 R takes Kt.

(*g*). If 15 Q B 2, White answers 16 Kt takes [illegible]

(*h*). Stronger than 16 B takes R, which w[illegible] followed up by 16 B K 2.

(*i*). White would also win by 18 Q takes K[illegible] takes Q, 19 R K 5, etc.

(*k*). White wins a piece and the game, by [illegible] Q ch, 20 K takes Q, 21 R takes B, 21 R takes K, [illegible] R K sq.

(*l*). Exposing the King by trying to save the Q[illegible] *Judicit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim.*

—The following well-contested gam[illegible] played a few days ago between the em[illegible] nent players, Messrs. James Mason an[illegible] John E. Clarke, at the Down-Town C[illegible] Club, No. 1½ Second avenue, New Yor[illegible] was contributed to us by Mr. C.

EVAN'S GAMBIT.

WHITE. *Mr. Mason.* White.	Black.	BLACK. *Mr. Clarke.* White.	Black.
1—P to K 4	1..P to K 4	26..Kt to B 4	[illegible]
2—K Kt to B 3	2..Q Kt to B 3	27..P tk P	[illegible]
3—B to B 4	3..B to B 4	28..Kt tk P	[illegible]
4—P Q Kt 4	4..B tk P	29..Kt tk B	[illegible]
5—P to Q B 3	5..B to B 4	30..P to Q 5	[illegible]
6—Castles	6..P to Q 3	31..B to B 4	[illegible]
7—P to Q 4	7..P tk P	32..B tk P	[illegible]
8—P tk P	8..B to Kt 3	33..R tk R	[illegible]
9 Q Kt to B 3	9..B to K Kt 5	34..R to Q B sq	[illegible]
10—B to Q Kt 5	10..K to B sq *a*	35..R to Q Kt	[illegible]
11—B tk Kt	11..P tk B	36..P to Q R 4	[illegible]
12—Q to Q 3	12..B tk Kt	37..K tk R	[illegible]
13 P tk B.	13..Kt to K 2	38..B tk P	[illegible]
14—P to K B 4	14..P to K B 3	39..B to B 2	[illegible]
15—B to K 3	15..Q to Q 2	40..B to Q 4	[illegible]
16—Q R to Q	16..Q to K Kt 5 ch	41..K to B 2	[illegible]
17—K to R sq	17..Q to B 6 ch	42..K to K 3	[illegible]
18..K to Kt sq	18..Kt to Kt 3	43..B tk Kt	[illegible]
19..Q to K 2	19..Q tk Q	44..K to B 4	[illegible]
20..Kt tk Q	20..R to K sq	45..K to B 5	[illegible]
21..B Kt to Kt 3	21..P to K R 4	46..K to Kt 6	[illegible]
22..P to K B 3	22..P to Q 4	47..P to B 4	[illegible]
23..P to B 5	23..Kt to K 4 *b*	48..P to B 5	[illegible]
24..B to B sq	24..P to R 5	49..K to R 5 *d*	[illegible]
25..Kt to K 2	25..Kt to B 5	50..K to Kt 4	[illegible]

Drawn Game.

NOTES FROM "THE STAR."

(*a*). A move which paralyzes Mr. Mason's at[illegible]

(*b*). A fine move; if he takes the Knight, he e[illegible] ually loses the game.

(*c*). We are inclined to think Kt to Q 7 would [illegible] have won.

(*d*). It is obvious if he play elsewhere he loses [illegible] game.

"GLOBE" PROBABILITIES FOR 1876.



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE METEOROLOGICAL EDITOR,
BUFFALO, April 1st, 1876.

For New England, the Middle, South Atlantic and Gulf States, Tennessee, the Ohio Valley, Upper and Lower Lake Regions, Upper and Lower Mississippi Valleys, *Buffalo*, etc. North America will suffer a complete *Revolution* (*vide* cut) in this the Centennial year; various calm, partly cloudy, sunshiny, windy or other weathers are imminent, with winds possibly northerly, southerly, easterly or westerly.

For *Buffalo*, in particular, the probabilities are those of a steady, *Umbrellowy Spring*, with plenty of houses *To Let;* a *Fan*-tastically peculiar *Summer*, with *Horse Races* predominant, combined with numerous *Subscriptions* to THE GLOBE (price $1.00); a stormy *Fall* in which many topics, but particularly *Presidential* Candidates, will be canvassed, the subject *Leave*-ing early in November. In December, *Winter* will *Steel* on apace and *Runners* be obviously apparent; during which heavy winds and rain are predicted, broken umbrellas ditto, and much more to the same general effect.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

ARTISTIC MANTLES AND GRATES.

The demand for the artistic in house-furnishing has extended to every article. Among the rest, the old fashioned fire-place has given way to the grates and mantles of to-day, and these have in the last few years been growing more and more elaborate and beautiful. The marble, at first a mere slab shelf, has been extended and expanded, and carved and rounded until some of the finest pure white marble mantles of to-day, massive in appearance and exquisite in detail, look like the portals of some Venetian palace. Other material than marble has been brought into service, notably Iron and Slate. The latter is the most extensively used, and is made to completely resemble colored marbles of every hue and the highest polish. The advantage lies in the superior fire-proof qualities and the marked cheapness of them. Messrs. L. Schwartz & Co., of this city, are agents for six of the largest manufacturers in the United States, both in Marble, Marbleized Slate, and Iron Mantles. They have always on exhibition in their extensive show rooms from sixty to seventy distinct designs, representing altogether some three hundred different patterns. A description in detail would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that the newest and most desirable styles are kept always in stock.

Mantles must be provided with grates, and here too artists have been at work. Messrs. Schwartz & Co. represent four or five different houses on this one manufacture alone. The house-furnisher may have his pick from a long line, comprising the plain black finish, the steel finish, the nickel, fire gilt, silver and gold plated finish. The styles are all modern and artistic, and prices range from $15 up to $900. This latter sum, when we consider that it is for the grate and finishings only, seems enormous, and yet one has only to see one of these beautiful art works to appreciate the reason of its cost. Imagine a grate with a massive nickel plated basket with inlaid decorated Italian and French tiles ornamenting its rim with a fender of bars of chiseled metal, running from one end of the mantle to the other, and surmounted at either corner with statues of Egyptian Sphinxes, or Assyrian Lions, or Birds carved in metal—everything elaborate, massive and artistic; such is the grate of to-day, and Messrs. Schwartz & Co. are prepared to furnish these in all styles and prices. Some of the elegant designs which ornament many Buffalo mansions, have been put in by them.

One word more: These gentlemen have in their employ a mechanic who for twenty years has studied the art of setting mantles and grates "*true*," and the result is a most perfect fitting of wall and mantle. The importance of this will be appreciated perhaps only by those who have experienced the result of bungling work in this direction.

It is unnecessary to add that those who are furnishing new or old houses will find it thoroughly worth while to make their contracts with Messrs. L. Schwartz & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS.

"What shall the children read?" was a conundrum for long years, and thousands of publications for them tried to answer the question. We begin to doubt whether any of them ever were just the thing, now that *St. Nicholas* comes and so completely, so perfectly fills the bill. Do the children need entertainment? Here it is, in the shape of superb illustration, and in the shape of the most interesting reading that has ever been given to them and by the best literary talent in the world. Do the children need instruction? Here it is, presented in a way to make them love it, and search for more. Is it the moral that is needed? Then here is that also, not prominent and forbidding and stern, but so delicately woven in with cheerful threads, so permeating the whole atmosphere of the book in stories, poems and pictures, that the reader feels its influence without perceiving it; as one breathes the fresh invigorating air of the country without being conscious of its presence except by its influence.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

The *Christian Union* keeps up the sterling promises which it made in the beginning of the year. In addition to exclusive editorial work, the paper is the only authorized medium for the publication of MR. BEECHER'S SER-

MONS, delivered in Plymouth Church, and also of all his literary productions, including a new series of the brilliant Star Papers.

The paper continues to present a great variety by the best contributors. The several departments embrace the Outlook, or brief comments on current events, Editorials, Stories, Poetry, Contributed Articles on various subjects, Reviews of Books, the Household, the Little Folks, the Church, and the Week, comprising the leading news, both sacred and secular, the Sunday School, Inquiring Friends (popular questions and editorial answers), Uppermost Topics, Farm and Garden, and Financial. It is, in brief, a comprehensive family religious newspaper.

For the small sum of $3.20 per year, (which includes the prepayment of postage at the mailing instead of the receiving office as heretofore), the subscriber receives fifty-two numbers of the *Christian Union*, or 1248 pages, comprising not less than *two thousand three hundred and eight columns of reading matter* in one year, which, if issued in book form, would cost the subscriber over ten times the subscription price of the paper.

To agents is offered, in addition to a cash commission on each subscription, competitive premiums in cash to those sending the highest lists. Full particulars in respect to agencies will be sent on application to Horatio C. King, Assistant Publisher, No. 27 Park Place, N.Y. See advertisement in another column.

REMOVED.

The well known Drug Store, corner of Huron and Main streets, kept by Seward & Liebetrut, has been removed to 381 Main street, third door below Eagle, at which place may be found everything usually asked for in a first-class store.

All Medicines will be sold at lowest prices, and of the best quality.

Fine Colognes a specialty.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes; also, Mineral Waters of all kinds, and cheaper than any place in the city.

SEWARD & LIEBETRUT,
381 Main Street.

A WORD TO YOUNG MUSICIANS.

The tendency of constant practice at the piano has been to make young persons round-shouldered. The straightness and beauty of the figure has in many instances been sacrificed to the acquirement of an accomplishment which although in itself of great value, can in no way compensate for the loss which involves health as well as grace. The old piano stool, rigid and bare, was really the rack on which the young musician was tortured. A recent patent adjustable back Piano Chair does away with all this difficulty. It supports the back of the sitter as he leans forward in the usual position while playing, and *follows him* by means of an ingenious contrivance in all his movements, so that no matter how he sits, or what positions he takes, he has always a brace for his back, which, however, in no degree, not even the slightest, retards the utmost freedom of his movements. When we add that the Chair is equally serviceable for sewing machine use, a still larger class is embraced. The Chair has only lately been introduced, but has already attracted attention and approval. It is made by Albert Best & Co., of this city, wholesale manufacturers of Parlor Furniture, and retailed by them here, and throughout the United States by the principal music dealers.

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT.

More than a hundred and sixty years ago, that spicy and instructive little sheet, *The Spectator*, appeared in London, and under the editorship of Steele and Addison gained immense popularity. It appeared at the breakfast tables of all reading London, and tradespeople and medicine makers took advantage of it to do some of the first advertising that was ever done in newspapers. Cosmetics and complexion beautifiers were just as eagerly sought by Ladies then as now. Here is one of the "Ads:"

"THE FAMOUS BAVARIAN RED LIQUOR,"

"Which gives such a delightful blushing colour to the cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend. Is nothing of paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubbed off like Paint, therefore cannot be discovered by the nearest friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World."

A MODERN ESTABLISHMENT.

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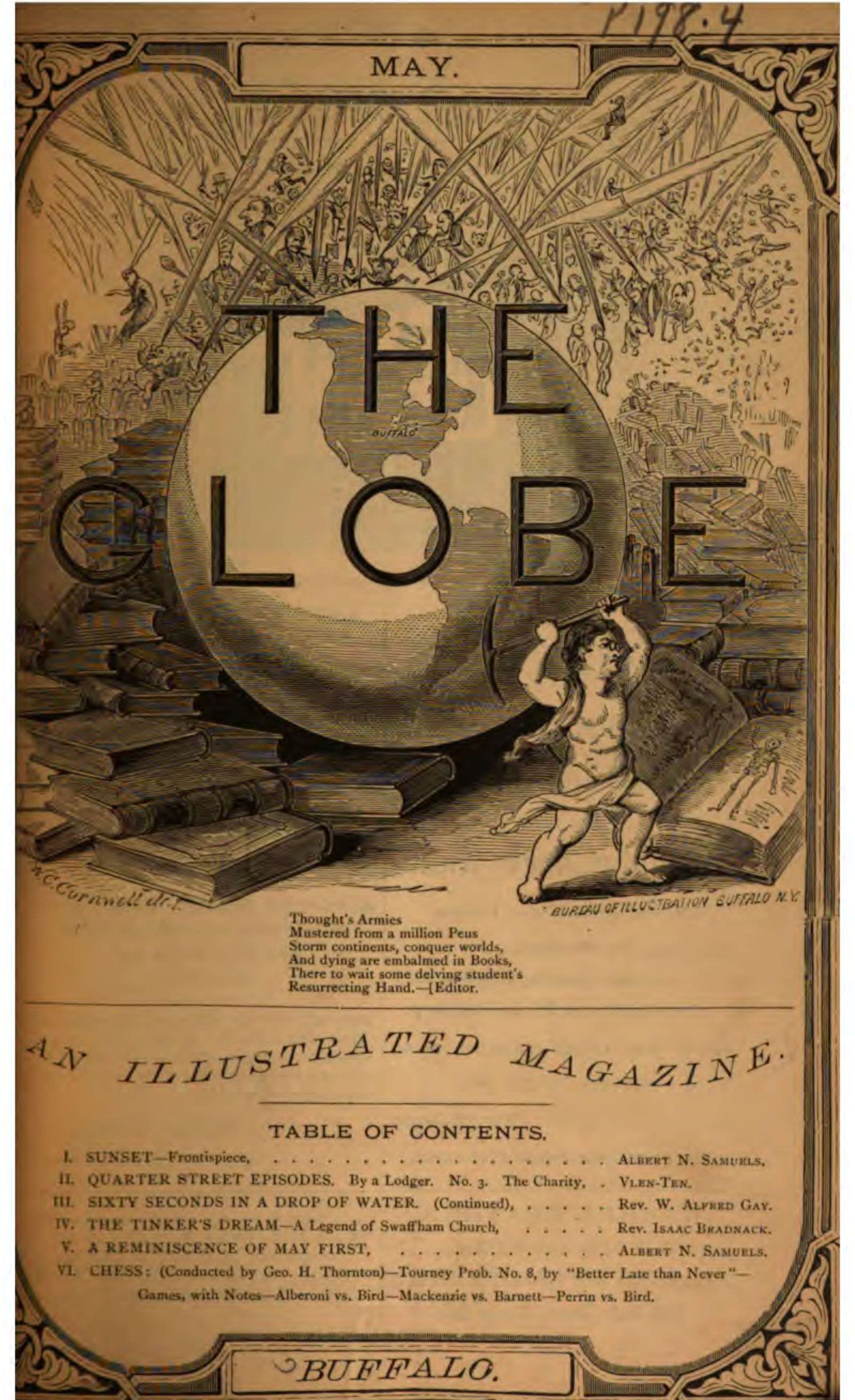
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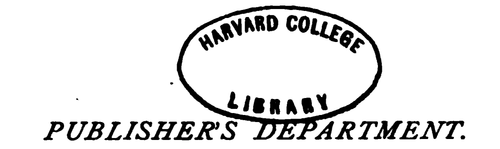


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There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

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BUFFALO.





And in the West, low down, the Day burns out
As glowing embers die upon the hearth.

THE GLOBE.

VOL. IV.] MAY, 1876. [No. 2.

QUARTER STREET EPISODES.

BY A LODGER.

III. THE CHARITY.

Quarter Street had a Charity.

Not that I would be understood to mean that it was the first, or only charity Quarter Street ever had; for, be it known, Quarter Street was given to charity, and had had scores of charitable experiences if it had had one: perhaps I might even say hundreds. And the charity of Quarter Street, too, mind you, was not of that lackadaisical, wishy-washy kind, that gives from a scanty store in a weak-minded and promiscuous manner, to every charitable object that presents itself at its door; nor yet of that public-auction style, that goes to the highest bidder, and is cried on the street corners, and announced in Roman capitals and double-leaded heads in the papers as a rare specimen of munificence, for the benefit of an admiring world; but it was an aggressive, searching and selective charity, that sought out its objects for itself from the thousands of poor and needy, and pitiable, lame, halt and blind, the deserving—aye, and the undeserving too—that present themselves to the dweller in towns every day, and every hour of every day, in unending succession—sought them out, and took them in, in its own peculiar fashion, to do for them whether they would or no.

That this should be so, was a natural result of Quarter Street charity's independence and business-like quality, and of the fact that it proceeded upon no emotion of pity, avarice, gratitude, revenge, or remorse, or hope of preferment here or hereafter. It was simply and purely charity; unadulterated, but practical; energetic and irresponsible as to its results.

It took no chances. "Why," argued Quarter Street (and when we say Quarter Street, we mean chiefly Smiles' Corner and its denizens)—"why, you would not expect a few well-inclined people like us to take care of the whole mass of suffering humanity that comes in our way, that of course would be impossible: why, then, shouldn't we make our own choice as to the recipients of our bounty, and feel free to do for them, no matter what they have done, or may do, or what the result may?"—which, being manifestly just, nobody could gainsay; and, indeed, nobody attempted to, for nobody had objected in the least, or cared anything about it; and so it was done.

There was one consideration, however, that Quarter Street charity claimed to be influenced by in making its selection, and that was, the need of the candidate, comparatively speaking, of course; and this was another argument for going about and seeking for itself; for it was impossible to tell, when an application was made for old clothes, or food, or money, or what not, whether there was not somebody far more in want of it than the one who applied, and, in that case, somebody would thereby be, in a manner, as it were, defrauded of his rights, if it were to be given on demand. And so, nothing was ever given on demand in Quarter Street.

Even so small a matter as the carrying in of a quarter of coals, or a bundle of kindling, unless there were sufficient applications to make a choice proper, was not given out on demand; but was reserved until the owner could go out of the Street and obtain a picked man.

Quarter Street loved, too, to carry its charity about in its pocket, or in its reticule, in the shape of cold victuals, and keeping its eye open as it walked along until it came upon a famished-looking object, would pounce upon it, and bestow a half-eaten joint, or a broken loaf, with an admonition to "take that and be grateful," hurrying away to preserve its incognito; and getting out of sight, would turn back on the other side to note what disposition was made of its donation.

Orthodox charity sneered at these escapades, or, at least, came as near sneering as orthodox charity could by any possibility be got; and said that, manifestly, the charm that kept Quarter Street charity alive was the romance of benevolence: but as we have said, Quarter Street exercised its good intentions as it saw fit, seeking and receiving no suggestion from any source.

And thus, and in no other way, Quarter Street had picked up its latest Charity.

It began with Mrs. F. Bolingbroke Prumer, *nee* Sophia Sumsin; and was, if we must admit it, quite irregular in its progress, though correct in principle at the start.

Mrs. F. Bolingbroke Prumer, having been visiting at Mrs. Tolfree's in Bond street, and having been kept very late by the biscuit, which, being of a new brand of flour didn't mix just satisfactorily (though they turned out beautiful and puffy in the end), and returning on what happened to be a most disagreeable night, being nothing short of deluged with rain and sleet, found it, sitting on a curb, all wet and drabbled, trying to shield and soothe something in its arms, which, would you believe it, was a baby—the weëst, tiniest little mite ever was. It was a young mother, quite a young mother, too, though with an old sort of look in a very thin face.

Mrs. Prumer, having stopped and hastily put three inquiries, each of which, if answered, would have required a half hour's interview, but which were taken no notice of by the young woman, finally demanded, in the regular way, that she should get up at once and come with her. This being in turn ignored, as wholly as what she had said before, Mrs. Prumer promptly called a policeman, and with the help of his threats, got the young woman on her feet, and finally, by their aid, to her home, and down by her kitchen fire; then, bustling off her things, she made a cup of tea, and under its softening influence, and by guarded questioning, supplemented by quick wit, she learned—what?—well, the young woman's name:

"Julia is mine, ma'am."

"And the baby's?"

"Johnny is his, ma'am."

"Julia and Johnny—what else?"

"They calls me Julia, and they calls him Johnny, and that's all, ma'am."

"Yes, but his surname, you know," proceeded the little woman, filling the teacup afresh.

"He hadn't none given to him, ma'am; Johnny is his only name."

"Given him! why, he takes his father's name, of course;" and she looked at her auditor, surprisedly.

"But we don't take his name, ma'am; and we never name him."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Prumer kept silence, looking at her charge; and burned her tongue with a swallow of hot tea, which she attempted to drink because she didn't know what else to do, for sympathy.

Ah, poor Johnny! never had any surname given you! Six brief weeks have passed over your infantile head, and you have wielded a nameless misery, and a nameless horror, over the heads of them that gave you a nameless birth, and consigned you to

a nameless life. Aye, you had your revenge, in the bestowal of a nameless shame, before your nameless existence begun.

"Will you tell me where you live, and why you were not at home on such a night, and where you were going?" were the next kindly inquiries.

"I don't live any place now, ma'am. I had a good place where I worked, and I wasn't turned away neither, but I went away; and then father turned me away from home, and I have been looking for some work. I had some wash-places, too, but they would not keep me with Johnny along, and I had to take him along, and they would not have him; so they got some one else, and I was looking for work—I wasn't going nowhere; I stopped to rest."

Her father turned her away from home.

Ah me, Johnny, that you should pursue your vengeance so relentlessly; to turn your mother from her home with bitter words and taunts, and perchance rough handling. That you should make her to wander, an outcast void of hope, of desire, of thought or purpose but for you; to keep you and preserve you by any drudgery, if grateful heart could procure that; to be denied on your account; to wander aimlessly, miles on miles, and abjectly beg, all for your sake; to be denied for you, and to sink at last, stupefied by weakness and weariness; to be roused again to consciousness of you, and by your tiny but most potent voice! Ah, Johnny, that you should be so hard upon her.

"And is his—is the—the father living?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where does he live?" Little Mrs. Prumer asked this question with some undefined purpose of hunting out and bringing the object of it to justice.

"He is in jail, ma'am; by my father, ma'am." Mrs. Prumer's heart throbbed responsive and exultant. "But I would not be a witness against him; and so father has given it up. And so father got mad at me, and turned me out."

"Your father is an unnatural brute; though he was right, and you are wrong. And—and so—did you love him very much?—baby's father I mean—or what was the reason you didn't want to testify against him? But never mind, then," she said, as she saw her question had brought tears.

She sat silent for a little time, and watched her charge, while the few scalding tears that still remained were shed, unnoticed, and ran down her pinched and sear cheeks. She remarked that the face looked as though it had been burned over with fire; that the skin, drawn tight over the prominent nose and high cheek bones, was flushed and shining; that the mouth was weak in expression, and uncleansed in condition; that the lips, drawn away from the teeth, were bloodless and colorless, humid and forbidding, with cold-sores; that the eyes were leaden and meaningless, and that the general appearance, bodily and mental, was indicative of starvation. A most homely and unromantic case this, thought little Mrs. Prumer, though Sorrow has begun her chastening. But, while she was entertaining the thought, she received an answer to her question, for the woman, with a quick movement, drew forth a little pinched, dark face, the very counterpart of its mother's, and kissed it passionately, while her own softened. The action said more plainly than words, "I might have hated him but for this, but now ——"; and the tears started to the little matron's eyes in turn.

And, ah me, yet again, Johnny, that you should wield your power to thus divert a righteous hatred from your most unworthy father, who so richly deserved it, and turn it recoiling on your mother alone, to warp an distort her very nature, and fix her doleful doom!

But now, the little matron, finding herself fast falling into helpless sympathy, bestirred herself again with redoubled vigor; and after discovering that her charge's feet were torn with long walking, and having bound them up with soft cloths, and liniment, she set about planning a neat little way of righting matters early in the morning, and so much to her own satisfaction, that she gleefully promised its object that she should be at home again before another night. But this form of charity the waif most unaccountably but utterly refused to accept; only repeating her father's words, and declaring she would abide by them; never again to show him her face.

She pleaded only for work, whereby she might earn enough to keep herself and babe from starving. She could work; she was very strong. She could wash and iron, and scrub, and clean; and if that could only be given her, she would ask no more.

Her homely face, in which a thousand sweats, over a thousand washtubs and sad-irons, had left their marks, gave assurance of this, and pleaded for her; and so the little matron, albeit giving up her plan with evident discomfiture, said, well, well, she must go to bed for to-night, and in the morning she would try what could be done.

But, mind you, the Charity was not accepted in Quarter Street out of hand, and without grumbling; for it was not regular, as viewed through the old prejudice; and there were some flings about somebody's officiousness in bringing cast-offs to them to take care of, and about somebody else being "little," "small," and "narrow-contracted," or they would care for their own "weak-minded hussies"; but there were strong reasons for accepting the charge on account of Mrs. Prumer, who was influential in the Corner, and very set in her way; and so it was finally decided that the housekeepers should give the young woman their washing and scrubbing to do, if Mrs. Prumer would undertake to furnish her an attic sleeping-room: and thus the Charity was installed.

And, being installed, the relation which sprung up between befriended and benefactors, was beautiful to see; being, as it was, the outgrowth of that divinest sentiment—Charity.

Julia was found to be faithful, ready and willing, and, best of all, grateful. No work was too hard or too poorly paid to demand the utmost energy and despatch; no hours too long for her grateful heart, to help her gladly through. She was on hand at the earliest dawn, and never thought of quitting but for a hasty meal in kitchen or scullery, until after dusk at night.

She was always in demand; for there being something over twice six family washings and ironings to do in the six working days, in Quarter Street, her powers were taxed to the utmost to keep pace with the labor required of them. But she never complained, never murmured. She was not cheerful—she hadn't time to be cheerful; besides, it was not expected of her; she had only to work, work, work!

And so her silent, busy, and somewhat slender figure, came to be as familiar as the flagging over which she trod, or the utensils with which she wrought, in Quarter Street; and her name was on every lip, where fidelity was synonymous with it.

Johnny was always with her. No matter what she had to do, she was untiring in her devotion to him. At the wash-tub he would appear one of a hundred pieces of soiled linen; at the ironing-table a damp bundle rolled as compactly as another, apparently waiting for its turn at the iron; in the drying-room, suspended from his mother's apron, or as frequently at what appeared a perilous height, from an arm of the clothes-reel, whirling round and round until his head swam again. Exposed in windy areas and stairs, where his mother was scrubbing; perched on

high roofs where clothes were dried, in hot summer sun and parching winds; scalded with suds and cotton-flavored steam; bruised with clothes-sticks and wringer cranks; bundled, mashed and kneaded out of all resemblance to a baby, and into a resemblance to nothing else in the world; Johnny grew up (or as far up as four such years could get him) rugged and strong, though pinched of countenance and dwarfed of stature as child could be.

As he grew older, he learned to know a bench from a wash-board, a pail from a tub, and could even tell a wringer from a mangle; and would state the distinction, when required, with great aptness, and even some show of glee at the achievement, when he had an interested listener. Yet nobody ever thought Johnny was a smart child, or a pert one; though some tried graciously to praise him to his mother.

She never praised him, never smiled at him, or encouraged him in his baby antics; never asked anybody if he was not handsome, or bright, or strong, or sweet as he could be; never lavished any of those fond endearments which mothers find so necessary to the full enjoyment of their treasures; never, either in public or private, kissed and fondled him, as any one could learn; though she always cared for him, and would allow no other hand to touch him, but under her jealous watchful eye.

What yearnings rent her bosom in the process of suffocation there; what dreadful misgivings beset her, while she bore herself so calmly in looking on her babe; what hopes of a future for the son growing up in her eye, and adversity the direst, even to her dull comprehension, that earth could yield; what dreams beset her weak fancy, and what prayers for their realization died in embryo on her very lips, lest they should prove, coming from that unworthy source, a curse in place of blessing; was never matter of speculation, or at least of interest, in Quarter Street; and Julia, considered as a mother, was regarded as a pattern of indifference. And so the Charity arrived at the end of its fourth year, and had proved self-sustaining, and, in the main, popular.

Johnny had advanced from a state of ragged petticoats and bibs, to still more ragged pantaloons and waists, adapted to him from the cast-off stock of some better-provided-for young Quarter-Streeter; and which rather improved his appearence. He had begun, too, in some small ways, to be made of use to his benefactors, by the essayal of certain brief errands, adapted more or less skillfully to his youth and strength, and, for the most part, dependent, for their proper execution, on his being watched from some place of vantage by the sender, and admonished with sundry shakings of the fist, or the flourishing of a still more dreaded switch.

He had also obtained the ascendant in popularity over his mother; who had, unfortunately, fallen into some disrepute from her inexplicable jealousy of him, and from having on three several occasions within the last year, actuated by some unknown motive, attempted a secret night-time desertion of her patrons by walking away unceremoniously, child and all.

These having been associated, in the minds of some imaginative housekeepers, with the likewise imaginary disappearance of sundry unknown quantities of sugar, and tea, or other household delicacies; gave rise to such insinuations, coupled with voluble self-upbraidings, as that it served them right, they ought to have known better than to take a vagabond out of the street; and none the less bitter denunciations of the Charity and her Brat.

Others, again, assumed, in indignant conclave assembled, when she was now gone for the third time (for she had returned from the two first escapades of her own accord, penitent, and had received forgiveness and re-engagement), that "she must have gone back to that man again; don't you believe? That is the way with

these poor wretches ; they cling to the vile cause of their misery far more closely than they do to a true friend, no matter how much they may do for them ; and so I told you in the first place "—which was not true ; though out of memory, and safe to say.

Miss Pall condescended to remark that they didn't care so much where she had gone, she supposed, if she hadn't taken away what didn't belong to her.

"Indeed we do," said Mrs. Galvey ; "for when you have taken a person in and done for them for four years, and paid them for their work, and brought them to that point where they are of some use to you ; then you want them to remain and *be* of use, don't you?"

"Besides," said Mrs. Green, taking sides, "look at the ingratitude of the girl ! See the things we have given her and Johnny, besides her regular wages for the work we furnished her, and which she was so glad to get—and plenty of it, I am sure, she had—why, I myself gave her as many as two pairs of rubbers, which you could hardly see were worn at all, and just the things for her to scrub in, and keep her feet dry, and a most new gingham apron that I made myself, which wasn't soiled, you may say. I don't see why she wanted to go, for my part, unless it was as Mrs. Dibble says, to go back to that man."

Miss Winch, who was subject to touches of compassion, inquired, this being the case, if they were not losing sight of the poor girl's spiritual welfare in contemplating their loss ; and was answered pretty tartly by Mrs. Green that they were not bound to look after that, when she herself so slighted it ; and that she cared more for the value of what she believed had gone at the same time that Julia left, than she did for her spiritual or bodily welfare. Then certain mysterious actions of the delinquent Julia were recollected and recounted ; all going to show that her flight was premeditated, and that the object of it was to rejoin her lover, enriched as much as possible, at their expense. Mrs. Galvey distinctly remembered that Julia had, only a day or two before, recommended to her the purchase of a considerable quantity of washing-crystal (an article she never had much faith in); and she was sorry she had forgotten the amount she did purchase, so as to see if it was intact. Mrs. Green was thus reminded that she had been similarly called upon by her for a new scrubbing brush, and that that *was* missing; though, upon further thought, she believed she hadn't bought it ; but no doubt it would have been stolen, if she had. Several others were on the point of citing other articles of value, which were either in part, or wholly lacking in their domestic economy at that time, and other mysterious actions and suspicious circumstances, tending to further criminate the absent Julia ; when the wild worn face of Julia herself, looked in upon them, and startled them all into silence. She was leading Johnny, but she let him go, and holding out a pair of hands to the astonished and abashed group —hands that looked more like those of an over-worked skeleton, or the claws of an exaggerated Shanghai, which had been frozen in successive hard winters, and were minus half their quota of nails ; so hard and fleshless were they, so blunted and disfigured by prodding in corners of rooms, and stairs ; and chafed with wash-boards ; and skinned with hot irons ; and chapped and broken into living seams by wind and cold, in their service,—asked if they looked like dishonest ones, and declared, with what fire she was capable, that if they had taken so much as a groat'sworth from them, they should pay it back with a dollar's worth of work, or be cut off, and burnt. Then she sank into a chair, and could not rise.

There was that in her face that carried consternation to them that heard her, aside from their chagrin and shame ; and not a word was said ; it was the mark of Death's cold hand.

Those who had spoken against her slunk away; the others made her up a bed and put her tenderly into it, with soothing words and gentle touch. Every kind thing her condition demanded was done for her; but the springs of life were overdrawn, and a brief fever quickly evaporated what remained. With her latest breath she invoked that blessing on her boy, which she had so long feared to utter; clasped his small hand the while as if to link him to the faith she felt; and so died.

Poor errant soul, whose ignorance had yet descried the truth in so many shapes, that it had gleaned a better lesson from its sin than life can often teach, and bound it to its heart!—poor feeble will, that yet had firmly stood against the goadings of remorse; the taunts and gibes of men; the promptings of despair; and borne accursed motherhood, when death was offered it; to take up life in carking poverty for its child's sake, and conquer all its woe; to yield it up at last, to too much charity!

After this, Quarter Street charity became dormant, but in the enthusiasm inspired by the funeral sermon—which was from the text (First Corrinthians xiii, 1st and 4th): "But Charity suffereth long and is kind. She beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things;" and which was chiefly remarkable for its touching reference to the noble charity of which "this poor soul" (the body being present) was the grateful recipient, and "these friends around us here" the gracious dispensers—it was minded, at first, to continue its bounty in favor of the child; but this being demurred to by the grandmother, who compounded for her daughter's wash-places in lieu of it, and took the child herself, Quarter Street considered itself honorably discharged, and made a compact with itself never again to undertake a like responsibility.

Nor was this determination at all shaken by the flutter of excitement which occurred a few days after it was made, when Johnny's grandmother appeared in the Street, in accordance with her engagement, accompanied by what proved to be Johnny, completely metamorphosed by a suit of girl's clothes: nor yet, upon the excitement and interest being increased, by this transformation turning out to be a proper one; the child proving to be a girl, indeed, and known to have been so by the grandmother from its birth; though the susceptibilities of the one or two tender-hearted ones, were visibly affected.

Nor did the subtile influences which led to the adoption of this disguise for her child by the poor mother, find any elucidation, response, or defense. in the soul of Quarter Street; and the spasmodic curiosity was satisfied, though not enlightened, by the explanation of the grandmother, that "she wanted it a boy from the first; and when she found it was not, she said she would make it one, and no man should know different."

Nor yet, it is but just to add, did the resolution succumb to the last and happiest scene of this small drama, which occurred a twelvemonth later, when the figure of the little girl (called Julia now) had become familiar in the Street, and her demure ways a pleasant daily experience, the novelty of which never wore away; though the excitement of it was, to that of any other scene, as a June radiance to a winter gleam of sunshine.

And this was the last scene!

Time: wash-day at Mrs. F. Bolingbroke Prumer's. Scene: wash-room. Julia's grandmother wringing clothes; Mrs. Prumer selecting soiled linen for the wash, and directing. Enter boy with letter, which he hands to Mrs. Prumer, who opens and reads:

"I have taken Julia's baby, which is also mine. I do it for love of the child, and its mother—God bless you for your goodness to them. Please tell Julia's mother the child is in good hands; though I was bad enough once."

SIXTY SECONDS IN A DROP OF WATER.

For a long time I stood gazing out over that terrible chaos, trying to realize the events that had so recently taken place. But the scene was so wonderful, and the ruin so complete, that it was almost impossible to comprehend the nature and extent of the disaster. I found myself, involuntarily, comparing the cause of the upheaval, as I had understood it in my previous existence, with the fearful results that had just been manifested to my senses. Once the cause had appeared as a mere speck under a powerful microscope; but now it was a vast mountain, plowing its way through a densely populated country. What a marvelous lesson had been revealed to my awe-stricken faculties!

Without aim or object, I slowly wended my way to the deep ravine, where so lately had reposed the body of the huge mastodon. Everywhere the extent of the catastrophe was manifested, not only on the plain which had been covered with rocks and *debris*, but in the multitudes of the dead and dying who were scattered everywhere.

Nature had not felt the shock alone; but the inhabitants who crowded her temples had yielded up their lives to their deity.

It soon became evident that a large proportion of the occupants of Gurgia were no more, for the animalcule had crashed along over the most densely populated parts of the country. Their god—the supplier of their wants—had, unwittingly, destroyed his devotees, and was probably, even then, scattering terror and destruction among peoples and tribes who had looked upon him as a demon.

Feeling that my presence and services were valueless, under the existing state of affairs, I determined to journey southward in search of liberty and further knowledge. My reason for taking this particular direction was because the protozoan had chosen the regions of the north as the scene of his future exploits. I felt that I should be much more free from danger by adopting this, rather than any other course.

Although I deeply deplored the loss of life among my late captors, yet I could discover no line of argument that would convince me that it was my duty to remain with them. Their visitor had been a prisoner, rather than an invited guest, and he ardently desired again to breathe the pure atmosphere of unchecked and unfettered liberty.

For a long time after I had bidden my captors adieu, I found that the country through which I passed, in its general outlines, maintained the same features as those to which I had been accustomed. Occasionally I came to great plains surrounded by lofty hills. Again there would be a continual succession of wide valleys and extensive ranges of mountains. Several times I passed through immense belts of timber, where all grades of vegetation were indiscriminately mingled together, and yet, with such perfect adaptation of part to part, and species to species, that there was the most complete harmony.

I was struck with one pleasing peculiarity, as I wandered, at ease, through the various forests; and that was the great number of birds everywhere visible. These beautiful and sweet singers kept up a continual song, and manifested but little fear, as I passed under the trees where they were perched.

One of these forests was much more extensive than any of the others: in fact, I have no doubt but that it equaled a score of them in area if they had been placed side by side. The scenery in this timbered tract cf country was so picturesque, the aromas so fragrant, and the music of its feathered inhabitants so exquisitely melodious, that I long remained a delighted wanderer, without aim or object.

But time gradually made me desirous for new fields of observation, and I left this lovely solitude; though not without a pang of regret.

As I passed from under the foliage of those grand old trees, I found myself standing upon the edge of a billowy plain, that extended away to the east, the west and the south, as far as the eye could reach; and all unbroken by tree or hill, except in the distant south, where I thought I could distinguish the faint shadings of a body of water.

For some time I had thought that the shadows were becoming more dense; but I had attributed this phenomenon to the matted foliage of the forest under which I had been journeying for some time. Now, however, I found that the difference was also discernible on the open plain. I immediately cast my eyes upwards, and was astonished at beholding a strange object in the sky, that had the appearance of a great opaque globe. It was not immediately overhead in the zenith, but about twenty, or twenty-five, degrees to the south; while it seemed to be expanding rapidly in every part before my bewildered senses. A more careful study, however, revealed to me the fact that it was not enlarging, but approaching at a fearful speed. A little later, and various protuberances were visible upon its rounded edge and convex disc, which became more distinct as the body approached.

By a rapid calculation, based upon its position in the heavens, and its rate of enlargement, I found that it would strike the crystal world in the neighborhood of the supposed sea. Nor was I wrong, for soon it began to descend in the south with increasing speed. Then there was a tremendous shock, that gradually increased in intensity, as the parts of the falling body came more intimately in contact with the ball below. It seemed as if the rocky soil would be rent into fragments, so fearful was the concussion. Again and again was I thrown to the ground by the severe shocks, that followed each other in swift succession, as the billows of motion rolled away from the center of disturbance.

But the maximum of force was soon attained, after which the billows lost their energy, and decreased in size; until there was nothing more than a slight reverberation discernible. Then came a most magnificent, yet dangerous, spectacle. The falling body had forced up immense quantities of water in the form of a fountain. For many minutes this geyser arose skyward, until it became entirely separated from its parent sea, and assumed the proportions and appearance of a mighty thunder cloud. Quickly this cloud spread away in every direction, as the particles rolled over, and glided apart from, each other. Then came the down-pouring torrents, which were more terrible than anything I had ever experienced before. It seemed as if the surface of the ground would be entirely washed away by the flood. But happily this fearful storm was of brief duration, so that the sky was soon as clear and calm as before.

Here then were two problems to be solved at once. What was this strange ball that had dropped from the heavens? And what the lake into whose depths it had fallen?

The journey to the coast was no easy undertaking, for the descending rain had deluged the adjacent country, and made traveling a task of the greatest difficulty. But patience and perseverance had their reward, so that, at last, I had the pleasure of looking over the now tranquil surface of a vast lake or sea.

Partly resting upon the shattered rocks of the shore, and partly buried in the immeasurable abyss, lay the unbroken mass, that had so recently descended from above. In dimensions it was larger than any mountain that I had yet seen, while in substance it was entirely different from the earth, or water, in which it was embedded. What was it? A brief examination

convinced me that it was a mote, or a particle of a dust, that had been floating in the air of my room; which, drawing near to the pendant drop of water, had been attracted to it, with the result already described.

But who should explain the phenomenon presented by the existence of this vast body of water? Here too, a moment's study explained the mystery. A liquid to man becomes a solid to the inhabitants of a drop of water; while a gas is presented in the form of a liquid. The sea, therefore, was simply a great natural basin, filled with the air which human beings breathe. Once an invisible vapor, it was now a real, apparent substance, that could be seen as well as felt. The ether to the occupants of the crystal world, was the same as the atmosphere to man. It was the only invisible substance that I had as yet found in all my journeyings.

Looking out over the unbroken expanse, my soul was filled with wonder and delight; and for a long time I stood watching the unruffled surface of that quiet lake. I had approached the center of an arc, that stretched away to the right and to the left, in two rocky arms, that hugged the waters, in their flinty embrace, as far as the eye could reach. The lake was so calm that its mirrored surface perfectly reflected the dome of heaven. As I stood near its edge it seemed at times, as if I were upon the brink of a precipice, where the overhanging sky found its inverted counterpart far below; so that I fancied myself suspended in the midst of space, with the spherical heavens visible in every direction.

Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, is said to be a most lovely sight; but here was scenery far more picturesque, a body of water more transparent and an atmosphere that far out rivaled the pellucid air at the base of Mont Blanc; while the strange position in which I found myself, and the melodious warbling of countless birds, added new interest to the place and occasion.

As I drank in the richness, that everywhere appealed to the senses, I little dreamed of the future that was in store for me, nor of the marvels that should far exceed the most lofty flights of the imagination. I had, as yet, only reached the threshold of wonderland, although I had fancied myself within its most hallowed sanctuary.

After my long and wearisome march I remained upon the shores of the unknown lake for some time, not only resting myself, but obtaining new glimpses of the mechanism by which the economy of physical activities in a drop of water is conducted. The entire scenery, with its broad stretch of sea, long ranges of mountains, and extensive groves, seemed more like a series of panoramic views, from the pencil of a master, than mere natural realities.

But I was about to extend my tour of observation in a direction that should, by its revelations, make the recollections pleasant in the extreme. In the midst of my interesting pastimes, my attention was attracted by a strange object upon the lake, far away to the south. For some time I thought that it was a sea monster sporting in the waves which it was creating. From the great distance, that it at first kept from the shore, it looked more like a cross between a whale and a turtle than anything else I could imagine. Its movements were perfectly graceful, as it glided from place to place, or turned its vast body from side to side. Occasionally it darted downward, and remained under the surface for some time, when it would suddenly reappear in some distant locality. At last it started directly towards the shore, with a speed that was marvelous; and almost before I could realize it, had reached the bank. I expected to see it wrecked upon the beach; but, greatly to my surprise, it lifted its huge form above the water, and ascended to the land with perfect ease. Then I discovered that it was not an animal, but a vessel, that,

in shape, resembled a turtle. Underneath I saw a number of large wheels, upon which the ponderous machine rested; while a score of arms on each side gave the necessary propelling power. These arms were long rods, which emerged from the side of the ship, and which were so jointed that there was both a shoulder and an elbow in each one. At the outer, or extreme end, each rod entered the apex of a cone, which was so arranged, that when the ship was out of the water the cone would slide up to the elbow; thus leaving a dull point to press against the ground. All the propelling power was in these rods—the wheels serving as a keel while the ship was in the water, and as a means of support while it was upon the land.

The moment I became convinced that the strange object was not a sea monster, I hastened down from my elevated position, to become acquainted with its occupants. But this was easier decided upon than carried out, for I could see that my sudden appearance had caused a great commotion upon the vessel. It was some time before I could prevail upon the persons within the craft to make themselves known; while, more than once, they were upon the point of hastening away with their conveyance. But when they were convinced that I was alone, and that there was nothing to fear, a door was thrown open near the top, and I stood face to face with these mysterious navigators.

I found that their language was easily comprehended, while in appearance they were even superior to my former friends at Crystalia.

At first they were very shy, for this was the first time that they had seen an inhabitant of earth; but a closer acquaintance gradually removed their timidity.

As soon as circumstances permitted, I entered the vessel, and, under the direction of its commanders, made myself familiar with its mechanism.

Taking my height to be the unit of measurement, and supposing it to be six feet, (or the same as when I lived among my fellow men), the length of the ship must have been between six and seven rods from stem to stern; and the breadth at least one-third as great as the length. Its covering was quite similar, in shape, to the horny back of a turtle; but in color, and transparency, it was entirely different. The wheels did not pierce through the hold, but revolved in a groove, corresponding to the bed of the usual keel in large ships. These wheels were of great thickness and diameter, for the purpose of bearing the immense burden that rested upon them; but were not connected, in any way, with the machinery that propelled the solid mass of crystal.

The motive power was developed from the ether, through a series of mechanical contrivances, that far excelled, in intricacy, anything I had ever witnessed. The powerful engines were attached to two long and complicated shafts that ran almost the entire length of the ship; and which were, in their turn, connected to the shoulders within, of the series of jointed rods or arms without. The whole mass was so perfectly constructed, that it was controlled and moved by the engineer in charge as easily as if it had been a child's plaything.

While in, or under, the water, the vessel spurned the yielding fluid with its broad, massive hands; while, upon the land, it dug its huge claws into the ground, and rapidly crawled away in the direction desired.

It was wonderful to see that apparently unwieldy body turning itself to either side, or darting forth and back, both when in the water, and when out of it. In the clear lake it glided along like a thing of life, so graceful was every motion; while on the land it was hard to think of it as a mere mechanical contrivance. Having been informed that it came from the further side of the sea, and that its commanders intended shortly to return to their homes, I stepped on board and awaited the pleasure of my new friends.

I had often traveled over the rolling prairies of the West in a luxurious palace car, and had admired the romantic landscape through the ample windows on either side; but never had I imagined that I should ever sit at ease in a vehicle that was both coach and ship combined, and through whose floor and sides and roof I should be enabled to see in all directions. Yet here I was, in a position where I could look below, around and above, through the clear crystal of which this conveyance was constructed.

With a splash, the vessel cut its way into the dividing waters, and gently shot along as if it were slipping in an oiled groove.

The course of the ship was directed by a rudder at the stem of the boat, and the only jar was that caused by the electrified ether expending its force upon the jointed arms. In a short time the coast, where I had so lately stood, had almost disappeared, and we were in the midst of the vast and sailless expanse. As I looked downward, I could see innumerable schools of fish, and strange reptiles, darting by, while the outlines of the underlying bed of the sea were plainly visible.

Just as the last peak of the receding shore disappeared, I felt the ship sinking downward, and I found that we were entirely submerged. As I turned to one of my companions to ask the cause of this descending, my attention was directed to a strange object directly ahead, that I mistook for a boulder resting upon the summit of a submerged mountain. But I soon saw that it was a sea monster sporting in the depths.

As soon as it discovered us approaching, it left the point of the cliff, and rolled away like a great wheel. I say *rolled*, for it was actually turning over and over with inconceivable rapidity.

The race was exciting; but we slowly gained upon this wonderful specimen of animation; and were soon within so short a distance, that we could distinctly see its broad fans expanding and contracting, as it revolved upon itself. But how should we attack it? I saw no weapon, either offensive or defensive, and could not imagine how we should cope with this giant. As we came close to it, however, I saw that the prow, or rudder, of the ship had been constructed with a sharp barbed point, and I knew immediately that this was the instrument of warfare.

As we reached the mastodon our speed was slackened, so that the point of the prow scraped the sides of the leviathan. I could but be reminded of Jove sharpening his thunder-bolts upon the grindstone of Vulcan. The friction and pain quickly caused the fish to slacken the speed of its revolutions, until it loomed up before us, with a score of tentacles extended in defiant, threatening attitude.

As soon as the foe had taken this defensive position, the arms of the ship were reversed, and we slowly moved backward. Suddenly the energy was again applied, and forward we darted! A moment's suspense! A dull thud! A tremendous shock! and the enemy was writhing upon the cruel point of the vessel's prow. Its plungings were fearful, as it vainly sought to release itself from the instrument of death that had pierced its vitals. But it was soon conquered, and in its dying throes proclaimed the superiority of mind over matter.

This added burden made the speed of the ship slow and unsteady; but the trained seamen gradually advanced through the waters, and upward towards the surface.

When we again arose from the depths, our course was changed from the south to the east. This was done, so I was informed, that the fish might be safely landed, and cut up for future use.

Soon a few cliffs appeared in the horizon; then the lower hills and woods, and at last a long line of beach. Before I expected it, we

were rising out of the water, and rolling up to the dry land with our monstrous burden. All hands were immediately employed in dissecting the prize that had been captured. The great pieces were brought in and stored away, until nothing remained but a few worthless portions which were left upon the shore.

After a short ride over the plain, that stretched away in the distance, the ship returned to the sea, and again plowed along towards the wished for southern climes.

There had been so much excitement on board during the submarine engagement, and such busy activity afterwards, that I had asked but few questions. Now, however, I had an opportunity of making many inquiries, and of receiving in return much valuable information.

The sea, so my companions told me, was of great dimensions, and richly stored with a great variety and abundance of fish. These inhabitants of the sea ofttimes grew to an enormous size, and became an object of terror to the population along the coast. They were so endowed with physical strength, and powers of adaptation, that they often crawled to the shore and through the adjacent territory, carrying terror to all hearts by their depredations. So great had this evil become, that numerous ships had been prepared for no other object than that of making war upon these terrible monsters of the deep. Many of these animals were also useful for food, so that their destruction proved a twofold benefit.

The vessel in which I was voyaging had been built for this purpose, and had already slain many hundreds of these foes of civilization and industry.

I also learned many things of the country that we were approaching, and had my curiosity aroused by the wonderful stories that I heard, but which I then considered as the "yarns" of seamen.

In this opinion, however, I was grievously mistaken, for even more was soon realized than I could have possibly believed, if I had accepted every statement of these navigators. I was approaching a new world of wonders with the speed of an eagle.

(To be continued.)

THE TINKER'S DREAM.

A LEGEND OF SWAFFHAM CHURCH.

I entitle this a legend,—but in the sense of a memorial or a relation, rather than an unauthentic narrative. In the Parish Church of Swaffham, Norfolk Co., England, I have seen a black marble statue of the Tinker with his Dog; and the story was thus related by the sexton of the church: More than two centuries ago, a Tinker (whose name was Chapman) lived in Swaffham. He dreamed one night that a voice said to him: "Go to London, and on London-Bridge you will meet a man who will tell you something to your advantage." And he awoke with the words sounding in his ears, "Go to London-Bridge." He fell asleep again, and the dream was repeated, but the voice was in a louder tone. Awaking in the morning, he told his wife the dreams.

The following night he dreamed again that he saw a tall, grim figure glide into the room with a rod in his hand, and approaching his bedside, struck him a heavy blow—and said: "Go on to London-Bridge, and you shall hear something you ought to know." He suddenly awoke, impressed as much with the stroke of the rod, as with the dream, and resolved to go, and putting in his pocket all the funds he could get together, and a scanty purse it was, he started on his journey, staff in hand, and being helped along the road by chance

rides, walking and riding, he reached London-Bridge on the third day at sunset, but weary and foot-sore.

On each side of the old London-Bridge, at intervals, there were stone recesses, with seats of the same material; on one of these he sat down to rest; after a brief space of time, a stranger passing, paused, and stood face to face with the Tinker, and in a somewhat hurried and excited manner said, "My friend, I am looking for you, to tell you something for your good. I dreamed (three times, of course!) that I should meet a man on this Bridge, and you answer the description given to me; I was directed to tell you my dream, but I was not to enquire whence you came, but to give you my name and address, and inform you, that not far from your house there was an old oak tree standing, which particular tree would be indicated to you in some manner, but what, I know not; and that if you dig at the foot you will find something; now if there is anything to share, remember me, there is my address; I have not a moment more to spare, my duty is done. Good day!" The Tinker would have questioned him, but he was dumbfounded, and before he had power to speak, the stranger had disappeared in the crowd. After finding a lodging for the night and sleeping soundly, he started next morning by the Swaffham stage, and reached home after a four days' pilgrimage. He related to his wife the circumstances and result of his journey. Next day, armed with spade and mattock, and accompanied by his Dog, he went through the backdoor-yard, and as he passed through the gate, which separated his yard from the field beyond, his Dog (had the dog dreamed, too?) stopped beneath an old oak tree, and began to scratch and bark furiously, then running to his master, returned to the spot, repeating his barking and scratching. The Tinker thought this is the tree, and commenced at once to dig, and soon his mattock struck upon something solid; clearing away the soil, he found an iron chest, but as it was daylight, thinking further operations might be observed, he loosely covered the earth over it again, and returning at nightfall, secretly and safely removed the chest to his dwelling. The lid was securely locked, and completely cemented with rust, but with considerable effort he raised it up on its grating hinges, and lo! a mass of gold and silver coins glittered in his view; the gold and silver were separated by a partition; he and his wife quietly stowed away the coins in bags, and the next day he exposed the chest for sale outside his shop-door. The chest had an inscription in slightly raised characters on the lid, and the letters were much defaced by the rust. Soon two college boys passing, were attracted by its appearance. "Eh!" says one, "what have we here? Captain Noah's sea-chest, and what a droll inscription":

"Ibidem stabat, alius est
Bisque melior."

Bad Latin, but which being interpreted, is—

"Where this stood."

"Hold," said the other, "here's the rhyme:

"Is another twice as good,"

"Yes"—both—"that's it"—

"Where this one stood,
There is another twice as good."

Boy-like, and heedless, on they went, while the Tinker, shrugging his shoulders, went and informed his wife what he had overheard, and, though impatient, he prudently deferred further search till night, but prepared his pullies and ropes, and attached them to the tree in readiness for the intended operation. Accompanied by his Dog, who still seemed attracted to the spot, he recommenced to dig, and at the depth of two or three feet, his mattock rung again on iron, and discovered a much larger chest than the other, which, by the aid of his apparatus, he brought to the surface,

and on a wheel-barrow conveyed it to his home, and on opening it found the "inscription" verified, for there was double the amount of gold and silver coin.

Suffice it, that the Tinker and his wife long lived to enjoy the benefit of the mysterious treasure, and at his death he left legacies to his friends (of whom, of course, he had many); he also left a large legacy for the rebuilding of two-thirds of the massive stone church, with the addition of a new chancel, in which, after his decease, to honor his memory, his grateful townsmen placed the black marble statue of the Tinker and his Dog, which travelers still turn aside to see, and to hear the oft-told tale of the Tinker's dream.

TWO PICTURES—A REMINISCENCE OF MAY FIRST.



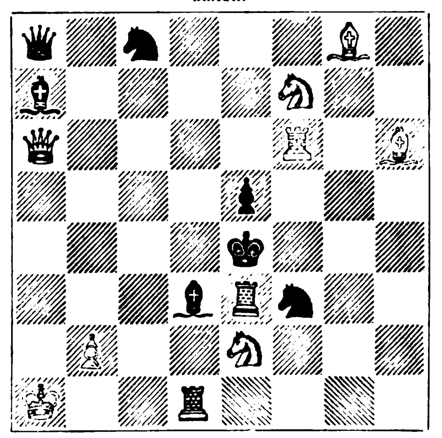
Mrs. Brown thinks Mr. B. had better carry his portrait and some other valuable articles himself—those cartmen are so careless. In the course of his journey, his portrait is the happiest of the two.

CHESS.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 8. By "Better Late Than Never."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

—Our last tourney problem was sent us by mistake. The problem in this number should be in the set under this motto in its stead.

—The following is one of the tourney games played at the Café International, kindly contributed to us by Mr. Becker, of New York :

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

WHITE. *Mr. Alberoni.*		BLACK. *Mr. Bird.*	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	22. Kt B 5 (*d*)	22. Q tk P ch
2. P K B 4	2. P tk P	23. Q tk Q	23. B tk Q ch
3. B B 4	3. Q R 5 ch	24. K tk B	24. B tk Kt
4. K B sq	4. B K Kt 4	25. B Kt 5 ch	25. K Q 2
5. Q Kt B 3	5. B Kt 2	26. Q R Q sq	26. B Kt 3
6. P Q 4	5. P Q 3	27. Kt Kt 5	27. Kt R 3
7. Kt B 3	7. Q R 4	28. R B 5	28. B tk B
8. P K 5	8. P Kt 5(*a*)	29. Kt tk Kt(*e*)	29. B R 4
9. Kt K sq	9. P B 6	30. R Q 2	30. P tk Kt
10. P tk P	10. P tk P	31. K R tk P ch	31. K B 2
11. Q tk P (*b*)	11. Q R 6 ch	32. R Q 7 ch	32. K Kt 3 (*f*)
12. K B 2	12. Q R 5 ch	33. B K 3 ch	33. K R 4
13. K K 3	13. K Kt R 3	34. Q R Q 5 ch	34. P Kt 4
14. Kt Kt 2	14. Q Q sq	35. R tk B	35. K R K sq
15 R B sq	15. Kt B 4 ch	36. B Q 2 ch	36. K R 5
16 K B 2	16. Q P tk P	37 R Q 4 ch	37. P Kt 5
17. Q P tk P	17. Q Q 5 ch	38. K R Q 5(*g*)	38. R K 7 ch
18. Kt K 3	18. Q R 5 ch	39. K R sq	39. Kt Q B 4
19. K Kt sq	19. B tk P	40. R tk Kt	40. P Q R 4
20. B tk P ch(*c*)	20. K Q sq	41. B K R 6	
21. Q Kt 2	21. Kt Q 3	Mr. Bird resigned.	

(*a.*) A premature advance.

(*b.*) The right reply. White conducts the game with great skill and ability.

(*c.*) Well played ; the hostile Rook is now prevented from going to the important square at K Kt. The Bishop cannot be taken of course.

(*d.*) Again the best rejoinder. Black's attack is now altogether gone, and White has all his forces in the field.

(*e.*) Perfectly sound, White will recover the sacrificed piece.

(*f.*) If 32 K to B sq, White proceeds with
33 R to Q 8 ch 33 K to B 2
34 B to B 4 ch 34 K moves
35 R from Q 8 to Q 6 ch, and wins the Bishop.

(*g.*) White conducted the game up to now in a very vigorous style, but here he misses the simple rejoinder 38 B to B sq, which forces the mate in a few moves.

The following game was played in the Café :

WHITE. *Mackenzie.*		BLACK. *Barnett.*	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	20. Kt B	20. Q tk Q
2. Kt K B 3	2. Kt Q B 3	21. B tk Q.	21. R K 3
3 P Q 4	3. P tk P	22. R tk P	22. B tk P
4 Kt tk P	4. B B 4	23. P tk B	23. R tk B
5. B K 3	5. Q B 3	24. P Kt 3	24. R Q Kt 3
6. P Q B 3	6 Kt K 2	25. R Q 7	25. R tk P
7. B Q B 4	7. c—o	26 R K 2	26. K B
8. o—o	8. P Q 3	27 R tk R	27. K tk R
9. P K B 4	9. B K 3	28. R tk P	28. R Kt 7
10. B K 2	10. Q R K	29. Kt K 3	29. Kt B 3
11. P Q Kt 4	11. B Kt 3	30. Kt Q 5	30. P Q R 4
12 P Kt 5	12. Kt R 4	31. Kt B 7 ch	31. K K 2
13. Kt Q 2	13. B Q 2	32. R Q 3	32. P Q Kt 4
14. K R.	14. Kt Q 4	33. P B 5	33. Kt K 4
15. P tk Kt	15 R tk B	34 R K 3	34. K Q 3
16. R B	16. K R K.	35. R Q B 3	35. P Kt 5
17. R K B 2	17. B tk Kt	36. Kt Kt 5 ch	36 K Q 4
18. P tk B	18. Q tk P	37. R K 3	37. P R 5
19 P Q R 4	19. Q tk Q P	Mackenzie resigned.	

—The following fine off-hand game we had the pleasure of witnessing recently at the Café International :

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

WHITE. *Mr. Perrin.*		BLACK. *Mr. Bird.*	
White.	Black.	White.	Black
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	26 Q Q 3	26. P Q Kt 5
2. Kt K B 3	2. Kt Q B 3	27 B K 5	27. B tk Q B P
3. B Q B 4	3. Kt B 3	28. P Q B 4	28 R K 6
4. Kt Kt 5	4 P Q 4	29. Q Q 2	29. Q Q 2
5. P tk P	5. Kt Q R 4	30. Kt Q 4	30. B tk Kt
6 P Q 3 (*a*)	6 B Q B 4(*b*)	31. Q tk B	31. R Q R 6
7 Kt Q B 3(*c*)	7 Castles	32. R K 2	32. B R 4
8. Castles	8. B K B 4	33. R Q 2	33. R Q Kt
9 Q K 2	9. R K	34. P Q B 5	34. P Q Kt 3
10. Q Kt K 4	10. B K 2	35. P tk P	35. K R tk P(*d*)
11. Kt tk Kt	11. B tk Kt	36. P B 6	36. Q B 2
12. Kt K 4	12. B K 2	37. Q tk Q R P	37. R R 8
13. B Q 2	13. Kt tk B	38. K Kt	38. P R 6
14. P tk Kt	14. B K Kt 3	39 Q tk B P	39. R tk R ch
15. B Q B 3	15. P K B 4	40. K tk R	40. R Kt 8 ch
16. Kt Kt 3	16. P K 5	41 K B 2	41. Q K Kt 3
17. P K B 3	17. B B 4 ch	42. Q Q 8 ch	42. K R 2
18 K R	18. P Q 6	43. Q K Kt 5(*e*)	43. Q B 2
19 P K B 4	19. P Q Kt 4	44 P B 7	44. R B 8
20. P Q Kt 4	20. B K 2	45. P Q 6	45 P tk Kt P
21. Q tk K P	21 B tk Q Kt P	46 K tk P	46. R B 4
22. Q Q 4	22. B K B	47. Q tk P ch	47. Q tk Q
23 P Q B 5	23. P K R 4	48. B tk Q	48 B K.
24. Q R K	24. P R 5	49. P Q 7	
25. Kt K 2	25. R K 5	Black resigns.	

(*a.*) B Q Kt 5 ch is played here fully as often as the move given. The move in the text appears to be rather the safer line of play. It is found invariably in Morphy's games where this defence is played.

(*b.*) This move recommended by Der. Lasa is considered by some authorities as inferior to 6 P K R 3 as by that move Black is supposed to get up a pretty strong counter attack. White's seventh and eighth moves are also often transposed.

(*c.*) This move is believed by most authorities to be stronger than P Q B 3 which is recommended by the German Hand-Book and Staunton's Praxis which gives a variation under that move and leaves the game even at Black's 13th move.

(*d.*) Mr. Bird evidently overlooked the loss of pawns which these moves compel him to submit to. He considered that he had by far the superior position a few moves before.

(*e*) Mr. Perrin conducts this part of the game and the termination very finely.

CHESS ITEMS.

—The sale of the *Dubuque Chess Journal* and the change in the management announced in the chess periodicals has occasioned some surprise and a good deal of regret on the part of the many friends of Prof. Brownson. W. H. Russell and W. S. Hallock, however, are enterprising men, and if we mistake not, will use their best endeavors not to let the *Journal* run back while it is on their hands.

—We think the best-natured man in the world is J. G. Belden, the genial chess editor of the *Hartford Times*. Although he and many others think that he has not been very generously dealt with by Prof. B., yet he offers him his hand in bidding him farewell, and kindly says of him, that no man has done more to advance the cause of chess in America than Prof. O. A. Brownson of Dubuque. In this opinion we are inclined to concur, and we would also add that after him we know of no one who has done more for American chess than Mr. J. G. Belden himself. If a spicy, entertaining and reliable chess department can accomplish this, it is just what he has been responsible for ever since we have had the pleasure of perusing the columns of the *Times*.

—The April number of the *Westminster Papers* gives No. 2 of a series of full, page cartoons, in which a most ludicrous portrait of Mr. Blackburne is given us. The object of this series seems to be to show up English professional players in a light where, to say the least, they do not appear to the very best advantage. To this end the cartoons in question are extremely effective, but we really hope English professionals are not such *bêtes noirs* as the editor would have us believe. In America there are few players who could rightly be called professionals, but the gentlemen who have been placed in that category, and whom we have had the pleasure of meeting, are quite the reverse of the English first-rates, if the *Westminster's* description of them is an accurate one.

—The tournament at the Café International continues to attract the attention its importance deserves. More than one hundred games have already been played, but we believe as yet no one is looked upon as certain of carrying off the first honors. Judging from the latest scores the players whose prospects are the brightest are Capt. Mackenzie, Alberoni, Ensor, and Mason. Mr. Richardson has withdrawn from the contest. There are still sixteen players remaining, and it will doubless be sometime before the conclusion will be arrived at.

—The Philadelphia Chess Club is working hard to make all necessary arrangements for the International contest. European players seem to have come to the conclusion that we are going to have a tournament after all. The *Westminster Papers* speaks of the Centennial tournament as a certain and assured success. Davidson, the young Philadelphia player, has entered the lists; also Simon Winawere, the young Hungarian.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Price $1 a year; Single Copies 10c.

A HUMORIST'S SUBJECT.

The ludicrous misery of the man who rising from his bed at night at the call of his infant scion, and searching in the dark for a match, barks his bare shins against the long limbs of the rocking chair—the misery of this man has been the topic of a large number of American humorists. But his days are numbered, as a subject of humorous writings, simply because the old-fashioned rocker will have ceased to exist in the course of the next few years. An invention has been perfected which does away with the cumbersome rockers of the old chair, while it gives all the comfort of the long and easy movement which they made possible. The patent is the property of Albert Best & Co., of this city. It is a device which is an improvement on the first attempts at spring rockers, obviating their short and hard rocking motions, and adding strength and perfection to the inventions which have before sought to relieve the defect referred to. In fact, it is a rocking chair perfected, and one which the seeker after matches in the still midnight hours will never have cause to inwardly swear at because it has entangled his tender perambulators, but rather rested by its easy soothing motion, he will contentedly puff its praises with his evening cigar.

AN ANCIENT LEDGER.

In a private library at Augsburg is an old volume filled with queer characters and entries in pen and ink. Closer examination shows it to be a ledger bearing date 1492, and containing the accounts of Anton Fugger. This man, it will be remembered, was the head of the great house of the name whose commerce in the 15th century covered the Baltic and extended to Hungary, Italy, and even to India. So great was the wealth of the family that "as rich as a fugger" became a proverb. The old ledger is a curiosity in its way. The thrifty merchant who made its entries would have opened his eyes had he seen the ledgers, journals, and various other blank books, which are used in these days, for although the system of Book-keeping was then essentially the same as now, the convenient ruling, the strong binding and the fine paper that we use were unknown. And in point of fact these things are of importance. The experienced accountant knows well the advantage of having first-class books to keep his accounts in. Messrs. Young, Lockwood & Co., of this city, probably manufacture as thoroughly first-class work of the kind as can be procured anywhere. Sets of Books can be ordered of any size and best quality at reasonable figures, and any kind of Blank Book known can be had.

"CASH."

The watchword of retail trade to-day is Cash. The great lesson of the times, namely, Economy, has taught both buyer and seller that the only true system is the system which furnishes a man with what he pays for only, and furnishes him that at the lowest rate. The businesses which supply the actual necessities of life—the groceries, &c.—were the first to adopt the Cash basis, and the dry goods stores have followed to a certain extent. Mr. M. L. Comstock is the first to institute the system in the hat and cap trade in this city. His immense stock affords the cash buyer the largest advantages, and the low prices which can be afforded for cash make it really an object. For instance, the best silk hat which sold here formerly for $7.00 can be had—the very same thing—for $5.00, at Comstock's.

STEAM VS. STICK.

The boy who, in the spring time, came to your house and, at a moderate price per day, punched your carpets with a big stick as they hung over a clothes-line, leaving their own dust to settle on them again, and turning them over to you a little worse than before they were beaten—this boy, and the class he represents, is becoming obsolete. The steam carpet beating machine is superceding him. It does its work by means of a great number of flexible whips, and not by sticks, and the carpets receive no injury. Mr. D. W. C. Stiles, proprietor of the Steam Carpet Beating Works, sets forth the advantage of the system, in another column.

SPRING BONNETS.

The Queen City Bazaar is a new Millinery establishment recently opened by Mr. Henry O'Brian, a gentleman of long experience and acknowledged ability in the business. The new store contains the largest retail stock in the city, and affords a splendid field for selections of the widest variety. Flowers of every description and embracing almost as many kinds as Nature herself ever makes, are at hand in the greatest profusion, as are ribbons of the most fashionable and beautiful colors, bonnets, silks of the very best make and shades, and bonnets and frames of every conceivable shape in the present style. Mr. O'Brian is always ready and willing to advise his customers as to the most desirable articles and purchases, and his judgment and sincerity may be relied upon in every instance; in fact, he has a marked reputation among ladies, for telling them what is most desirable and suitable, without any reference to his personal interests—a strong point with a lady purchaser. The Bazaar includes also a large wholesale department, which will be a great advantage to milliners in and out of town.

THE LATEST AND BEST.

The parlor stove has in these latter days become an elegant article of furniture. Probably the most perfect specimen of this is the latest—the stove called the Splendid—one of which is now on exhibition and in operation at L. Schwartz & Co.'s. It is thoroughly graceful, from the nickel-plated knob at the apex of the urn to the standards on which it rests, and by the way this knob is of more importance than appears at first. It lifts off, and attached to it is a queer key-like tool which fits the handles of all the doors, drafts and checks, and is most convenient and useful. The urn itself, at the top, does not lift off and around, as in other stoves, but a little nickel-plated knob, touched by the tool above-mentioned, slides the front half of the top around in a groove into the rear half, leaving an opening for the pouring in of coal.

Another improvement exists in the shaking apparatus. Ashes, when grates are shaken from side to side, collect in the center, and it becomes impossible to shake them down. In addition to the motion from side to side, this stove has a small circular grate *in the center of the grate proper*, which pulls out and lets the accumulated ashes through. Still another improvement consists in the perforation of the base and back of the stove. The cold air is drawn from under the stove through the heating chamber and passes out as hot air through the perforations, thus keeping up a constant circulation.

Besides this, the fire-pot is made in sections and any part can be replaced by any foundry.

One more advantage, and a decided one, consists in the three large mica doors which take up the circumference of the stove, and any one of which affords a wide and exceedingly convenient opening to the fire itself.

Add to these advantages the fact that the prices range the same as any first-class stove, and we have an array of inducements to buyers which is unexcelled.

Messrs. Schwartz & Co. have also a fire-place heater on same pattern as the Splendid; and although samples only, are on exhibition, in the fall they will have a full line of parlor heaters, parlor cook stoves and double heaters.

A CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Buffalonian who visits the great Exhibition will, in the immense Main Building, come upon a display which will assure him that Buffalo is by no means unrepresented. Entering by the principal doorway, and passing half-way down the broad avenue, he will be suddenly arrested by a dazzling pyramid of glass thirty feet high—a veritable Crystal Palace in miniature—twenty-five feet square, and octagonal in form, against which the sunlight dashes and sparkles in a thousand reflections. It is Pease's grand exhibition of Oils, and by far the finest that he has made, exceeding those of London, France and Vienna. Imagine an octagonal series of glass planes twenty-five feet square at the start, and rising one above the other to a height of thirty feet, covered with high glass vessels to the very top, each containing some one variety of the beautiful translucent Oils for which Pease has become celebrated; each throwing back the rays of the sun in dazzling brilliancy; everything of glass, from the apex to the pedestals on which the whole rests. Imagine this, and one has a faint idea of the real splendor of this display, which is an honor to the American quarter, as it is to Mr. Pease and Buffalo. Section P—41, Center Main Building, is the terse directory which locates Pease's Crystal Palace, and nobody who visits the Centennial, much less Buffalonians, will fail to admire the enterprise and energy which carried off the medals at Paris, London and Vienna, and which will undoubtedly repeat its success at Philadelphia.

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The well known Drug Store, corner of Huron and Main streets, kept by Seward & Liebetrut, has been removed to 381 Main street, third door below Eagle, at which place may be found everything usually asked for in a first-class store.

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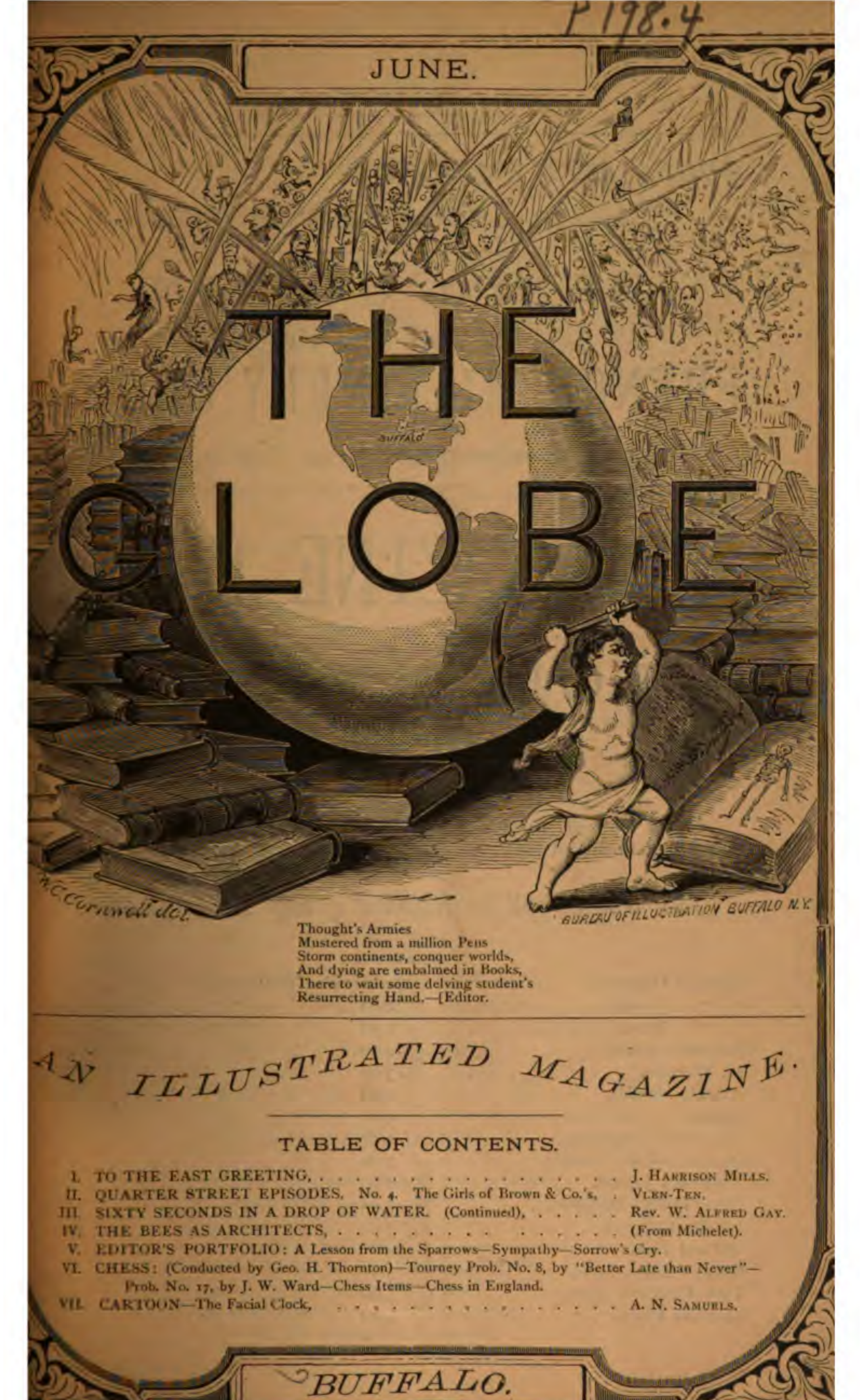
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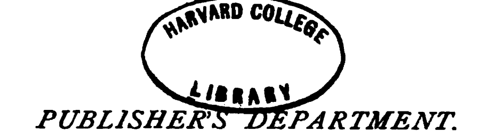
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There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.
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THE GLOBE.

VOL. IV.] JUNE, 1876. [No. 3.

TO THE EAST, GREETING.

The Platte flows through its valleys,
  And its ultimate is the sea.
Oh, hurrying waters that homeward flow,
  How happy your haste must be.
But when, by our mother's birth-place,
  You are kissing the sparkling sands,
You will whisper perchance of an exile's tears
  In the distant border lands.

Her hands were laid in blessing
  Over faces that turned away.
They turn, and weep, in the arms of sleep,
  But they turn not back by day.
They carry her benediction
  On the gray and furrowed brow,
But the eyes are set and the lips are firm,
  And the hands still hold the plow.

Some tarried long in the lake lands,
  And their children are passing on,
And their children's children, in hardy bands
  Still look to the setting sun.
But our mother's old-time legends
  We keep, with her faith and pride,
And we swell as we tell how on many a field
  Our great grandfathers died.

The Grand foams through its cañons
  A torrent, a gulf, a sea.
To us it seemeth in very truth
  The river of destiny
On the shore of the Western Ocean
  A spousal of tide with tide
On the vaporous east wind floating
  Where the lateen navies glide.

Oh! what of the star of empire
  That has led us now so long.
Is it fixed in the moon-lit heaven
  With the poet and his song?
Is it poised on the dim horizon
  To wait for the tide that stays?
Will it dawn with a newer glory
  In the coming glorious days?

For our farther west is your orient.
  We have conquered half a world
Since the mother isle sent us to march
  With the starry flag unfurled.
Shall empire rise on empire?
  As it hath been, shall it be
And the newer and stronger chase the old
  Forever o'er land and sea?

The self-same cloud is feeding
  The springs of the Platte and Grand.
And standing here on the pass, I hear
  Their thunders on either hand.
And the Thunder that is their father
  In the cloud that is passing by
Is the self-same Voice that echoed from
  The summit of Sinai.

Still voice, and small, in my heart replies,
  There is truth beyond the truth;
No stream, though lost in the desert, dies
  While the fountain maintains its youth.
There's better meaning in empire,
  And the star in her diadem
Shall be the Light that the shepherds saw
  In the east, toward Bethlehem.

And our high noon is the morning
  That breaks on a far-off shore.
The grim old dragon is gone to sleep
  That guarded the ancient door;
And old Confucius, smiling
  Meets Christ with a friendly hand,
And the sword may rest, for the word is best,
  And the Light is on the land.

And the Platte flows through its valleys
  To the gulf and to the sea.
We will rest, will rest, Oh mother lands,
  We will join your jubilee.
Though the hundred years of empire
  Be a glorious tale that's told,
There riseth the Kingdom that shall not end
  Nor dim, as the sun grows old.

J. Harrison Mills.

Middle Park, Colorado.

QUARTER STREET EPISODES.

BY A LODGER.

IV. THE GIRLS OF BROWN & CO.'S.

The largest of the six large warehouses that rear their grizzled backs over Quarter Street, belongs to, and is wholly occupied by, Brown & Co., Wholesale Millinery and Fancy Goods Dealers; and the basement windows thereof, the tops of which are just on a level with the narrow pavement, and the view from which commands a further prospect of a very narrow area and a plethoric and over-burdened dust bin, give light, in very small quantities, albeit, to the work-room, where the Girls of the institution are operated.

What far-seeing policy, or consideration of economy of space and light, or profound knowledge or theory of the adjustment of the relations between Capital and Labor consigned them to this particular apartment, when five high, airy, roomy stories towered above them; or indeed, to the Quarter Street front at all, we cannot divine; any more than we can the minor question of how they managed to be employed there, and suffered themselves to be voluntarily imprisoned, for a pittance of from five to eight dollars a week, according to their proficiency—and personal appearance.

However that may be, here they were, and here they worked, tooth and nail, day in and day out, huddled up as near the light as possible, collating bits of ribbon, and bunches of artificial flowers, and sprigs of artificial grass, and real birds—stuffed and wired with their heads and tails cocked up, and little beads for eyes, blinking at you like real black mischievous eyes—and long plumes, and short plumes, and "tips," and single feathers, and bright red and green wings, and all the wonderful and beautiful things commonly used for such purposes, into bonnets, and hats and gewgaws, for their more fortunate sisters.

Almost any one passing by on Quarter Street, and giving the matter but a single thought, would have said, looking down on their bowed heads and nimble fingers, "These girls, at least, are free from the envies and jealousies that move the rest of the world; they have no time for such things; they are too busy to think of anything but their duties." But if he could have been admitted to the apartment a half-hour later, when the fore-woman announced lunch, and seen them drop their work and scatter for their lunch-baskets, and then gather around the two head-trimmers in two well defined groups, and talk among themselves and at each other about what the Madam (the fore-woman) had said complimentary of *their* last dozen bonnets for the show-windows, or how she had reported a very rich customer's praise of the last ordered work gotten out by Miss Jones and her assistants on the other side, or had heard them parade other supposed advantages over one another, professional and non-professional, accompanying the recital with various sly thrusts and insinuations calculated to arouse envy and provoke a retort from their opponents, and their opponents receiving them with tossings of heads, and made-up giggles, and flinging back the insinuations with well affected scorn; he would have made up his mind to the contrary proposition, and felt that he had not studied human nature under diverse circumstances, sufficiently to answer for it under any one of them all.

Indeed, these little bickerings and animadversions formed almost the only relaxation these two little divisions of society allowed themselves, and they were in the way of a protest against a forced and uncongenial association. But in this they quite assert-

ed their equality, though the superiority of the head-trimmers in point of wages, and the responsibility their position imposed, as well as their advantages for greater observation and experience of the world—they being called up stairs now and then to receive orders and work, and admitted to a greater share of the confidence and notice of their employers—naturally made them the objects of the loyalty of their respective assistants, as well as the exponent of their mutual jealousies. Neither of these could claim much advantage over the other at the period of the occurrence we are about to relate, for, while it was known that Miss Jenkins had a widowed mother to support, and lived in lodgings in a most unfashionable quarter; Miss Jones was an orphan of many years standing, and had the care and management of a young brother, not yet old enough to help earn anything, and was obliged to keep house in the no more pretentious locality of Smiles' Corner.

These personalities had been discovered and canvassed long before; but being thus evenly balanced, and of a nature rather tending to some unity of sentiment than division, had been dropped, and nothing serious had as yet succeeded them.

It fell to the lot of Miss Jones to create the first great sensation, and put her rival strictly on her mettle. Miss Jones boasted some personal attractions, based upon a classical and somewhat prominent nose, a liquid and expressive eye, and abundant dark hair. These charms, though calculated to give her admission and standing in any society she might have been introduced to, had heretofore been doomed, like many a flower, to blush unseen, etc.; though they had been made much of in contrast to Miss Jenkins's high corrugated forehead, turn-up nose, and sharp chin.

But one Monday morning, as the troop were sitting down to work, it was observed that these attractions were greatly enhanced by a smothered excitement in Miss Jones's manner, which showed itself in an additional sparkle of the liquid eye, and a glow in the cheeks, and which soon communicated itself in some unknown manner to her first assistant, Miss Bain. That young lady, after exciting the curiosity of the Jenkinsites to the highest pitch, as was sufficiently indicated by their frequent loud queries about their work, and the exhibition of an unusually deep interest in the same (no other conversation was allowed during "hours"); whispered to her nearest neighbor between stitches, "Miss Jones's been noticed. Let 'em itch 'till lunch!"

This astounding fact was sent on, as soon as the communicant could calm herself sufficiently for that purpose, to *her* next neighbor; and was soon enjoyed by the whole squad of the Jonesites.

Here was a sensation in earnest! Here was an advantage Miss Jenkins would not soon get over! The like had never happened to her, and probably never would; and it was not known that anybody else in the establishment had ever enjoyed the same distinction.

The Jenkinsites "itched 'till lunch," and before the first mouthful, and while the attention of every one was disengaged, Miss Bain threw herself upon Miss Jones's neck, and pleaded in a distinct voice,—"Oh, you old dear! do tell us what he's like—quick!"

The Jenkinsites exchanged guarded glances.

"Why, First" (her business title), said Miss Jones, "you quite make me blush. He's tall."

"Light or dark?" continued Miss Bain. "He ought to be light for you."

"He *is* light," said Miss Jones; "quite light complected, and has wavy hair."

"Oh isn't that splendid!" gushed Miss Bain—"and a mustache?"

"No," said Miss Jones, "I believe he has no mustache. At least only a small one," she added; as she saw Miss Jenkins's First and Second exchange intelligence, as having scored

a "point" for future use. "He is quite young."

"You know," said Miss Bain, "I'm bursting with envy; go on now, and tell us all about it, there's a dear!"

Whereupon Miss Jones proceeded to narrate, in a voice just low enough to demand close attention on the part of the Jenkinsites in order to hear, how, on Saturday evening, as she was coming from the little beer shop in Harney street, known as the Redwine Vaults, with a pint of beer, which she and her brother allowed themselves on this evening of the week, and as it was quite muddy on the crossing, there having been a heavy shower, she slipped, and only saved herself from falling by letting go her pitcher, which was broken into a hundred pieces, and, of course, wasted all her beer. How just then, several young gentlemen had come out of the billiard-room of the Vaults, and one of them, the handsomest and most gentlemanly, had stopped to inquire if he could help her, and then, without further ado, seeing the pieces of crockery on the ground, had gone straight back into the Vaults, and brought out a new pitcher and twice the amount of beer; which he had first presented her and then carried home for her in the most gallant manner possible. And then, of course, she had invited him to have a glass of the beer, which he had considerately declined, but asked if he might call, and she had told him he might. And that was all—only—he was coming Tuesday evening; and then she would have something more to tell them on Wednesday.

The lunch hour being by this time exhausted, and Miss Jones, from having talked so much, being behind-hand in that meal; she now made all haste to retrieve her loss, and the narrative ceased; but she was observed to smile exultantly from time to time during the afternoon; and once, seeming to have arrived at some determination by a process of reasoning with herself against some prior and contrary determination, being spurred on, as they inferred, by the stolid indifference maintained by the Jenkinsites, she was seen to smuggle something into Miss Bain's hands, which, under cover, went the entire rounds of her constituency, and created a second sensation, if anything greater than the first.

This powerful excitative was a bit of card board with the following inscription in copperplate autograph,—

Clarence Fitz-Morg, Cavalier.

Tuesday evening arrived, but no Cavalier; and the amount of chagrin Miss Jones suffered on account of his failure, when she presented herself to the expectant troop of Brown & Co.'s Girls next day, can only be measured by the high principles she had at stake, and the enormity of that cavalier's offence, as measured, in its turn, by the standard he had set up as a man of honor and knightly faith. Her first indignant impulse was to rend his ticket into a hundred pieces, and publicly denounce and disown him; but the triumph the Jenkinsites would declare, and the probing she would have to submit to at their hands was too horrible to think of, and restrained her rash temper.

But the Jenkinsites were not slow to improve the slight advantage her silence, and the dubious looks of her supporters seemed to afford them; for ere long were heard subdued but pointed insinuations, to the effect that the "beer-mug romance" seemed to be squelched, and that "our heroine" hadn't any word to say about the "beau," to-day. Their feelings were given further vent and expression at the lunch hour, when the license was permissible, by great display of facetiousness; such as posturing in the attitude of lovers, and uttering plaintive "my sweet," "my love," "my darling," in each others ears, or fervently embracing one another, and declaring it was "heaven."

Miss Jones and her followers bore all this with what composure they could; and the first was rewarded by the

presence of the Fitz-Morg that evening, and the others by a vivid description of her sensations and his overpowering elegance and accomplishments, the next day.

He was the hero of all the dreams she had ever dreamed; the *beau ideal* of her maiden fancy. He spoke French fluently; and at this first protracted interview had taught her a good many words. He was not in the least "stuck up," though he had called himself a "parvenom," which she had forgotten the meaning of; and said he was quite "blasay" in society, which meant used to good society from birth, she believed.

Here Miss Jenkins uttered a sarcastic laugh, and said, "Parvenom indeed!" that "was very good."

Miss Jenkins, it was known, had, at an earlier and more fortunate period of her life, commenced to fit herself for a teacher, and had studied French; but she could not, for her life, have recalled what "parvenom" was, on the instant, and so she made a pretense of knowing, which answered just as well.

A giggle went the rounds of the Jenkinsites at this sally, and one or two evinced their thorough appreciation of the point by a downright laugh; but these were checked midway by a wrathful Jonesite, conjuring them not to be "so smart."

To this it was retorted that "laughing was no sin," and they "should laugh as much as they pleased, whether other folks liked it or not."

Whereupon, the wrathful Jonesite protested she didn't care how much they laughed; only she "liked to see people know what they was laughing at;" to which return answer was made, that they knew "well enough," but "didn't feel obliged to tell her;" and then the Jonesite said, "Humph! indeed?" and then each turned their backs, and became totally unconcious of the other.

Miss Jones, who had blushed a little at not being able to refute the innuendo, but who had her finishing stroke in reserve, here continued with her description. He was quite slender, and had white hands, and the prettiest feet she ever saw; and he dressed elegantly, and wore real jewelry, and a gold watch and chain. His people, he said, were rich, and he was fitting himself for a life of ease and pleasure; which was most proper, besides being insisted on by his father. He drives his own horses, or "tandem" he calls them, in French, before his own "drag," and with his own "scout" up behind; but for any ordinary "rout" he prefers to take a hack. And there is to be an ordinary "rout" at a particular friend's of his, "Miss Sylvester's," next Wednesday evening, a sort of musical "swarry," and she must go with him. Yes, actually! And she is going. And oh! think of it! the short time there is to get ready!

Then was there commotion among Brown & Co.'s Girls! Then was the hour of Miss Jones's triumph! All of her own faithful ones gathered round her, and offered all their extra time for the coming week to help her sew; and even some of the Jenkinsites melted sufficiently to hope she might have a good time, and to say if they could be of any assistance she might command them—which she did not, however, preferring friendly fingers.

The week passed in busy preparation. Miss Jones's little store of money, which she had carefully and frugally saved from her eight dollars a week, and which had grown by littles to a trifle over twenty-five dollars, was drawn from the savings bank and unsparingly invested; first, in a new dress of a soft summery, but high-priced fabric; then, in ribbons and various dainty ornaments; and last in a pair of new boots, of the best quality of French kid.

He should not be ashamed of her, whatever it cost; and so she determined.

Quarter Street, to whom the news of the coming event (for this was an event in Quarter Street) was imparted

chiefly through the agency of "They say" and Mrs. Dibble, conjointly, dropped in to view these preparations during this season, and was variously moved to declare, afterwards (though it was all suavity and gratulation to her face), that Miss Jones was very extravagant indeed for one in her circumstances, and very imprudent, too, to accept attentions of that character from a stranger; or that she was very little experienced in life for one of her age; and too headstrong; and needed a mother; and did not need a brother; and ought not to have the care of one; and was getting above her station; and no good would come of it: and then it devoutly hoped good might come of it nevertheless, and no matter what it might think; and then went on to show other reasons why no possible good ever could come of it; and so got through the week.

The eventful evening arrived, and "hours" at the store being over, Miss Jones, who was already dressed with the exception of her outer garments and hair, proceeded direct, followed by her entire division from First to Tenth, to the little hair-dresser's shop in the next street but one, to avail herself of the labors of the artist in arranging her coiffure.

"Now, Barber," said Miss Jones, "I am invited to Mrs. Sylvester's Musical Swarry this evening, and I go, of course, in a carriage, so I shall not muss it; and I want your best art on my hair: and First," appealing to that individual solemnly, "I depend greatly on you to see that he does it."

"We never do things by halves," said Miss Bain in acceptance of this trust, addressing herself to the hairdresser with great severity, "and don't you!"

"Oh isn't it going to be lovely!" said Second, as the first tress was twirled into place by the deft hands of the artist.

"Perfectly beautiful!" chorused Third to Tenth, inclusive.

"Magpies," said Miss Jones, but softly, under a smile, "be still!"

Whereupon the magpies, apparently emboldened rather than subdued by this order from their chief, launched into more enthusiastic compliments still, as the work went on, and by the time it was finished, were in a perfect fever of admiration and applause; so that the barber, by virtue of this satisfaction and the softening effect it had on the recipient, felt bound to add fifty per cent. to his charge, and received the amount when tendered, as really something less than it was worth, after all.

Then, nothing would do but all must go home and take tea with her, and help her dress; and as First and Second had arranged to stay and care for her little brother, and all wanted to see her "off," they complied, nothing loth.

The hour wore on and the carriage came, and so did the cavalier, and Miss Jones, all excitement and pride, fluttered precipitately down the stairs, and into the vehicle, so as not to keep "him" waiting in that nasty little corner, while the others peeped from behind the curtains and flung a stealthy adieu.

(To be continued.)

SIXTY SECONDS IN A DROP OF WATER.

The journey was most delightful as we gently glided along, with both tongue and thought busily employed. It was almost impossible to realize our speed, except when some large marine monster, or submerged cliff, for a moment approached us under the bow, and as quickly receded at the stern, of the ship. At one time we shot past a congeries of rocky crags, where innumerable species of mammoth plants extended their silent arms, as

if in mute recognition of our presence. These were the only things, of external interest, that we discovered along the route; so that we had abundant opportunity to become acquainted with each other. I will not relate our conversation, as it referred to the country that we expected soon to reach and the people whose strange characteristics and habits will require all the space and time at my command.

As we neared the end of our strange voyage I chose a position where I could obtain the first glimpse of the desired haven; for I had often heard that our opinions of a nation are moulded, or at least greatly modified, by early impressions; and I desired, as far as possible, to make my studies general, rather than specific; and to realize the whole, rather than one, or more, of the parts.

At last, a faint line of coast appeared in the dim distance, on both the right and the left, which sank from view directly ahead; so that I knew that the coast circled around in the form of an amphitheatre. As these two shore lines gradually neared each other I looked anxiously ahead for the first signs of commercial life, or civilized habitations. Nor did I wait long; for through the clear atmosphere there suddenly burst upon me the towers, minarets, and spires of a great city, which rested upon the very edge of a precipice that descended perpendicularly to the sea. A moment more, and I saw that we were entering a huge basin, whose sides were walls of crystal extending around in the form of a semi-circle. I have no doubt but that the portion towards which our ship was sailing was, at least, twice as high as the celebrated Mount Everest in Asia; while the very humblest hills, if they had stood alone, would have presented a lofty and grand appearance. At the highest part of this natural wall I saw a rift in the rocks, extending from the topmost ridge in the centre of the visible city, down to the surface of the water, which reminded me of the cañons of the Colorado. This cleft was spanned by a large number of light artistic bridges, which served as an agreeable break to the monotony of grandeur.

In Crystalia, as we have seen, the arches were of a rudimentary character, and I was anxious to discover whether this wonderful people had made any further advancement towards architectural perfection. My amazement and delight may be imagined, when, at last, I looked upon the Roman arch, in all its regularity, extending itself across the yawning abyss like a materialized spirit of ideal Beauty. Yes, there it was, impost, springer, span and key-stone, all united in as perfect harmony as if it had been the work of an ancient Italian artist. "If this nation has made this wonderful discovery, then what may I not expect to find?" I exclaimed in wonder: for I knew that a people's advancement is to be measured by its progress in architecture. A certain style of monumental work is but the expression of a certain type of thought, or condition of intellect. A nation's individuality appears in its temples, altars and public works, rather than amid the tangled threads of political or social life. Here, then, I saw a marked personality, that might be expected to reveal itself in all the phases of thought or activity with which I should be brought in contact. In my conclusions I was correct; for if ever Genius and Industry have been the guardian and guiding spirits of any community, they were preëminently so here.

As we approached the smooth wall I discovered scores of tunneled openings, whose bases were below the water. These caverns were arched, not only at the entrances, but through their entire length, and led away, and up, from the water at an angle of about twenty degrees with the surface of the sea.

I was about to question my companions as to the design of these artificial caves, when I was anticipated by the appearance of nearly a score of

ships rolling down through the tunnels and out into the quiet water. These openings, so I concluded, led to some commercial centre of great extent, provided that the general features of the unseen corresponded with what I had already seen; for a people with a strong fleet, whether it be for warlike or other purposes, must, of necessity, be a great nation.

But my philosophising was suddenly interrupted by the motion of our ship, which pointed its glassy prow towards one of the tunnels which it soon reached. The water gradually became more shallow, until we felt the ponderous wheels of the craft grinding upon the rocks beneath. A moment more, and we were rolling up the inclined plane with the greatest ease. At regular intervals we came to excavations running at right angles to the one through which we were passing; and their novel position, together with my wonder at their vast extent, made the journey through the rock one of much interest. Soon the light ahead became more distinct. Then we rolled forth, and found ourselves in the heart of a city of marvels. We had arrived at Amphitheatron.

(To be continued.)

THE BEES AS ARCHITECTS.

[From Michelet.]

If the wasp's nest resemble Sparta, the bee-hive is the veritable Athens of the Insect World. There, all is art. The people, the artist-élite of the people—incessantly create two things; on the one hand, the city, the country,—on the other, the universal Mother, whose task it is not only to perpetuate the race, but to become its idol, its *fetish*, the living god of the community.

The bees share with the wasps, the ants, and all the sociable insects, the disinterested life of aunts and sisters, —laborious virgins, who devote themselves entirely to an adoptive maternity.

But from these analogous peoples the bee differs in the necessity it is under of creating a national idol, the love of which impels it to work.

All this has been long understood. It was at first supposed that this state was a monarchy, *that it possessed a king*. Not at all; the king is a female. Thereupon one is driven to say, *This female is a queen*. Another error. Not only does she not govern, or reign, or control, but in certain conjunctions she is governed, and sometimes even placed in private confinement. She is at once something more and something less than a queen. She is an object of legal and public adoration; I should say legal and constitutional, for this adoration is not so blind but that the idol, in some cases, as we shall see, may be treated very severely.

"Then, at bottom, the government will be democratic?" Yes; if we take into consideration the unanimous devotion of the people, the spontaneous labor of everybody. No one commands. But, nevertheless, you can clearly see that in every higher work an intelligent body of the *élite*, an aristocracy of artists, takes the lead. The city is not built or organized by the entire people, but by a special class, a kind of guild or corporation. While the mob of bees seeks the common nourishment abroad, certain much larger bees, the wax-makers, elaborate the wax, prepare it, shape it, and skillfully make use of it. Like the medieval free-masons, this respectable corporation of architects toils and builds on the principles of a profound geometry. Like those of the old days, they are the masters *of the living stone*. But our worthy bees are far more deserving of the title! The materials which they employ they have made, have elaborated by their vital action,

and vivified with their internal juices. Neither the honey nor the wax is a vegetable substance. Those little light bees which go in quest of the essence of the flowers bring it back already transformed and enriched by their virginal life. Sweet and pure, it passes from their mouth to the mouth of their elder sisters. These, the grave wax-makers, having received the aliment vivified and endowed with the charming sweetness which is, as it were, the soul of the race, elaborate it in their turn, and communicate to it their own peculiar life,—solidity. Wise and sedentary, they work up the liquid into a sedentary honey, a honey of the second quality, a kind of reflecting honey. This is not all: the substance twice elaborated, and twice penetrated with animal juice, they incessantly moisten with their saliva, when using it, so as to render it softer for working, but more tenacious afterwards.

Was I wrong, then, in saying that this construction is truly one of "the living stones?" There is not an atom of the materials which is not three times impregnated with life. Who shall say of yonder hive whether the flower or the bee has furnished the greater part? The latter has certainly contributed an important share. Here, the home of the people is the people's substance and visible soul; from themselves they have extracted their city, and their city is, in truth, themselves. Bee and hive, it is one and the same thing.

But let us observe them at work. Alone, in the center of the still empty and to be created hive, the learned wax-maker advances. From beneath its wings it delicately extracts a thin slab of wax, and conveys it to its mouth where it is well kneaded and pounded, and drawn out into the shape of a ribbon. Eight strips are in this wise furnished, wrought, and absorbed; and the result is eight little blocks, which the bee lays down as the first beams of the future edifice, the foundations of the new city.

Others continue the work without moving too far from the place where it was begun. If any unintelligent laborer does not follow the prescribed plan, the mistress-bees, experienced and accomplished, are on the spot to detect any error, and immediately remedy it.

In the solid mass, well placed and skillfully squared, where such numbers have harmoniously deposited their contribution of wax, an excavation must now be made, and some degree of form attained. A single bee again detaches herself from the crowd, and with her horny tongue, teeth and paws, she contrives to hollow out the solid matter like a reversed vault. When fatigued she retires and others take up the work of modelling. In couples they shape off and thin the walls. The only point to be remembered is a skillful management of their thickness. But how do they appreciate this? Who or what warns them the moment a stroke too much would break an opening in the partition? They never take the trouble to take a tour of their work and examine it from the other side. Their eyes are useless to them; they judge of everything by their antennæ, which are their plumb-line and compass. They feel about and by an infinitely delicate touch recognize the elasticity of the wax, perhaps by the sound it renders, and determine whether it is safe to excavate it, or whether they must stop short, and not push their mining operations further.

The building, as everybody knows, is destined to serve two ends. The cells are generally used in summer as cradles, in winter as magazines of pollen and honey,—a granary of abundance for the republic.

Each vessel is closed and sealed with a waxen lid, a *clôture* religiously respected by all the people, who take for their subsistence only a single comb,—and when that comb is finished pass on to another, but always with extreme reserve and sobriety.

It has been said and repeated that the construction is absolutely uniform.

Buffon goes so far as to pretend that the cell is but the identical form of the bee, which posts itself in the wax, and by the friction of its body, a blind manœuvre, obtains an impress of itself, a hollow, an identical cell. A baseless hypothesis, which the least reflection would show to be improbable, even if observation did not contradict it.

In reality, their work is extremely various, and diversified in numerous different ways.

In the first place, the combs are pierced in the center by corridors or little tunnels, which do away with the necessity of traversing two sides. Economists in everything, the bees are specially economical of time.

Secondly, the form of the cells is by no means identical. They prefer the hexagon,—the form which is best adapted to secure the greatest possible number of cells in the smallest area. But they do not slavishly bind themselves to this form. The first comb which they attach to the framework would cling to it very insecurely, and only by its projecting edges, if it were composed of six-sided cells. They therefore make it with five sides only, and fashion it of pentagonal cells with broad bases, which attach themselves solidly to the wood on a continuous line. The whole is agglutinated and sealed, not with wax, but with their gum, or *propolis*, which, as it dries, becomes hard as iron.

The great royal cellules, or cradles of the future mothers, which may be seen by the side of the combs, are not six-sided, but of the form of an oblong egg,—which secures the royal favorites considerable ease, and a great facility of development.

Finally, you may, with a little attention, detect important differences among the ordinary hexagonal cells, though at the first glance they all seem alike. They are small for the industrious gleaners, larger for the artistic wax-makers, and largest for the males. This size is generally obtained by means of a little rounded fragment which is deposited in the bottom, and renders it slightly circular,—I was about to say pot-bellied *(ventru)*. As the house, so the tenant; the male will come into the world a squat, obese figure—predestined to this form by that of its cradle.

Thus, of their own accord, they vary the configuration and extent of the cellules. And they vary them yet more, according to the obstacles they encounter. If room be denied them, they reduce the size of their hexagons in due proportion and with extreme address. This fact Huber verified by some ingenious experiments. He bethought himself of deranging their operations by placing, instead of wood, a plate of glass against the wall of the hive where they were building up their cells. From the distance they saw this smooth shining crystal, to which nothing could be fixed; and taking their measures accordingly, they curved their cake in such a manner that it went past the glass and joined on to the wood. But, to carry out the alteration, it became necessary to change the diameter of the cells; to enlarge that of the convex portion, and diminish that of the concave. A delicate problem! and yet it was readily solved by the skillful architects.

In mid-winter, says Huber again, in their season of inertia, an over-heavy slab of wax fell away, but was checked *en route* by the cakes beneath. An avalanche seemed imminent! But the bees invented buttresses and barriers in strong mastic, which, supporting the fallen cake, and propping up the sides of the hive, prevented the dangerous ruin from dragging down the inner edifice. Then, to prevent the occurrence of similar misfortunes, they created some novel architectural works in the shape of flying buttresses, bulwarks, pillars, cross-beams and the like.

Novel! Ay, this is a sufficient refutation of Buffon's theory. That

machines or automata could invent, is a thing not easily explicable. Yet the sovereign authority of this great dictator of natural history would have prevailed, perhaps, over facts, and over observation, if, towards the close of the last century, the bees themselves, by an unforeseen stroke, had not definitively cut the Gordian knot.

It was about the epoch of the American, and shortly before the outbreak of the French, Revolution. An unknown creature then made its appearance over all Europe,—of a frightful figure,—a great strong nocturnal butterfly, marked very plainly in a tawny-gray, with a hideous death's head. This sinister being, which none had seen before, alarmed every country side, and seemed an omen of the most terrible misfortunes. Yet, in truth, those who were terrified by it had brought it into Europe. It had come in the grub condition with its natal plant, the American potato,—the fashionable vegetable which Parmentier extolled, Louis XVI. protected, and which spread in all directions. The savants baptized the insect with a somewhat horrifying name—the *Sphinx Atropos.*

And terrible indeed *was* this new creature, but only for the honey. Of this it was remorselessly greedy, and to attain it was capable of everything. A hive of thirty thousand bees could not daunt it. In the depths of night, the rapacious monster, profiting by the hour when the approaches to the city are less carefully guarded, with a gloomy but subdued sound, as if stifled by the soft down which covers it (and all other nocturnal insects), invaded the hive, swooped down on the combs, devoured and plundered, gutted and destroyed the magazines, and slew the infant bees. In vain they awoke, and flew to arms; their sting could not penetrate through the soft elastic padding which clothed the sphinx,—like the cotton armor worn by the Mexicans in the days of Cortez, and impenetrable by Spanish weapons.

Huber meditated on the best means of protecting his bees against this shameless brigand. Should it be by gratings, or doors? and how? He could not determine. The most skillfully devised barriers have always the inconvenience of impeding the great movement of ingress and egress, which takes place at the threshold of the hive. Their impatience regarded as intolerable the obstructions, which could not fail to embarrass them, and against which they might break their wings.

One morning, Huber's faithful assistant, who seconded him in his experiments, brought information that the bees themselves had already solved the problem. In different hives they had conceived and attempted various systems of defence and fortification. Here they constructed a wall of wax, with narrow loopholes, through which the great enemy could not pass. There, by a more ingenious expedient, without creating a single impediment, they built up some inter-crossing arcades at the gates, or tiny cloisters one behind the other, but running in different directions,—that is to say, to the void left by the first corresponded the substance of the second. Thus was secured a number of openings for the impatient buzzing crowd, which might go in and out as usual, with no other difficulty than that of moving in a slightly zigzag fashion. At the same time, a complete barrier was obtained against the great and *big* enemy, which could no longer enter with expanded wings, nor even glide uninjured through the narrow corridors.

It was the *coup d' état* of the brute creation, the revolution of the insects, executed by the bees, not only against their plunderers but against the calumniators who had denied their intelligence.

The theorists who had refused to believe in it, the Male branches and the Buffons, were compelled to own themselves beaten. They had to adopt the reserve of eminent observers, like Swammerdam and Réaumur, who, far from questioning the genius of insects,

furnish us with numerous facts in proof of its flexibility, of its rising to the measure of great dangers, of its scorn of routine, and of its power to make unexpected progress under certain circumstances.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

A LESSON FROM THE SPARROWS.

It was greatly to the credit of the Sparrow. It showed his thorough good sense, and his capability of giving his patrons a lesson. It was when he first came over, he and his friends, the dear little brown English Sparrows, and were introduced to their new quarters in the sunshiny metropolis and in Central Park. The commissioner built houses for them up in the trees, and in the corners of the gables, and on the summits of poles, and some of the houses were fancifully pinnacled and gaudily painted, and made very gay—the others were plain and old fashioned—mere boxes. Now what did the sensible little sparrows do but just leave alone entirely the decorated houses, and choose the plain boxes, build their nests there and make homes of them.

It is a quiet, homely lesson, that the brown Sparrow chirps down at his flashy human friends, from the door of his weather-gray house, but he says very plainly:

"Glitter and display are not half as desirable as comfort. You Americans love flash and glory, and you build houses twice as large and four times as expensive as you need or can afford. And if you only displayed taste in them. But you don't. It is only flash that you care about—a way of letting people see how *much* it cost, never caring that there is no culture visible anywhere."

SYMPATHY.

Michelet, in his fascinating chapter on The Spider, tells the following:

Much has been said about the musical spider of Pellison. Another less known anecdote is not less striking. One of those little victims which are trained into virtuosi before they are ripe of age—Berthome, illustrious in 1800, owed his astonishing successes to the savage confinement in which he was forced to work. At eight he astonished and stupefied his hearers by the mastery of the violin. In his perpetual solitude he had a comrade whom no one suspected—a spider. It was lodged at first in a quiet corner, but it gave itself license to advance from the corner to the music-stand, from the music-stand to the child, even climbing upon the mobile arm which held the bow. There, a palpitating and breathless amateur, it paused and listened. It was an audience in itself. The artist needed nothing more to fill him with inspiration and double his energy.

Unfortunately the child had a step-mother, who, one day, introducing an amateur into the sanctuary, saw the sensible animal at its post. A blow from her slipper annihilated the auditor. The child fell swooning to the ground, was ill for three months, and died—heart-broken!

SORROW'S CRY.

By W. Alfred Gay.

I.

The soft voiced nightingale
Sings sweetest through the dale,
When on a thorn is pressed,
Her torn and bleeding breast.

II.

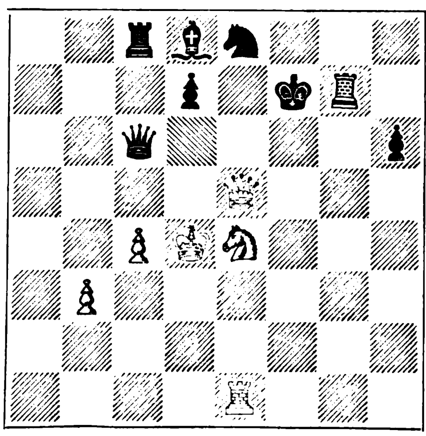
The heart, with broken strings,
Can send, on ruby wings,
A truer prayer for aid,
Than ever scholar made.

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 17. By J. W. Ward, Buffalo.

BLACK.



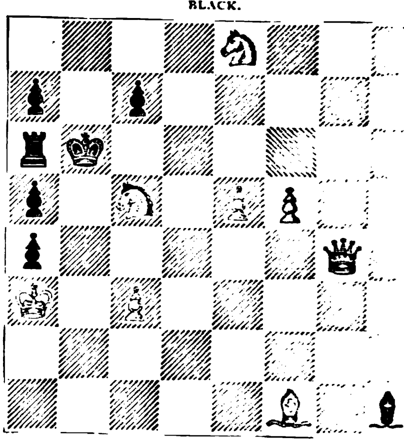
WHITE.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 8. By "Better Late than Never."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

CHESS ITEMS

The committee on rules and regulations of the International Chess Congress to be held at Philadelphia have made their report, and the regulations adopted by that committee seem so far to have given pretty general dissatisfaction. The prizes will not be announced until July 10th, and as those who enter the lists have to pay in advance the sum of about $35.00, it compels those who desire to play to invest their money on faith, or stay out in the cold. The chief objection, however, seems to be the time limit, which is fixed at twelve moves per hour. The fifteen-move time limit is thought by many players to be quite too slow and most of the New York City players would prefer to play at twenty moves to the hour. A slow time limit might not be so objectionable to home players, but to those coming from a distance, especially if there should be a large number of contestants, the prospects of a 12-move time limit can hardly be very flattering. We understand that it is possible the rules may be modified in this respect.

The Café International.—This celebrated chess resort, at 294 Bowery, New York City, is well known to most chess players who have visited the metropolis. It has been known for years as the headquarters for the chess players of this country, and has been the scene of many a hard fought contest and many a brilliant victory. It is there the best metropolitan players "most do congregate." The pleasant face of Capt. Mackenzie can almost always be found here, likewise Mr. Alberoni's animated countenance; also we can frequently see such players as Mason, Delmar, Dr. Burnett, Becker, Perrin, Clarke, and hosts of other fine players who love to drop in and spend a few hours at this pleasant pastime. The great popularity of this place is due in a large degree to the enterprise of S. Lieder, the proprietor. He has always been ready to do anything to advance chess interests in New York. He has provided the money for tournaments, furnished prizes for the contestants, and has lately agreed to bear all the expense of the International Cable Tourney which is projected between England and this country. We speak of these things in this way because enterprise of this kind is so rarely met with, that it deserves more than casual notice. The tournament at this café is drawing to a conclusion. The leading scores at our last advices were as follows: Mackenzie won 19, lost 5—two games to play: Alberoni won 19, lost 7; Delmar won 17, lost 7—two games to play; Bird won 17½, lost 7½—one game to play; Mason won 15½, lost 7½—three games to play. The probabilities are very strong that Mackenzie will win the first prize, Alberoni the second, and that the third will lie between Delmar, Bird and Mason.

—In Problem Tourney No. 2 of the *Detroit Free Press* lately finished, Harry Boardman, a boy eleven years of age, won the first prize, although against him were matched the finest problem composers of our country. This is a pretty good illustration of the old French proverb, "*Il faut que la jeunesse se posse.*"

—We meant to have spoken of friend Belden's *modesty* in our last number, but we

entirely forgot it. However he has so many other good qualities that will discount modesty, that we may be pardoned for this slight oversight.

—The following game was played at the Café International between Mr. Ensor and another gentleman.

WHITE.		BLACK.	
Mr. Ensor.		——	——
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1 P K 4	1. P K 4	14. P x B	14. Kt K 2
2 Kt K B 3	2. Kt Q B 3	15. Q Kt 5	15. Q Kt Kt sq
3. B Q B 4	3. B Q B 4	16. P R 5	16. P Q 4
4 P Q B 3	4. P Q 3	17. Kt Q 2	17. P x B
5. P K R 3	5. Kt K B 3	18. Castles	18. B x P
6. P Q 3	6. Castles	19. Q R B sq	19. B B 4
7. P K Kt 4	7. P K R 3	20 P Q 4	20. B K 2
8. Kt K R 4	8. B K 3	21. R R 4	21. Kt Q 4
9 BxKRP	9. P x B	22. Q Kt 6 ch	22 P x Q
10. Kt B 5	10 K R 2	23. R P x P ch	23. K Kt 2
11. P Kt 5	11. P x P	24. R R 7	24. K moves
12. P R 4	12. P Kt 5	25. Kt mates	
13. Q Q 2	13. B x Kt		

This is a very brilliant termination, and is played in Mr. Ensor's usual style.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

The following is a game in the late Divan Tournament. The notes are by Mr. Steinitz.

FRENCH OPENING.

WHITE.		BLACK.	
Mr. Blackburne.		*Mr. Potter.*	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P K 4	1. P K 3	27. K R sq	27. Kt B 3 (*k*)
2. P Q 4	2. P Q 4	28. B K 6	28. Kt Kt 5
3. P tk P	3. P tk P	29. B tk B (*l*)	29. Q R 2
4. K Kt B 3	4. K Kt B 3	30 P B 4	30. Q tk B (*m*)
5. P B 4 (*a*)	5. P tk P	31. R K 6	31 K Kt 2
6. B tk P	6. B Q 3 (*b*)	32. Q B 4	32 P Kt 4
7. Castles	7. Castles	33. Q Kt 3	33. P Kt 5
8. Kt B 3	8 P K R 3 (*c*)	34. Kt Q sq	34. Kt B 3 (*n*)
9. Q B 2 (*d*)	9. Kt B 3 (*e*)	35. Kt K 3	35. Kt K 5
10. B tk K R P (*f*)	10 P tk B	36. Kt tk P ch	36. R tk Kt
11. Q Kt 6 ch	11. K R sq	37. R from K	37. R Q 4
12. Q tk R P ch	12. Kt R 2	6 tk Kt	
13. B Q 3	13. P B 4	on K 4	
14. K Kt R 4	14. R B 3	38. Q K B 3	38. Q R 6
15 Kt Kt 6 ch	15. R tk Kt (*g*)	39 R K 6	39. R tk P
16 Q tk R	16. Q B 3 (*h*)	40. Q tk P	40. Kt K 4
17. Q K 8 ch	17. Q B sq	41. Q B 8 (*o*)	41. Q Kt 5
18. K R K sq	18 Kt B 3	42. P tk Kt	42 Q B 6 ch
19. Q Kt 6	19. Kt K 2	43. K Kt sq	43 R Q 7
20. Q Kt 5	20. Kt R 2	44. Q Q 7 ch	44. K Kt sq
21. Q R 5	21 B Q 2 (*i*)	45. R Kt 6 ch (*p*)	45 K B sq
22. R K 3	22. Q Kt 2	46. Q Q 8 ch	46. K B 2
23. Q R K sq	23. R K Kt sq	47. R B 6 ch	47. K Kt 2 (*q*)
24. P K Kt 3	24. P B 3	48. Q Q 7 ch	48. K R sq
25. B B 4	25. R K B sq	49. Q K 8 ch	Resigns.
26. Q K 2 (*j*)	26. Kt Kt 3		

NOTES.

(*a.*) Jaenish declares this move to be the strongest at this juncture, and certainly some relief is afforded from the usual tediousness of this opening. If Black take the P at once, the position would become identical with the old variation of the Queen's Gambit, well known from the match between Labourdonnais and McDonnell. But the point of difference is that Black may choose his time for capturing the Q B P, and thus isolating the Q P; and the circumstance that White's K B will have to lose a move makes it just doubtful whether the first player derives sufficient advantage to nullify the weakness of his Q P.

(*b.*) We believe the earliest opportunity ought to be seized to fix the opponent's Q P by advancing the P to Q B 3.

(*c.*) Useless and feeble. Kt to Q B 3 was the proper play, and would have thrown the onus upon the opponent of protecting his K Kt from being pinned.

(*d.*) Even assuming that the sacrifice of the B on the next move was unexceptionable, this place for the Q does not appear to be well chosen; for Black could easily avoid the trap (if such it were) by moving the K, and then this post for the Q was not as advantageous as at Q 2 after bringing out the B to R 3, or at Q Kt 3.

(*e.*) Certainly the best move, provided Black saw the coming sacrifice, and looked clearly through all its consequences.

(*f.*) Such courage is soon spent if a cool and enduring resistance is opposed to it.

(*g.*) Perhaps not necessary, though quite good enough if backed up with sufficient consistency on the next move. He might, however, have also moved the K safely at this stage, when the game would probably have progressed thus:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
	15. K Kt sq	18 P Q 5	18 R B 3
16. B B 4 ch	16 B K 3	19. P tk Kt	19. Q K sq etc.
17. B tk B ch	17. R tk B		

(*h.*) Want of cool reckoning. Even if he could now succeed in exchanging Queens, he could by no means be as sure of winning as by reducing the opponent's superiority of Pawns to one. He had plenty of time to capture the Q P, and must have thereby strengthened his position considerably for an early initiation of an attack, *e. g.*:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
	16. Kt tk P	18. R K 3	18. Q K Kt sq fol. by B Q B 3 with a fine game.
17. Q R K sq	17. B Q 2		

(*i.*) In concentrating his forces on the K side, and releasing his hold on the adverse Q P, Black has made a doubtful bargain, for the point at K 3 is now without sufficient guard against hostile occupation.

(*j.*) Palpably inferior to planting the B immediately at K 6. This retreat, though it temporarily attacks the Kt once more, gave the opponent a good chance of assuming a much promising offensive.

(*k.*) Neglecting his best opportunity. He ought to have advanced the P to B 5, and the lead of a strong attack was then in his hand, *e. g.*:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
	29. P B 5	31. R from Q 3 to Q sq	31. Q R 3 fol. by Kt Kt 4, or P tk P, etc.
30. R Q 3 best	30. Q B K B 4		

(*l.*) The R could not be taken at once, on account of the ch with the Q at R 5.

(*m.*) But now the R might have been taken with impunity; and, though Black would have lost another P thereby, consequently upon the opponent's answer of B to K 5, he had a much greater prospect of equalizing the game than by fighting with two minor pieces against a R and two Pawns, besides that White's pieces are now more advantageously posted.

(*n.*) Black's last two moves were ill advised, and only weakened his Pawn on the Q side, at the same time that the opponent's Kt is driven where he wanted to go.

(*o.*) Threatening to win the Q by checking with the R, and winning a piece by force.

(*p.*) R to K 8 ch, compelling the B to cover and then pocketing the R, was not less telling, though plainer language.

(*q.*) Still lurking for the insignificent satisfaction of recovering the Q by checking with the B if White took the Q at once. The latter maneuvers well out of it, and destroys this last small hope.


7. A.M.
8. A.M.
FACIAL CLOCK.
10. A. M.
5. P. M.
11. P. M.
1. A. M.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

THE STANDARD.

About a year ago we had occasion to say a few words about the growth in our midst of the Buffalo warehouse of the Fairbanks Scale Co., and a month or so since we chronicled the fact of their having moved to a new and spacious store near the corner of Main and Seneca streets, and consequently within the center circle of the business district of Buffalo.

It is impossible for any one with any ordinary pair of eyes, whose education has extended as far as being able to read, to mistake the place. The fact that this is the Fairbanks Scale Warehouse, and that here may be obtained Fairbanks Standard Scales, is made certain by gold lettered signs that climb up five stories high, by signs perched away up at that height, and by signs protruding into the air and visible far up the street. Further demonstration of the fact is had in the display in the shop windows of the smaller kinds of scales with their glittering steel, nickel and brass arms and thighs. The man who imagines that there are only one or two kinds of scales will find how mistaken he is by entering. A battalion of portable scales confront him, extending fifty feet back, and the scores of brass arms with their pendant weights seem ferociously waiting for something to weigh. At each side running down the length of the store, glass-enclosed cases contain rows of shelves on which are set forth a vast variety of kinds and sizes of instruments, all designèd for one purpose—the purpose of weighing something. Counter scales, Druggist scales, Grocers, Prescription, Gold, Bank, Family and Ice scales, are here in a variety and number that make you wonder at the numerous wants that call for them, and impress you with the idea that Justice has a fine ally in the Fairbanks Scale Co., and that their immense factory at St. Johnsbury is the home and throne of the blind goddess. At the further end of the store, weighmasters' beams and frames grace the walls and floors, and that every taste may be satisfied, even the old fashioned steel yards are represented in the stock. The Fairbanks warehouses have adopted the custom of keeping on hand a full assortment of the best makes of Grocers' Fixtures, such as Coffee Mills, Scoops, etc., in all varieties and sizes. The celebrated Miles' Alarm Till, probably the most complete money drawer in the world, is also kept for sale. The main office of the establishment is situated in the rear of the first floor, and commands a full view of the entire length of the store—a first requirement in an office of the kind.

Altogether the appearance of this main floor of the warehouse is exceedingly attractive; everything is in its appropriate place, and the appointments all through are perfectly arranged for a store of the kind.

Below is a large and spacious cellar where the different parts of the very heavy hay, coal, track, and stock scales are stored—scales, some of them, when set up, weighing tons apiece. From this underground appartment a hoist-way ascends clear to the top of the building, a journey of some ninety feet.

The second floor contains samples of the heavier scales set up—a hay scale in full operation—railroad, dormant, cheese factory, rolling mill, and other scales.

The third floor is a general stock-room where hundreds of boxes are piled containing the supplies for replenishment of the retail and other stocks.

The repair shop occupies the fourth floor, where skilled workmen, who have known the Fairbanks Scales all their lives, are employed, giving all buyers the grand advantage of first-class repair by the Company's own men.

The remote regions of the fifth story are used for a general store-room and receptacle for everything that finds no place elsewhere, and so we have reached the top after a rapid run.

The Buffalo warehouse has now one of the finest stores among the long list of the Fairbanks branches that exist in every principal city in the United States. Its rapid and solid growth has been matter of wonder and congratulation. Mr. Samuel Root has been in charge since its start, and much of its success is due to his persevering energy in behalf of the Company.

In the face of strong opposition and competition from home companies, it has thriven manfully, working its way through sheer merit of its scales and competent representation, to the patronage of the best business houses and corporations in this city and throughout Western New York and the Canadas. The field on which it works, and the manner of conducting its business, seems to be a good school for scale men, as the Home Company have already picked two of the men who have learned the business at the Buffalo house, to carry its wares to Europe, and represent Fairbanks there.

A VALUABLE TRAVELING COMPANION.

Among the scores of publications which the Great Exposition has already called out, and so far it seems to us one of the best, is a pamphlet of 50 pages, called "The Centennial Exhibition and the Northern Central and Pennsylvania R. R." Of course the book is gotten out in the interest of the corporation, but it is gotten up so well, and the reader gets so much that is useful and entertaining, that he can easily allow the publishers to say a fair word for themselves. The cover is an appropriate and artistic design, in dark blue on pale blue ground, and the first thing the reader strikes on opening it will be of incalculable use to him if he is going to the Centennial. It is a large folded sheet, having on one side a map of the Centennial grounds, and on the other a complete map of Philadelphia. This alone will preserve the book from destruction. Following is a carefully written, concise and practicable article on the Exhibition, which gives one a comprehensive idea of what there is to see, and leaves him in an excellent frame of mind to decide how to do it. The article is illustrated with some new views of the different buildings and grounds, and by far the best that have yet been made. They are from the skillful pencil of Mr. Fred. B. Schell, who has done so much splendid drawing on wood for the past few years.

A short article on how to reach the Centennial Exhibition is followed by a finely illustrated description of the different points of interest on the road from Niagara Falls to Philadelphia, giving views of the Falls, Seneca Lake, Watkins Glen, the magnificent scenery along the Susquehanna and through Pennsylvania to the heart of Philadelphia itself. Then follows a list of hotels and boarding houses in Philadelphia, summer resorts near, places of interest and places of amusement, excursion tickets, etc., etc.

The last thing in the book is a large map of the United States, showing how every place in America where there is a railroad connects with the Northern Central & Pennsylvania R. R. Line, and will enable residents in any part of the country to mark a bee's line for the Century Plant. The book is one which any one intending to visit the Exposition will carefully preserve for reference, and any one who is not (the gods pity him) will keep it to ponder over and wish he could. The most wonderful part of the whole thing is that the book is given away; any one sending to Mr. Sam'l L. Seymour, the Western Passenger Agent of the Northern Central, Buffalo, N. Y., will receive one by return mail.

MR. BERGENS' WRATH.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, and everything had been quiet around the house for about four hours, when Bergens woke with a start and thought he heard a noise in the attic. Mrs. B. thought so too, and advised him to get up and see. He thought it would be better not to light the gas, and so he made his way in the dark across the room, at a moderate rate of speed, until his unprotected ankle-bones came in sudden and severe contact with the sharp edges of the long rockers of the rocking-chair, and he drew back with a cry of grief and rage, and uttered a collection of choice anathemas which would have done credit to a brakeman. He swore he wouldn't find out what the noise was *now*, and growled out that he didn't see what Mrs. B. had a miserable old rocking-chair in the house for, anyway. He became an enemy of the rocking-chair after that, and pointed out the jams in the base-board and holes in the plaster where the nurse, in getting the baby to sleep, had driven the rockers, and Mrs. B. was finally constrained to send the chair into the attic. But one afternoon, Mr. Bergens sent up one of Albert Best & Co.'s patent rocking chairs which do away with the troublesome rockers, but give all the comfort of their long easy movement; in fact the only spring rocker without the hard, short motion that these generally have; and, nevertheless, strong and serviceable.

TIGHT BOOTS.

"Tite boots," says Josh Billings, "is a luxury, in that they make a man forget all his other miseries." Boots and shoes that do not fit are nearly as bad, and gentlemen have come to believe that only shoes made to order *can* fit perfectly. This was undoubtedly the case until the Boyden shoe came into the market. This shoe is hand-made, and made, each part, by men who do nothing but make just that part, and have arrived, consequently, at a high degree of skill. The stock is the finest French calf, and the shoe is made in three grades, of every size, wide, medium and narrow. The foot that cannot be perfectly fitted is a peculiar one, and there are not many of them in the country. The perfect ease, the stylish appearance, and the magnificent wearing qualities of the Boyden, have given it a reputation which places it as the leading shoe in America. Mr. James H. Jewett, 406 Main street, is supplied, each season, with a new and complete line of these shoes, and the regularity with which customers, who have once bought them, always buy them, is proof positive of the sterling qualities of the Boyden.

HINTS TO BOOK-COLLECTORS.

Never write your name upon the title-page of a book.

Have your books cut as large as possible, so as to preserve the integrity of the margin.

Do not adopt one style of binding for all your books.

It makes a great difference who does your binding. You can get fine work at Young, Lockwood & Co.'s.

Russia leather is no protection against worms, and it speedily cracks along the joint.

If you want your covers to last, have the binding done at Young, Lockwood & Co.'s.

Employ Turkey morocco for large works, or for books that you have in constant use. It is the most durable material used in binding, except Levant morocco, which is very expensive.

The latest processes, and most skillful workmen, are employed by Young, Lockwood & Co.

To bind a book well, it should have ample time to dry after each process.

Great attention is paid to every detail of the work, at Young, Lockwood & Co.'s.

A. L. S. S. R. C.

The approach of the heated term has set the furniture-makers to thinking up cool styles, and the result, in one direction, is very satisfactory. A ladies' summer sewing and rocking chair has been invented, which is entirely new in the manner of its construction, and thoroughly serves the purpose for which it was intended. It consists entirely of round bars of white maple ringed closely with dull, indented black, and put together in a way that is entirely unique and beyond description, but which makes it light, strong, cool, and thoroughly comfortable. The seat and back are frames of the ringed bars of maple, across which are woven wires wound in red and black, or blue and black, making a remarkably easy resting place. The whole is so thoroughly artistic and simple that any lady who has ever longed for such a companion cannot see one without wanting it. Messrs. Schlund & Doll have been very successful in introducing these chairs. No summer or seaside cottage will be complete without one or two of these, and they are very appropriate for piazzas, sewing-rooms and in fact any place where a light and comfortable piece of furniture is needed.

A JAPANESE TRIO.

Ine-bikari!!
Kono-sivo!
Stat-vonarsu!

The sun had sunk far towards the west, and the crowds which had surged all day through the great Exhibition buildings had begun to leave them, so that the avenues were easily traversed; and by and by, only a few stragglers lingered. Near the center of the main building a party of three Japanese had halted and were standing directly corner Main Transept and South Avenue. Each had stopped at the same moment, and each had given vent to one of the three exclamations noted above. The meaning of these is:

"It is the splendor of lightning!"
"An arbor of liquor!"
"The greatness of it causes humiliation!"

They were gazing at a pyramid of tall, shining glass vessels, which rose on pedestals of silver, in an octagonal form, to a height of thirty feet. These were filled with transparent liquors; some of them as clear as the glass itself, and others ranging in all shades, from that to a rich yellow. The rays of the setting sun striking this crystal pile threw dazzling reflections from and through it. No wonder, then, that the Japanese, coming upon the sight for the first time, stopped to pause and wonder. Very soon one of them caught sight of a circular on one of the pedestals, printed in his own language. He seized it and began eagerly to read aloud to his companions. It did not take them long to understand that this was the display of the best oils of American make—the famous Pease's Oils; and they discovered, too, that these had taken the medals in London, Paris, and Vienna, years before. Each of them pocketed one of the Japanese circulars, and each, after admiring still further the beautiful pyramid, went away impressed with the American idea, namely, that Pease's Oils are the Best.

AN ECONOMICAL MOVE.

The public are not slow to appreciate a move which benefits them. If a dealer reduces prices and gives them the same article, that dealer receives the large share of their trade. Goods at wholesale prices for *Cash* some merchants have come to believe to be better than retail prices and trust. Comstock, 17 and 19 East Swan street, is the only one who has applied this to the hat trade. The public are beginning to appreciate the fact that their *cash* will save them 25 to 40 per cent. here in the purchase of silk, felt and straw hats of the best quality and style.

A COOL PLACE.

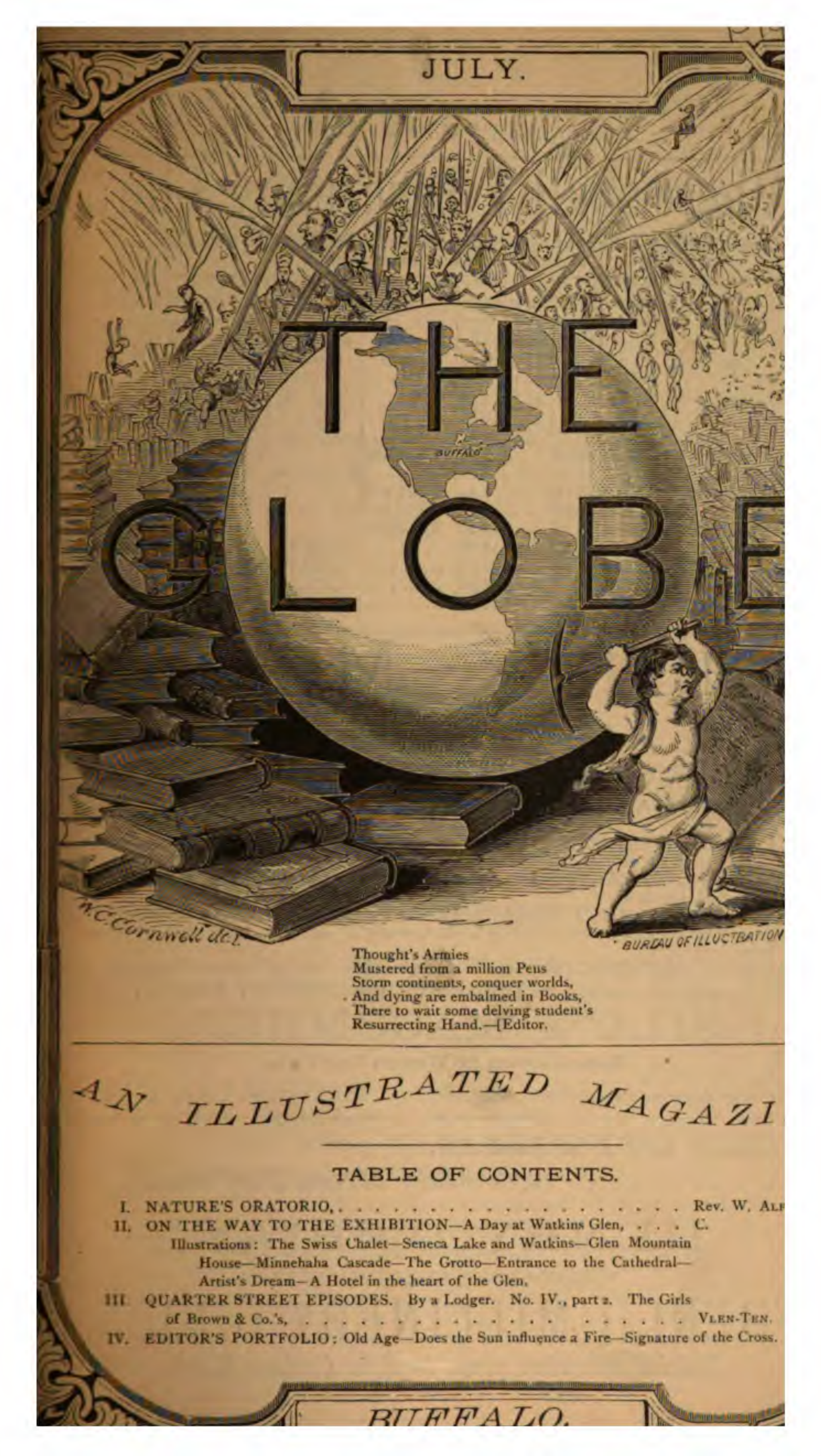
It is to be supposed that the simpler a refrigerator can be made, the better for cleanliness. The Fort American Refrigerator is constructed on scientific principles of ventilation, and has two zinc drawers upright and oblong. The upper one is provided with a tight fitting cover, and being next to the ice forms a complete water cooler. The lower drawer receives and retains the water melting from the ice, which is just above freezing point, and helps to keep the lower part of the refrigerator cool; but its principal use is as an absorber of the poisonous gases from the articles in the refrigerator, thereby keeping the air pure, sweet and dry, and free from offensive odors, which are caused in other refrigerators by allowing the moisture in the air to condense on the walls within. The wood used is the best chestnut and walnut, and the prices are as low as those of ordinary hardwood refrigerators. The tanks, lining and racks are of zinc and galvanized iron, with no wood upon the inside to absorb water and gradually rotting and moulding to send out bad odors. In fact, the many faults of the early refrigerators are obviated in all particulars, and any one buying one of the Americans will have a place all summer long where destructible eatables may be kept cool and sweet. These Refrigerators are sold only by L. Schwartz & Co., 363 Main St. Buffalo.

A MODERN ESTABLISHMENT.

Messrs. Humburch & Hodge, the energetic proprietors of the Buffalo Steam Custom Shirt and Underwear Manufacturing Co., which for a number of years past has been doing a thriving business in manufacturing to order the finest line of white shirts—prosecuting its sales all through the country—have opened a new branch of their business at 329 Main street, in the shape of a gentleman's furnishing store in the most modern sense of the word. They propose to devote to every department of this the same attention that has made their other business so successful. The very finest of everything—the very latest styles—the most substantial and choice materials—the best prices that a stock purchased for cash can afford—these are ideas which will be carried out undeviatingly. It is impossible to catalogue a new stock of this kind. In a general way it can only be said that the very finest white shirts will, as heretofore, be made to order and fitted perfectly; that in fancy colored shirtings the stock contains over 100 patterns, a number of them imported direct; that the newest styles of collars and cuffs, fancy summer socks, summer underwear, silk scarfs, fine handkerchiefs, etc., etc., are kept in choice profusion, and in fact that the modern gentleman cannot mention or guess the name of a single article in this line which he cannot here find in all grades, to the very nicest.

A NOVEL IDEA.

The inventive American mind, turning its eyes to the ceiling, noticed, not long ago, that the plaster and stucco center pieces were continually chipping off, were a burden to the whole ceiling, and occasionally indulged in the bad habit of coming down *en masse* on the carpet. To make them of metal was the idea evolved, and to-day the Warren Metallic Ornament Co. offer center pieces which are a vast improvement on the old kind in very many respects. They are of spun zinc, and can be made of any design, even to full relief figures of birds and animals, or fruits and flowers of natural size, and made in a way which is utterly impossible in plaster. Being all in one piece, the ordinary causes, such as the swing of the chandelier or the jarring or settling of the ceiling, which bring the old center pieces rattling down around one's ears, have no effect on these. They are screwed to the joists, and help to support the ceiling; are very light; can be taken off and put on by tenants who own them, just as gas fixtures can, and carried with them wherever they go; take frescoe, kalsomine, or plain white, with equal facility as plaster, and are not liable to injury when gas-fitters or painters have possession of one's house. When we add that they can be put in place, complete, at lower rates than plaster or stucco, the list of their advantages is climaxed. Mr. D. B. McNish, 304 Main street, is the Buffalo agent of the Company. They are coming into large use in this city, and as they are adapted to plaster, wood or iron ceilings, railroad cars and steamboat saloons, the field of their usefulness, it will be immediately seen, is a wide one.



JULY.

THE GLOBE

Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZI

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

BUFFALO.

Where shall I Insure my Life?

The following Table, the figures of which have been verified from Official Reports, answers the question.

Name of Company.	Since Date of Organization.				Net Gain of Insurance for 1875.	Net Loss of Insurance for 1875.	Amount of Assets for each $100 of Liabilities.	Relative Standing.			
	Per cent. of Dividends to Premiums.	Per cent. of Profits of management to Premiums.	Per cent. of Loss of management to Premiums.	Per cent. of Total Expenditures paid for surrendered policies past 3 years.				Dividends.	Success of Management.	Satisfaction of Policy Holders.	Growth of Business in 1875.
Penn Mutual,	32.02	19.13	......	5.49	$3,868,496	....	$126	1	1	1	1
Conn. Mutual,	31.82	13.45	......	7.59	....	$ 289.791	119	2	3	3	5
Mutual Benefit,	29.65	13.78	......	6.62	2,165.676	....	118	3	2	2	4
Mutual Life,	24.83	13.27	......	13.86	3,178,495	....	114	4	4	5	3
New York Life,	22.06	3.22	......	19.30	8,296,996	....	122	5	6	6	2
Equitable,	17.33	.31	......	11.66	....	2,396,315	118	6	7	4	6
Etna,	13.08	11.16	......	28.28	....	3,052,922	120	7	5	8	8
Continental, N. Y.	7.61		12.58	26.09	....	2,471,304	114	8	8	7	7
Life Association,	6.24		21.42	30.26	....	7,559,202	114	9	9	9	9

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA

LEADS IN FINANCIAL STRENGTH, having $126 of secure assets to every $100 of liabilities.

LEADS IN DIVIDENDS; Is the only company which has averaged on ALL ITS POLICIES over 32 per cent.

LEADS IN LIBERALITY to its policy holders, having in twenty-nine years resisted but two death claims.

LEADS IN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, having, besides expenses returned in cash or invested for benefit of policy holders, nearly 20 per cent. more than all premiums received.

LEADS IN SATISFACTION on the part of members and in increase of business.

Ask for pamphlet explaining the **LIFE RATE ENDOWMENT POLICY.**

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Special attention given to Fine Custom Work.

THE GLOBE.

VOL. IV.] JULY, 1876. [No. 4.

NATURE'S ORATORIO.

There are silent words in flowers;
There are tender thoughts in rills;
There are mighty volumes buried
In the everlasting hills.

There are voices in the sunbeam,
Singing near us low and sweet;
There are cries that rise in chorus,
From the dust beneath our feet.

Yes, this world is but an organ,
With ten thousand tuneful keys,
Played by wind, by sun, by lightning,
O'er the valleys, hills and seas.

Now to catch that thought,—that music,—
Needs a mind in full attune;
Else the song shall fall in silence,
Like the early buds in June.

But the heart that echoes gladly,
To the organ's stately roll,
Soon shall hear the grand old anthem,
Sweeping on from pole to pole.

W. ALFRED GAY.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 15, 1876.



THE SWISS CHALET.

ON THE WAY TO THE EXHIBITION.

A DAY AT WATKINS GLEN.

If there is any man who cannot afford to miss the World's Exhibition at Philadelphia, it is the artist. Being an amateur in that direction, I made up my mind to go long before the impressive ceremonies of May 10th announced the opening; but it was not until some time after, that I found an opportunity. Having once decided to make the trip, the next ques-

tion which forces itself upon one, is how to get there. Not that it is at all difficult to reach the point; on the contrary, the difficulty lies in deciding which of the many routes to take.

To an artist, or any one else, the matter of scenery is an important consideration; and among the settings forth of the rival advantages, I found one route which seemed to eclipse all the others. It embraced in its list of attractions a stop at Watkins Glen, with time for a trip on Seneca Lake and a daylight run along the beautiful Susquehanna and among the wild and picturesque scenery of Central Pennsylvania. The road furnished the usual modern luxury of palace cars and was one of the most direct routes on the list, and after carefully weighing all considerations I decided to take it.

And so it was that having purchased my ticket by the Northern Central, I found myself one bright afternoon in June, comfortably seated in the cars, the hands of my watch pointing to 1:50, and the bell of the engine clanging a good-bye as the train felt the quiver of reviving power through its whole length, awoke with a start and settled resistlessly to its work.

From the hot dusty streets of the city and its humdrum, monotonous life to this easy rapid rolling motion over the smoothly running road, was an agreeable change, to say the least of it. A delicious breeze was blowing, and we sped past woods and farms, glens and creeks, with delightful speed. We were on the tracks of the N. Y. Central, over which the Northern Central runs as far as Canandaigua, a picturesque little town, delightfully atmosphered, and a favorite summer resort. Here our road strikes across the country in the direction of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, after a run of 98 miles through North-Western New York, past Rochester and a numberless company of smaller places.

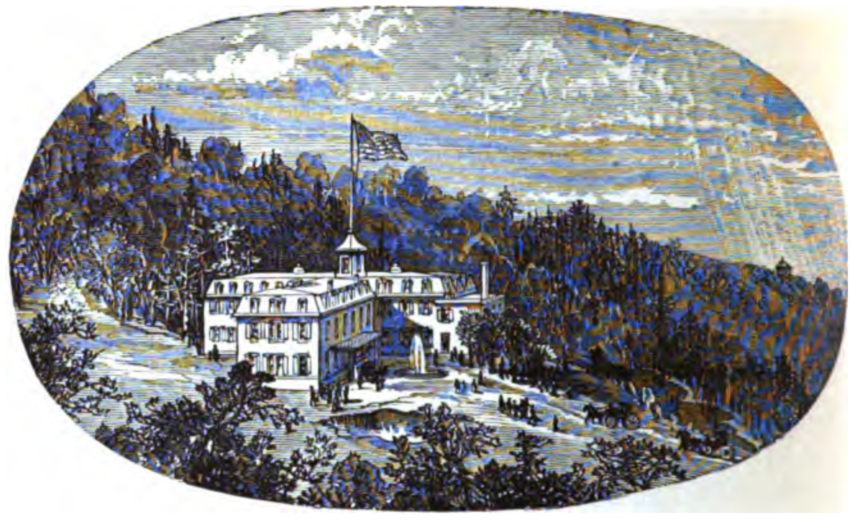
Interested in watching the various sights by the way-side, dosing now and



SENECA LAKE AND WATKINS.

then on the cushions, or breathing in the cool air and enjoying the fresh country landscapes, the afternoon passed quickly and sunset turned to twilight with all the beautiful gradations of red melting to gray, and gray to gloom.

Regardless of the change from light to dark our train speeds on, and at 8:37, when the stars are peeping out and a young moon is casting a modest light over the long vistas of field



GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

and forest, the engine bell clangs out on the air, the brake chains rattle and tighten and the train stops reluctantly. "Watkins!" sings out the brakeman, and with a number of others I pick up my traveling bag and duster and make my way out into the moonlight, for it is part of my plan to stop over night and spend a day at this celebrated point, situated on Seneca Lake, which itself is one of the most attractive little sheets of water in the state.

I have studied up on the subject and know just where to go, and so a few minutes later you see us comfortably seated in one of the coaches of the Glen Mountain House rolling along up the village street and after that toiling, on wheels, up the great mountain, near the top of which is the "House," where we arrive after a while and are taken care of in a way that makes our dreams and our slumbers sweet.

Such a night's rest! only those who have enjoyed the pure mountain air of this region know anything about it. I awoke in the morning thoroughly refreshed, and after an appetizing breakfast, prepared for a day in exploring the glen.

After consulting the Guide Book, which is a very complete and valuable companion to visitors, edited by Mr. Jno. J. Lytle, the head of the firm which owns the Mountain House and the Glen itself, I decided to take the path toward the village and begin the exploration of the Glen from the very start, at the base of the Mountain. Cliff avenue followed to what is known as Entrance path, and then the latter, brought me to the entrance.

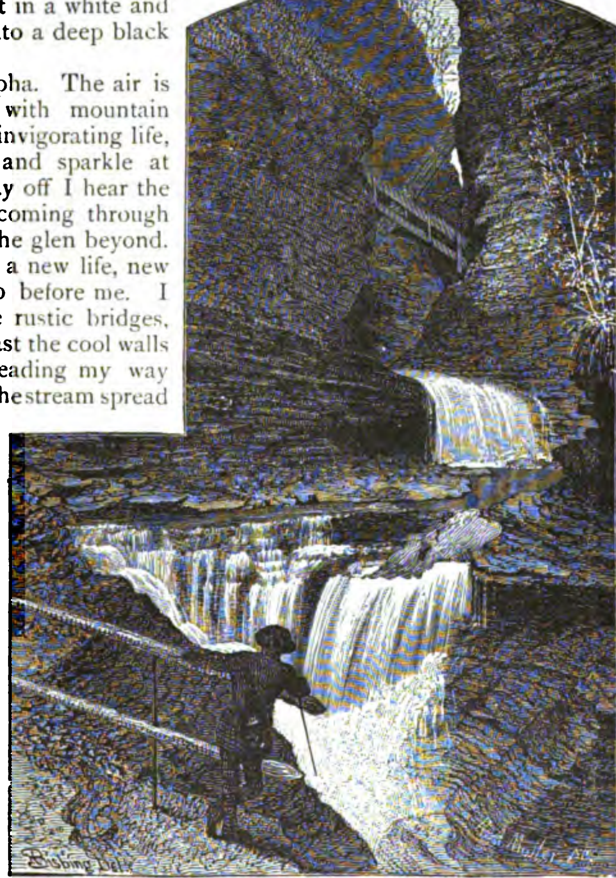
A shallow stream winds its way innocently, almost sluggishly, at my feet. Its quiet peaceful appearance gives no inkling of its experiences. There is nothing in its passive ripple that tells the story of its start four miles beyond away up on the mountain tops, on one of the wildest, maddest and most wonderful journeys that ever stream took. There is no voice that speaks of the great cliffs, the tremendous chasms, the cool grottoes, the leaping, winding passages, through which it has come. And for along time the wide world knew nothing of these, and only the simple rustics of the neighborhood could guess at them, from the glimpses they got from away up above in the mountain crags, through the spreading hemlocks. Enterprise has opened the Glen to the world, spanning its tremendous heights and

wild passes with rustic, but strong bridges, and to-day the traveler has an opportunity of exploring one of the wild and beautiful spots of the earth.

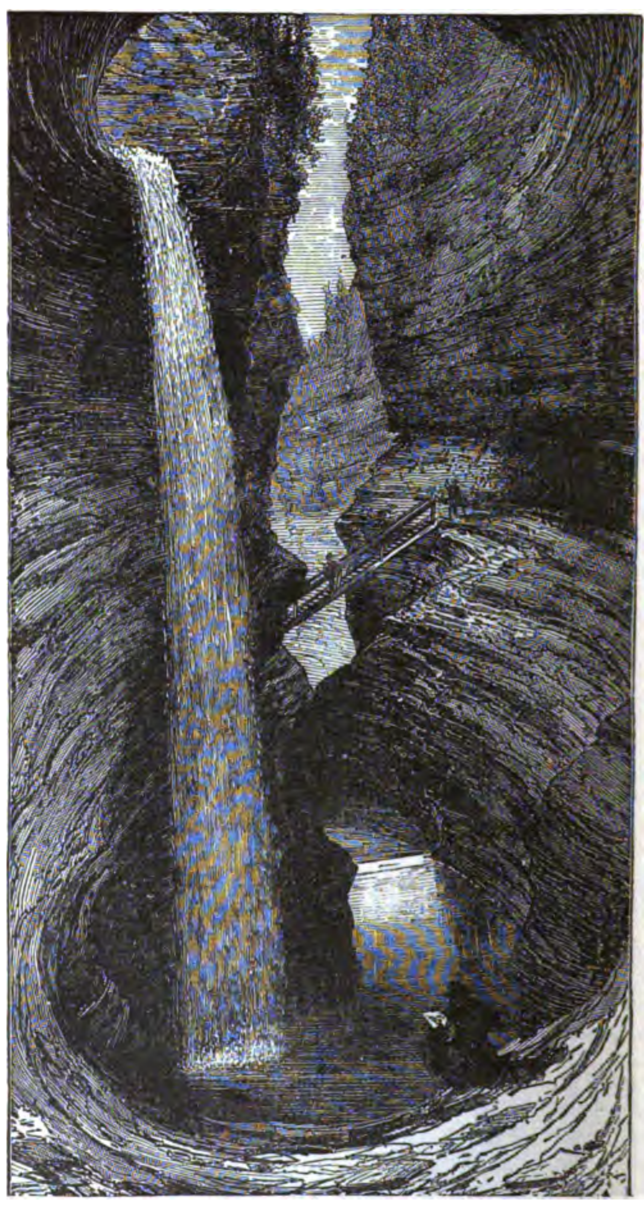
Before me on either side rose vast cliffs seeming to meet ahead of me and barring apparently further progress. But running diagonally along the face of the cliff was a rustic stairway. This I ascended, crossed a little bridge at its head and paused for a moment to take in the magnificent view. Back of me through the widened cliffs, I saw the green valley and the hills beyond, while towering overhead, the dark rocks cast their shadows at each other and down below. And here the first cascade breaks through a rift in the rocks and leaps down 60 feet in a white and foaming stream into a deep black rock-basin.

This is Glen Alpha. The air is cool, and sweet with mountain flowers, and full of invigorating life, the waters plash and sparkle at my feet, while away off I hear the murmur of their coming through the fastnesses of the glen beyond. A new vegetation, a new life, new sensations open up before me. I climb on over the rustic bridges, up the stairways, past the cool walls of rock, now threading my way along the banks of the stream spread out and shallow, now pausing scores of feet above it as it boils and roars through some rifted cavern, now picking my way under the projecting rocks, over which drips a cool mountain spring, now in some grotto, directly behind a leaping, tumbling cascade and catching glimpses of the scene beyond, thro' the sheeted crystal.

Some scenes as you climb on, leave an impress on your memory which will not be easily defaced. Minnehaha, a graceful, winding cascade, the second in the Glen, a scene of falls and laughing water, you stop and admire perforce. Further on, passing a little out of the path, you find yourself directly behind a great sheet of bubbling water, in a nearly circular cavern, dark and damp, sublime in height, whose rocky walls have thrown back the echoes of the cascade through the ages until they have grown hoarse and the air is filled with the deafening roar. This is the grotto of Cavern Cascade. Leaving the first glen at its other end you view the second one with the eye



MINNEHAHA CASCADE.



THE GROTTO.

of a bird, along the edge of the northern cliff, for the section itself is impassable as yet. By and by, following the path you come upon a Swiss Chalet—picturesque and appropriate, a hundred feet above the level of the stream, and 200 above its level in Glen Alpha, a spot as delightful as as any in the Alps. Directly opposite and connected with it by an iron suspension bridge of delicate, but strong construction, is the new Glen Moun-

tain House, which I had left some hours before on my tramp.

There are enough views from the piazza and promenades of the Chalet to keep an artist busy for a week—views of the gorge with its winding streams, and far away and near cascades, its rich, beautiful foliage and its tremendous depths. But further and grander scenes await one beyond. Passing through the woods again at the top of the cliffs, and coming down past deep basin pools of crystal water and rippling dancing cascades to the bed of the stream, crossing a rustic bridge, and advancing a little beyond you come upon a scene which probably has no equal in



ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL.



ARTIST'S DREAM.

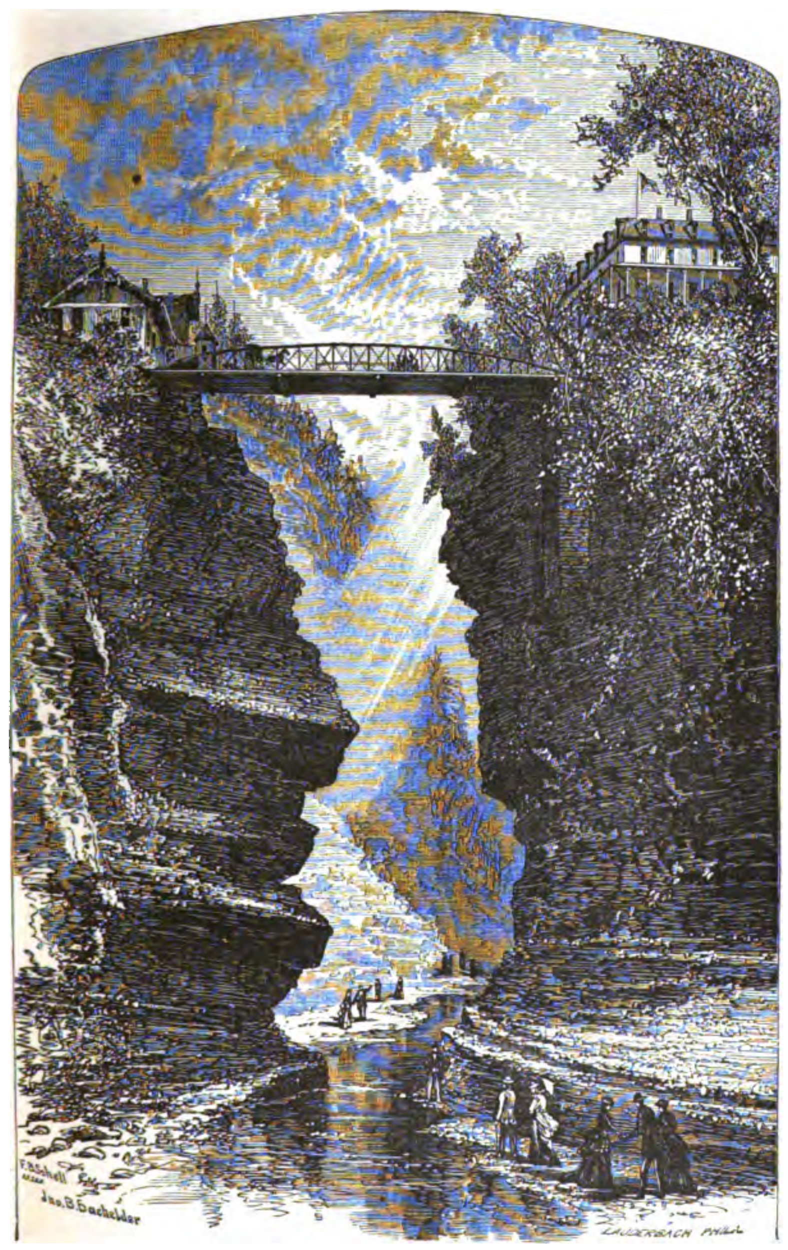
the world. You are in an immense amphitheatre, oblong in shape, a quarter of a mile long, an eighth wide, the floor of smooth rock, while away above and around you tower the great cliffs, topped with hemlocks and tall trees, the whole rising to a height of five hundred feet, and crested by the blue sky.

It was about noon when I stepped upon the threshold of the Cathedral, as it is appropriately called. There was no other living human being in sight. I was alone with the mighty cliffs. Far up at the other end a cascade was dashing over the rocks, and its distant music was the only sound that struck my ear, save the song of a bird flying across the chasm half a thousand feet above me. This was solitude—grandly solemn and majestic.

But it is impossible in this short article to enumerate a tithe of the beauties of the Glen. There are a half dozen whole sections beyond the Cathedral, each full of new beauties —crystal pools, fantastic waterfalls,

wild passes and picturesque grottoes, any one of which might be termed as one scene in Glen Arcadia, the fifth section, is termed, the Artist's Dream.

I did the whole glen to the end of its four miles where "it opens out into the hill country like a great fan," and took the way leisurely back to the Chalet and thence across the suspension bridge to my hotel. A word



A HOTEL IN THE HEART OF THE GLEN.

for the Glen Mountain House. It is the place to stay when you go to Watkins. Its accommodations are first class. It is in the heart of the Glen, and if you are staying for a week or a month, you can continue your explorations each day, without a long walk up the hill to the entrance, and besides, the cost of one admission to the Glen furnishes you with a season ticket, here; elsewhere, you must pay every time you enter.

My only regret was, that my stay could not be longer, but the next morning found me aboard the 8 o'clock train ready for the daylight run to Philadelphia.

The run as the reader knows is through one of the most picturesque regions of Pennsylvania. Between Elmira and Williamsport we passed the celebrated Minnequa Springs, whose medical properties and the fine country in which they are situated, bring invalids from all quarters of the Union in summer time.

From this point the scenery grows more and more grand and beautiful. The road winds through the valley of the Susquehanna, past rugged mountains, under great over-towering cliffs; now creeping along some mountain side, far above the blue river, now winding along its picturesque banks, passing Williamsport, Sunbury, Harrisburg, and a dozen of smaller cities which illustrate the enterprise and wealth of the region. At the latter city a branch of the road goes to Baltimore and Washington; and on the way, at Hanover junction, the traveler, if he be an explorer, may visit, a few miles inland, the famous battlefield of Gettysburg and taste the Gettysburg spring water—a water utterly tasteless and yet possessing wonderful curative qualities. But the Centennial-bound tourist keeps straight on from Harrisburg and at 7 o'clock in the evening the spires of the great buildings loom up before him, and he is landed on the grounds of the Exhibition of '76—thoroughly convinced that the journey, if you chose the proper means, is a large part of the pleasure of a trip to the Centennial.

QUARTER STREET EPISODES.

BY A LODGER.

NO. IV—PART 2. THE GIRLS OF BROWN & CO.'S.

It was glorious! Miss Jones's heart was so full she could have wished, then, they were all going; and only yielded to the malice of wishing Miss Jenkins could see her now.

They drove past her lodgings, but they were all dark, and nobody appeared to be at home.

Cavalier Fitz-Morg was attentive and gracious. He was even fulsome in his praise of her loveliness; and begged only to be allowed to add a flower to her hair, which he did, bending very close and bungling a little. What did the flower smell like? Wine? She had heard of rosy wine, but never of a winey rose.

Cavalier Fitz-Morg dropped into the seat beside her, when he sat down again, and presently his arm stole around her waist. He was very tender!—perhaps it was his way, or the way of his set; or perhaps it indicated the growth of tender sentiments for her! It was too much to hope; but she would not check him, or notice it.

He helped her out, when they arrived at Miss Sylvester's, with an embrace; but no one was present except the coachman, and it was too dark for him to see.

The house was not brilliantly lighted, and they went up a long walk to the door. His knock was answered by a bold-faced servant girl, who an-

nounced "Cavalier Fitz-Morg and lady;" and thereupon a large, exceedingly fat, but young looking woman, under-dressed in summer silk and gaudy jewelry, came forward and welcomed them with profuse politeness, and conducted them into the drawing-room. This was Miss Sylvester.

Here a dazzling scene met Miss Jones's unaccustomed eyes. The curtains were all drawn, and the sashes closed, though it was mid-summer; but the room was glaring with gas and reflectors. Twelve or fifteen couples were swinging up and down the room to the music of the piano, played by a little fair-haired girl who could not have been over fourteen years, and a squeaky violin, played by a very tall young man with a very long nose, and goggles.

Upon being presented by the hostess to this assembly (for which purpose quiet was ordered in a loud voice by that person), Miss Jones was greeted by a profound stare from everybody in their places, a slight nod, and a "very happy, I am sure," in chorus, which made her blush, and accept the seat offered her with some embarrassment; when the music and dancing immediately went on again. Her cavalier at once demanded a waltz, the dance then in progress; but she was obliged to plead ignorance of the art, and he unhesitatingly led out Miss Sylvester instead, desiring the "scraper" to "shake'em up lively," and whirling straight away down the room and back again, reversing, pirouetting, and gliding, with great vigor and ease, and keeping it up to a marvelous length.

After an hour's dancing the musical programme was begun, and carried through without an interlude. It consisted of ballad and opera selections rendering, by Miss VanTuyn, a new luminary, in solo, and with masculine power of voice; some difficult and altogether exceptional execution on the piano by another luminary, who protested they all knew she was out of practice, and only an amateur at best, but who acknowledged the applause awarded her by gracious jerks of her head to her instrument and a perceptible increase of power in the banging; and a single quartette, with a combined instrumental accompaniment, quite overpowering in its effects. There had been some comic and *bon mot* songs spoken of, but the singer said he had concluded to drop them this evening, they not being likely to "hit" strangers.

At this three or four of the young gentlemen winked at each other, and allowed other indications of a smouldering scorn of innovation and approval of the rebuker of the innovator to escape them, while several of the young ladies looked demurely, and one or two severely, at Miss Jones; plainly indicting that she was the cause of this remission and ought to be ashamed of it. Fitz-Morg, who had been growing tenderer all the evening, and who had been out with other young gentlemen periodically meanwhile, but was now once more returned and at his lady's side, hereupon rose in his place and demanded, under the Rules, to be heard; then, silence ensuing, he proceeded to state for their edification that he had brought a "lady" with him, if they pleased; one who knew the points of good breeding and would stoop in no way to interfere with the full rendering of the programme of the evening—nay, not only that, but one who would willingly add, by the practice of any of her accomplishments, to the general delectation. He would also remind them that he was a member of this society in good standing; equal, he would assert, to the standing of any of them, and was not, therefore, to be put upon, or insulted, directly or by implication, by any species of *gamin* that walked! As to the female portion of his hearers, no doubt they were *au fait*, and meant nothing by their glances at his lady; but for the young "bucks" who had insinuated her presence was *malaprop*—he would caution them to keep their noses out of his "mash," or he would

have the pleasure of "wringing" them. At this stage, and when several of the young "bucks" referred to were beginning to give indications of mounting wrath and inward fire, and were developing a violent desire to have the "wringing" process begun at once, as denoted by their expostulations with their fair detainers who clung close upon their arms; refreshments were providentially announced, putting a stop to further advance in either speech-making or devouring passion, in the sudden passion for devouring food which it seemed to fire.

Refreshments (if every one got as much as they wanted, or as much as anybody else) settled all differences; and amity was once more restored.

It seemed to be a custom of this clique in high life, when refreshments were served, for the ladies, having received their share, as aforesaid, to return to the parlor and leave the gentlemen to make free with cigars and wine, or whatever strong drink was provided—and likewise with their (the ladies') names and various charms—and to await their putting themselves in so good trim for that purpose, and returning to their sides. The custom was duly honored on this occasion; and in the result, it came to be a question, at least with one of the ladies interested, whether it would not have been "more honored in the breach than the observance."

It was eleven o'clock when luncheon was over; and for an hour after that the ladies waited for their companions, without other sign from them than the sounds of laughter and revelry coming from the dining-room, or an occasional sentence or disjointed scrap of conversation reported by the mistress of the house, and which she caught listening at the door. At the end of that time the whole troop appeared, headed by the Cavalier Fitz-Morg; but the Cavalier Fitz-Morg, how fallen from his high estate, in the estimation of the deceived and wounded Miss Jones! Cavalier Fitz-Morg was maudlin drunk!

"Two to seven," said he, as he shambled into the room, "I kisser!" Some of the young ladies tittered—it was not so very unusual an occurrence! One or two got behind chairs, as fearing it might be them the salute was intended for: but they were the plain ones. Miss Jones turned very pale, and rose to her feet.

"Kippersittin," said the Cavalier, "your Fizzy's acomin';" with which blandishment he advanced to her side.

Miss Jones, though terrified, brought her pride to her aid, and held her ground as much in spite of the laughter as of her Fizzy's drunken insult; but when he attempted to repeat the familiarity of the coach, she repulsed him with all the strength of which she was mistress, though not a word could she utter.

The tall young man with goggles who played the violin attempted to interfere at this juncture but without success, and the rest looked on indifferently, or encouragingly, according to the amount and effect of their own libations or degree of moral stagnation.

Then commenced a retreat and pursuit, the like of which was never witnessed on any strategic field. Miss Jones's pride began to quail, and she eluded him, first, gracefully and deftly; then, as he followed and clutched after her, with more precipitation; then, as he became frantic in his drunken endeavors, without other thought but escape, out of his reach, and out of his sight, and out of her terrible predicament.

Miss Sylvester ordered the music going, and every one on the floor to dance, to drown and cripple the disturbance; and then set out to find Miss Jones, who had fled into the hall. Cavalier Fitz-Morg had fallen and lay on the floor at the foot of the stairs fast lapsing into imbecility, but the object of his amativeness was nowhere to be found. The house was searched from top to bottom, and then the dressing room overhauled for her wraps; but neither she herself, nor her wraps were discovered. It was

evident she had left the house. There was a very small flutter of excitement. Three gentlemen volunteered as scouts when this conclusion was finally reached, and were dispatched in three directions: the rest first offered, and then withdrew, as it was discovered to be raining; and the three who started soon returned, wet and unsuccessful.

"Why what a silly thing," said Miss VanTuyn, "to run!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Miss Stabell, the comic vocalist's girl, "she's too proper altogether to go in our set."

"Far too much so to manage Fitz-Morg," said another, "and I knew it the minute I set eyes on her. I couldn't help but laugh to see him chase her. Oh my!"

Having thus given expression to their feelings, the coterie turned its distracted attention to the neglected Fitz-Morg, and having provided for his safe carriage home, the party broke up at one o'clock, and immediately forgot Miss Jones.

When that misguided young lady found herself in the street, in a pouring rain and impenetrable darkness, where she was relieved from her present terror, and free from observation, she first burst into impetuous tears, standing still and leaning against the street palings for that purpose; then, as a full sense of the failure of her hopeful venture in society, the thought of what the Jenkinsites would say, and of the outrage she had been subjected to by the Cavalier Fitz-Morg, came over her, her soul rose up in impotent rebellion, and smothering a shriek of despair, by cramming her shawl into her mouth, she fled up the dark street with surprising swiftness, and never stopped until she had put a good mile behind her. She then found herself in an unknown suburb, her clothes soaked and bespattered with mud, her fine kid boots utterly ruined, and herself wet, cold and miserable.

Calmer now, she stopped and pondered. The condition of her clothes seemed to afford her some relief, and she informed herself that she was glad of it; she never wanted to look at them again, and she would tear every shred of them off her, if she could get home without them. Her boots she battered against the stones of the pavements until they were little better than her old ones, and vowed she would burn up everything she had spent a cent of her hoard of money for, the moment she got home.

But now, the first care was to get home. She turned her face citywards, and after an hour's steady walking, and some inquiries of inofficious or overofficious peace officers concerning her way, she finally arrived at the entrance of Quarter Street, and turned into the shadow of old Trinity.

Here she made another pause, for it occurred to her that First and Second were at her rooms staying with her brother. How should she ever face them? They would know all, and then Miss Jenkins and all the Jenkinsites *must* find out, and she should never hear the last of it! It was an awful fate, but it was growing to be morning, and Nature, as typified in Miss Jones, asserted herself, and demanded rest. So Miss Jones went home, and went to bed, happily without encountering her First or Second, for they had already gone there before her.

Miss Jones was absent from her place at Brown & Co.'s next day, and for several succeeding days; being rendered so lame and sore by her exposure that she could not leave her bed, and so hoarse and speechless by a severe cold contracted at the same time, as to be unable (however much she might have desired to do so, or they to have her) to tell the first of it, and so have it going on towards the last.

But it got abroad, nevertheless, and not only all Brown & Co.'s girls learned of it, but all Quarter Street also, and both were greatly exercised. Yet, so far wrong was Miss Jones in her estimation of the character of these two bodies of her associates,

that, in place of exulting in her misfortunes, their very magnitude so moved them to pity for her, and indignation against the cause of them, that a unanimous resolution was adopted to that effect in Quarter Street, and the sufferer was overwhelmed with kindness. Miss Jenkins saw in the event an opportunity for an exercise of magnanimity, and so yielded to that emotion as to pay four visits to her rival before she was able to be out, and was so gracious and delicate, that Miss Jones shed tears of gratitude on each occasion, and vowed eternal friendship and confidence with her from that time.

Miss Jenkins's magnanimity insensibly gave way to real feeling, and she returned the vow with equal vehemence, declared she was never so happy in her life, and wondered how they could have lived so long in each other's society, and never found each other out; and finally finished the effusion by saying she should always think kindly of that horrid Fitz-Morg, if only for the part he had taken in bringing about the present good understanding, and that she should always love little Sammy (that was Miss Jones's brother's name) for his own sake,and hoped Miss Jones would like her mother, whom she should bring around for her to get acquainted with at her earliest opportunity.

Miss Jones reciprocated in turn, by declaring she knew she should just worship Mrs. Jenkins from the moment she set eyes on her, and reproachfully asked how Miss Jenkins could have thought otherwise after her own kindness and its results; and very much more to the same purpose, all of which was as oil on the troubled waters of old enmity, and promotive of general satisfaction, and, as Miss Jones said, "blessed peacefulness."

And this compact, we are bound to say, proved no truce, but a lasting peace; and not only that, but a real good will and friendship, that evinced itself in giving and taking little kindnesses of all sorts, and especially in a constant and rapid exchange of visits between Miss Jenkins and her mother on the one side, and Miss Jones and Sammy on the other; and these gradually spread out so as to include first, Miss Bain, and then Miss Tozum, Miss Jenkins's First, and then the whole divisions, and even some of the congenial ladies of Smiles' Corner, and of Miss Jenkins's neighborhood; and so, finally, its influence was felt a power for good in Quarter Street, and highly creditable to Brown & Co., which redounded to the glory of its ruling spirits, the head trimmers of that establishment, and was productive of "nothing but good," as these were wont to say, "all 'round."

Both these ladies also declare that they have no desire to get into society, except the society of their equals, which is healthful and enjoyable; and that, as for being "noticed," that may happen as often as anybody pleases, since they cannot help it, but they will bestow no notice in return.

Miss Jones has long since replaced her little hoard, and added a considerable larger sum thereto; but she would like to see herself buying any outfits with it, indeed she would; which sentiment Sammy—who has grown into a large boy, and is earning four dollars a week himself, out of which he supplies old Mrs. Jenkins (with whom he is on the best of terms) with the best snuff—approves and sanctions with an unqualified, "That's the talk!"

One more thing is noticeable since this quiet alliance between the Jonesites and the Jenkinsites, which is, that there has been developed, by what subtle influence we know not, a strong attraction for young men of all classes with whom they come in contact —the clerks in the store, the young men of the Lodgings, the casual acquaintances formed at their social meetings and elsewhere; even men whom they have not met at all, but who are seeking introductions—in the Girls of Brown & Co.'s.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

OLD AGE.

This story of Irene is a recollection from La Bruyère; who has himself taken it from Theophrastus, the "man of divine words:"

Irene traveled to Epidaurus to visit Esculapius in his proper temple, and there consult him in person as to the nature and cure of the various maladies that afflicted her.

"Son of Apollo!" said she, "I am most heartily fatigued; I am tired, even unto death!"

The oracle politely intimated to her, that she had accomplished a long and arduous journey, which had probably overtaxed her strength and spirits.

"You are very good," replied the lady; but indeed it is not the journey. I have complaints that seriously affect my enjoyment; and that produce an overwhelming lassitude of mind and body. When I rise in the morning, for example, I have no appetite whatever for my breakfast!"

"Eat less supper," said the god.

"And then at night I am quite troubled for want of sleep. O, I cannot tell you how very restless and discomposed I am! how often I turn and turn again and again in my bed, endeavoring, but ineffectually, to lose myself in the delicious slumber that I once enjoyed; that came so lightly over me, and dwelt so sweetly, and that used to refresh me so much. Those nights are gone from me!"

"You must pass your waking hours in gentle and benevolent occupation. Let it be useful and regular. Dismiss from your mind all anxious and all ambitious thoughts, and never under any pretense suffer yourself during the day to nod in your chair, nor loll for a moment upon your couch."

"Ah! but then," said she, "I am becoming so excessively languid; and, it may please your worship, heavier and heavier, alas! every day; sometimes, do you know, I think, every hour."

"You should force yourself to get up before noon, my lady; and often employ those pretty limbs of yours in moving about from place to place. Perhaps you may not know it, but they were given to you for this purpose."

"Wine hurts me," said the belle.

"Drink water," said the oracle.

"And my sight fails me!"

"Use spectacles."

"And then, as for my digestion, good god, my digestion!" cried she, in an accent of despair.

"Diet yourself; never eat unless you are hungry, and then less always than you desire."

"No; but I wish you fully to understand," replied the fair patient, "that I find myself altogether weaker than I used to be; that I am no longer by any means so healthful and vigorous, and fresh in the enjoyment of my time, and of the pleasures that wait now almost unoccupied, around me! Life itself, in short, wears no longer for me the gay and the elastic charm that it was wont to possess.

"*You grow old, my friend!*" answered the god, in a low tone of voice.

"Old! certainly! bless me, yes! we all do that!" exclaimed the lady; but I have come now to ask you how I am to get rid of this languor, and stiffness, and heaviness, and incapacity for active enjoyment that harasses me thus?"

"The shortest, and indeed the only sure method that you can resort to, O beautiful Irene, is to follow the example of your mother, and of your grandmother."

"Ah, indeed!" said the lady; "and

pray, if you please, tell me what *was* that?"

"To die!" returned the god.

"To die! to die!" repeated she; "and is this the counsel that you give me? Is this the result of all that vast reputation for science which is associated with your name throughout the world? which men delight to publish and rehearse, and to which I have listened in admiration, both at Athens and in Rome! What single word have you now told me that is either oracular, or even novel to me? Did I not myself know every one of the remedies you have prescribed before I had stirred a foot beyond the borders of Attica?"

"Why did you not then avail of them?" answered the god, "and spare yourself the inconvenience of traveling so far from your comforts; abridging, as you have done, the short remainder of life by so long and fruitless a journey? A person of your accomplishments and discernments ought to know that for Old Age there is no other remedy than Death."

DOES THE SUN INFLUENCE A FIRE?

There is a common opinion that the direct action of the rays of the sun diminishes the combustion of a common fire. This notion has often been ridiculed as erroneous; and, with a view to put it to the test of experiment, Dr. McKeever ascertained the actual rate of combustion of well known bodies, in different circumstances. It appears from these trials, that the quantity of wax-taper consumed in broad sunshine, in the open air, is less than that consumed in a darkened room, in the same time, in the proportion of ten to eleven. When the experiment was made with a common mould candle, an inch in length was consumed in fifty-nine minutes, in strong sunshine, temperature eighty degrees; in fifty-six minutes, in a darkened room, temperature sixty-eight degrees. Other trials were made to ascertain the effect of the different colored rays of the prismatic spectrum on combustion, and it was found to proceed most slowly in the verge of the violet ray. The times of consuming the same length of taper in the different portions of the spectrum were, in the red ray, eight minutes; green ray, eight minutes twenty seconds; violet ray, eight minutes thirty-nine seconds; verge of the violet ray, eight minutes fifty-seven seconds.

The common opinion is therefore correct; but the difference is not so considerable as might be expected.

SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.

The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make, instead of their signature, is in the form of a cross (+); and this practice having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance; anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for amongst the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word *clericus*, or clerk, was synonymous with penman, and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal, alike by those who could and those who could not write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its holy associations, and, generally, *the mark*. On this account, the editor of the *Pictorial Shakspeare* explains the expression of "God save the mark," as the form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

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STANDING. (No. 3.) SITTING.

A MODERN DESK.

Time was when a slanting board or a common deal table was desk enough for any business man; but work has multiplied so and aggregated and come to being done so much by the bulk, vast strokes at one time, that time-saving and labor-saving and comfort-giving have come to be great desiderata in everything pertaining to office furniture. And so for a number of years past the inventive American mind has been turned to the problem of how to make the most compact and convenient desk.

A number of very important improvements have been accomplished, and the desk of to-day is as different from anything that used to be made as can be imagined. The very latest invention is the Ransom adjustable desk, which comprises all the previous improvements and adds some very important ones of its own. Among the latter is an arrangement by which whoever is working at the desk may either sit or stand to his work and have the same surface before him. For instance, in its standing position the desk (in one of its patterns) presents the appearance of an ordinary stand-up cabinet desk, with a broad sloping surface, on which the book-keeper or business man may work with facility. Supposing now that he becomes tired of his position and wants to sit down to his work, the old resort would have been to the high legged and uncomfortable stool. The owner of a Ransom's adjustable, however, has only to lower in the easiest manner imaginable the whole surface on which he is working, running as it does on well contrived grooves—and the thing is accomplished. He has before him everything that he had while standing, and he may seat himself comfortably and continue his work. The arrangements for ink and pens are all perfect. The desk has drawers which pull *away* out easily and are fitted up with pigeon holes, book slits, etc., facing the sitter—are in fact young cabinets themselves—and there are a number of other minor improvements which go far toward insuring the comfort of the worker.

Such briefly is the desk. A personal inspection is the only satisfactory way of comprehending the full advantages which it offers. Specimens may be seen at D. L. Ransom & Co.'s, 135 and 137 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A new range—new in form and new in many of its equipments—has recently been gotten out by the Richmond Stove Co. It is *oval* in shape, which is an entire novelty, and the makers claim this as a great advantage in the matter of strength, increased size of oven in consequence, and the fact of its occupying less room. It is manufactured with the same care that characterized the celebrated Richmond Range, which had so large a sale, and which it is intended to take the place of. Among the new conveniences may be mentioned an ash pan much larger than the grate, the whole so arranged that the ashes do not come tumbling out when the door just above the grate is opened; an adjustable plate for the boiler at the top to rest upon when the latter is drawn out; a large and roomy oven; a low down hot water tank, connected with the fire by pipes through which the water circulates and is consequently always hot; sliding oven; shelves, &c., &c. Any one wanting a range will find something entirely new in this one, which is named the "Crowned Belle," and is for sale only by L. Schwartz & Co., 363 Main street.

MANTELS.

Slate Mantels have in the last few years come into almost universal use. The fact that they will stand a high temperature without cracking, that smoke will not discolor them, nor will grease, oils, or acids, and that their durability and wear is far in advance of anything else, carries great weight with purchasers who have had their white marble mantels stained and defaced by coal gas, etc., and crumbled and cracked by heat. The best builders accept and advise the purchase of Slate Mantels, and the finest houses are furnished with them. Mr. D. B. McNish has an elaborate and beautiful assortment of all grades at his Mantel and Grate warerooms, 304 Main street. Green malachite, Scotch granite and prophyry, black, gray, Sienna, walnut, and numberless other patterns and colors are represented, some plain and neat, others rich, brilliant and elegant. In contrast to these are some very beautiful white mantels, and orders for any style of grate or mantel, from plain to the most elaborate, will receive prompt attention, and purchasers will find it to their advantage to call on him before purchasing elsewhere.

A WONDERFUL TEST.

The visitors at Machinery Hall gazing in wonder at its stupendous engine, examining its thousands of curious machines, puzzling over its intricate wheels and shafts and belts, do not perhaps think that without one very unpretending substance, the whole thing would stop, or continuing to move, the many wheels, cogs, joints and pinions would grind and grate against each other, and pulverize and crush until friction and resistance ceased and all movement was discontinued. The humble substance which averts all this discord and produces comparatively noiseless harmony throughout, is—Oil. And it is a fact too that one brand only is used all through the Hall. The Centennial Commissioners were called upon in the early days of the Exhibition to decide what oil should be used in Machinery Hall. The verdict was in favor of Pease's Engine Oil, and to-day and every day since, this one Oil, so celebrated all over the United States, is used throughout this gigantic machine shop, with its 20,000 feet of shafting, and its myriads of machines. Some of the latter are of the most solid and wondrous construction; others as delicate as the wing of a humming bird, but the same grade of oil is employed on each—a wonderful test of its range.

GOOD FURNITURE.

The man who in very hard times originated the plan of giving away his goods one at a time, in order to keep people going in and out of his store, and thus create an appearance of liveliness, so that when good times did come he would have a large run of custom,—this man is probably a myth. But as a kind of discreet improvement upon him, Messrs. Schlund & Doll are offering furniture of all kinds at rates so low that people in search of gifts in the furniture line will find this the next thing to it. To keep things in motion is the main thing, and people with cash will find here investments in bed-room, parlor, dining-room and library sets, which will pay them large interest. Good furniture substantially and handsomely made will last for years and always be desirable, so that people who can do so, will find this one of the best opportunities of stocking or re-stocking their houses, which has occurred for years. Messrs. Schlund & Doll are always ready to show their wares, and their judgment may be relied upon as to the excellence of them.

LAKE PLEASURE TRAVEL.

The delightful pleasures of a trip to Chicago by the steamers of the Western Transportation Co. and the Anchor Line are too well known to need rehearsal. The annexed table of days of sailing from Buffalo at 8 p. m. for the balance of the season will enable the reader to pick out his day and start immediately.

Tuesdays.—Fountain City, Capt. James Gibson: August 8, August 22, Sept. 5. Idaho, Capt. Burton Penny: August 1, August 15, August 29, Sept. 12.

Wednesdays.—China, Capt. Chas. Christy: August 9, August 23, September 6. India, Capt. R. Fitzgerald: August 2, August 16, August 30, September 13.

Thursdays. — Badger State, Capt. A. Clark: August 10, August 24, Sept. 7. Empire State, Capt. G. F. Wright: August 3, August 17, August 31, Sept. 14.

Saturdays.—Oneida, Capt. James Drake: August 12, August 26, Sept. 9. Japan, Capt. Martin Niland: August 5, August 19, Sept. 2, Sept. 16.

After Sept. 16, Steamers will leave at 6 p. m.

Buffalo tó Chicago or Milwaukee only $15. Meals and State Room included. One thousand miles in four and a half days. State Rooms secured, tickets, and all necessary information obtained, by application to R. M. CHOATE, Passenger Agent, offices foot of Washington st., and at Atlantic Dock, Buffalo; branch office, 122 Exchange st., cor. Wells, opposite New York Central R. R. depot.

JEAN GROLIER.

Convenient and almost indispensable as the idea of lettering books on the back seems now-a-days, it was not until some time in the fifteenth or sixteenth century that it was done at all. A French nobleman, by the name of Jean Grolier, was the first to introduce it. He was an amateur book-binder, and ornamented the sides of his books with elaborate and beautiful patterns of his own design. The book-binding art was even then in its infancy, and the rapid advances which have been made in it are of comparatively recent date. A modern book-bindery to a person unacquainted with the ingenious and wonderfully nice processes used to-day is a place worth visiting. Such an establishment is Young, Lockwood & Co.'s, Buffalo, N. Y., where the modern improvements are used, skillful workmen employed, and work of the most satisfactory character turned out. Business houses needing sets of books or blank books of any description should go to Young, Lockwood & Co.'s.

A CATASTROPHE.

The house was just through the spring rejuvenating. Everything looked bright and cheery. The tinted walls, the finely frescoed ceilings, the new paint, new cornices, in fact, as you surveyed the house you could not help but enjoy every room, nook and corner, and then, *and then*,—What? *All, all* to be ruined by that miserable leaky roof, that was warranted and recommended by such a host of names. Do you really know what aggravation and despair *is?* It is to behold the neatness and newness created at the expense of so much thought, weary limbs, worrying through sleepless nights, sore fingers and thumbs, melt away before you, *and nothing to do.* The storm of rain without, the rushing *madness* within, as pots, kettles, tubs and blankets are spread about to catch the oozing, trickling, streaming water that pours in through the handsome ceiling down on the snow-white curtains, tarnishing the tasty cornices, spoiling the lovely new carpets, staining all over the tinted walls, and—O! O! O! wasn't it *dreadful?* Why *didn't* we do as Mr. —— said, "Go to Guiteau & Hodge, 283 Main street, pay their price and get a roof that is *known to be good*, instead of trying this new untried thing that the roofing man was so sure was better than any other roof, and would last so long,—O, ever so many years. No, now we will get Gitteau & Hodge to make just such a roof as Mr. —— has; theirs has not troubled them and it has been on over twenty years."

"STRAWS."

The individual who has economized up to the present moment by wearing his last year's straw, or the unfortunate party who has lost his new one down the river, will do well to go to Comstock's for another, as he is closing up the balance of his straw goods at even lower rates than those which have prevailed on his counters this summer. The cash system and wholesale prices are advantages always offered at 17 and 19 East Swan street, corner Washington.

THOSE families who are fortunate enough to need children's carriages will do well to go to the manufactory, 297 to 301 Niagara street, and buy at first hands of Messrs. J. B. Sweet & Son, whose carriages are well known and largely sold throughout the United States. Buffalo has many advantages in the matter of buying of manufacturers, and this is one of them.

THE "ALL RIGHT" WRINGER—albeit clothes wringer advertisements are dry subjects—is something entirely new, and housekeepers will find it worth looking at as a saver of time, temper and impious abjurgations. See advertisement.

TENDENCIES.

It is a matter of some curiosity to note the many and varied ways in which continued depression in business affects different things. Economy begins to extend its influence to the remotest corners and the smallest luxuries. Men smoke cigarettes instead of cigars, for their cheapness. Families avoid the fashionable watering places and go into the quiet, inexpensive country wilds; last year's plug hats are commoner on the streets, and women are beginning (just beginning) to make one dress do a reasonable service before it is thrown aside. In business the cutting down of wages and the discharge of help continues with unrelenting perseverance, and every method is brought into service by which it is possible to do business cheaper. This is especially noticeable in the cutting away in some instances of a whole branch of business men, namely, the middle-men or jobbers who come between the retail dealers and the manufacturers. The latter in large numbers deal now directly with the retailers, thus doing away with one profit, and in quite as large a number of instances the manufacturers come still nearer to the purchaser and sell him goods direct at wholesale for cash. This of course is a vast advantage for the buyer, and he is not slow to avail himself of it. Messrs. Albert Best & Co., of this city, manufacturers of Parlor Furniture, whose business extends throughout the United States, and whose reputation for first-class products is firmly established, have for some time past been offering Buffalo the privilege of buying at retail, for wholesale prices. This they can easily afford to do. It is no extra expense, as ware-rooms, sample goods, etc., are equally necessary to their wholesale trade, and it is a stroke of policy made expedient by the hard times. Of course the retail buyer reaps a double advantage; he gets the finest grade of Parlor Furniture, and at the lowest wholesale price. It is ill wind that blows nobody any good, and even the dull breezes of hard times waft a grain or two of comfort to the man who wants good furniture in his parlor or library.

THE STOCK of a retail dealer becoming incomplete as to *all* sizes towards the end of a season, an opportunity is afforded to buyers who have waited to purchase at very low prices. Mr. J. H. Jewett is offering at prices much below manufacturers, a large number of odds and ends, in the shape of men's, women's, children's and misses' shoes. Men's Fine Calf Congress Shoes worth $5.00 at $3.50, and Men's Fine French Calf ties worth $5.00 at $3.00 are examples of this. Those wanting shoes of any kind should purchase now.

A MODERN ESTABLISHMENT.

Messrs. Humburch & Hodge, the energetic proprietors of the Buffalo Steam Custom Shirt and Underwear Manufacturing Co., which for a number of years past has been doing a thriving business in manufacturing to order the finest line of white shirts—prosecuting its sales all through the country—have opened a new branch of their business at 329 Main street, in the shape of a gentlemen's furnishing store in the most modern sense of the word. They propose to devote to every department of this the same attention that has made their other business so successful. The very finest of everything—the very latest styles—the most substantial and choice materials—the best prices that a stock purchased for cash can afford—these are ideas which will be carried out undeviatingly. It is impossible to catalogue a new stock of this kind. In a general way it can only be said that the very finest white shirts will, as heretofore, be made to order and fitted perfectly; that in fancy colored shirtings the stock contains over 100 patterns, a number of them imported direct; that the newest styles of collars and cuffs, fancy summer socks, summer underwear, silk scarfs, fine handkerchiefs, etc., etc., are kept in choice profusion, and in fact that the modern gentleman cannot mention or guess the name of a single article in this line which he cannot here find in all grades, to the very nicest.

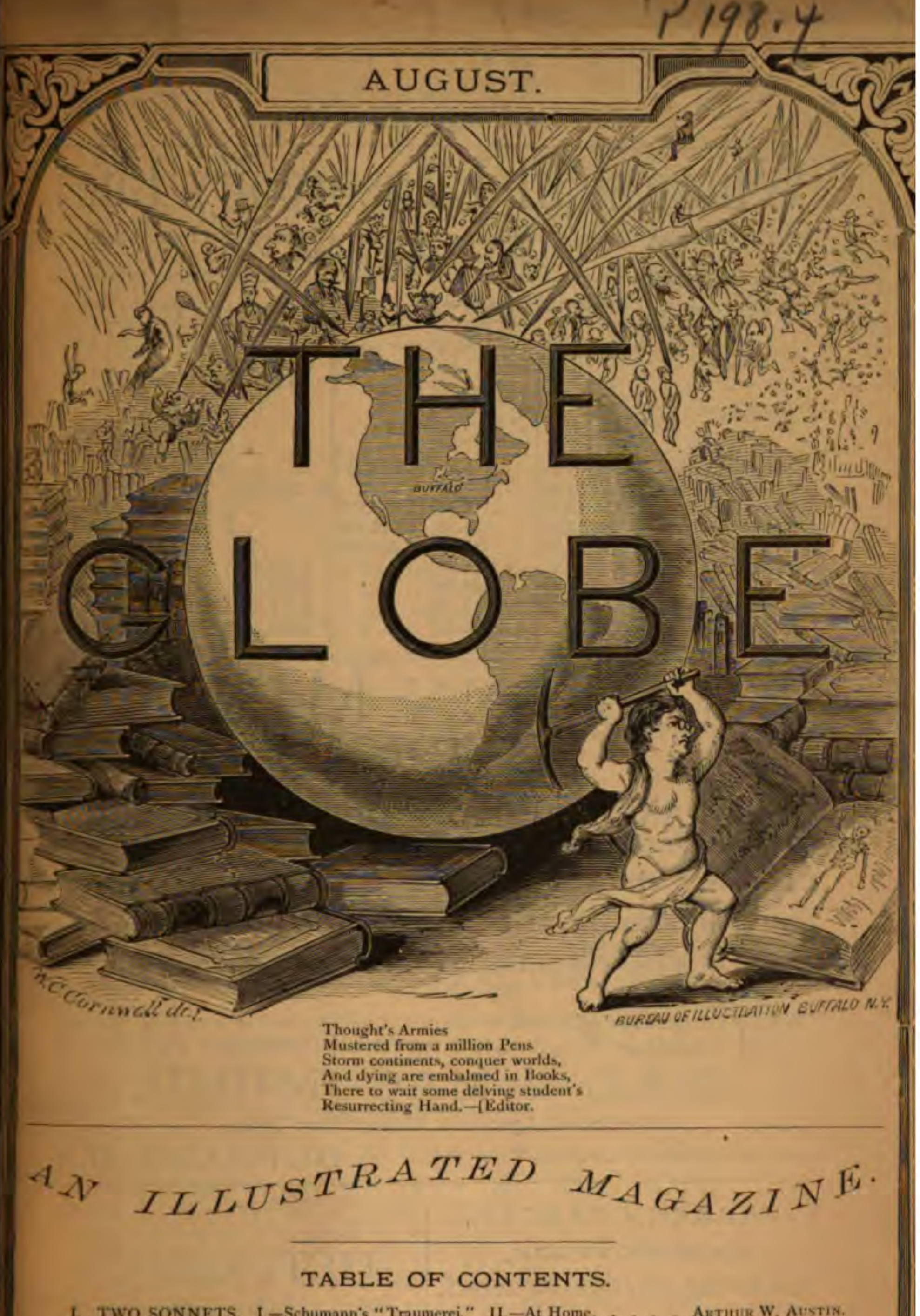


TABLE OF CONTENTS.

BUFFALO.

Where shall I Insure my Life?

The following Table, the figures of which have been verified from Official Reports, answers the question.

NAME OF COMPANY.	Since Date of Organization. Per cent. of DIVIDENDS to Premiums.	Per cent. of PROFITS of management to Premiums.	Per cent. of LOSS of management to Premiums.	Per cent. of Total Expenditures paid for surrendered policies past 3 years.	Net GAIN of Insurance for 1875.	Net LOSS of Insurance for 1875.	Amount of Assets for each $100 of Liabilities.	Relative Standing. DIVIDENDS.	Success of Management.	Satisfaction of Policy Holders.	Growth of Business in 1875.
PENN MUTUAL, .	32.02	19.13	......	5.49	$3,868,496	....	$126	1	1	1	1
Conn. Mutual, . .	31.82	13.45	......	7.59	....	$ 289,791	119	2	3	3	5
Mutual Benefit, .	29.65	13.78	......	6.62	2,165.676	....	118	3	2	2	4
Mutual Life, . . .	24.83	13.27	......	13.86	3,178,495	....	114	4	4	5	3
New York Life, .	22.06	3.22	......	19.30	3,296,996	....	122	5	6	6	2
Equitable, ...	17.33	.31	......	11.66	....	2,396,315	118	6	7	4	6
Etna, ...	13.08	11.16	......	28.28	....	3,052,922	120	7	5	8	8
Continental, N. Y.	7.61		12.58	26.09	....	2,471,304	114	8	8	7	7
Life Association, .	6.24		21.42	30.26	....	7,559,202	·14	9	9	9	9

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA

LEADS IN FINANCIAL STRENGTH, having $126 of secure assets to every $100 of liabilities.

LEADS IN DIVIDENDS; Is the only company which has averaged on ALL ITS POLICIES over 32 per cent.

LEADS IN LIBERALITY to its policy holders, having in twenty-nine years resisted but two death claims.

LEADS IN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, having, besides expenses returned in cash or invested for benefit of policy holders, nearly 20 per cent. more than all premiums received.

LEADS IN SATISFACTION on the part of members and in increase of business.

Ask for pamphlet explaining the **LIFE RATE ENDOWMENT POLICY.**

SILL & MACOMBER,

General Agents for Western New York,

Office, corner Seneca and Pearl Streets. BUFFALO, N. Y.

WARREN GRANGER,

LAND OFFICE,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY,

308 Main Street, Corner Erie.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

PICTURESQUE

AMERICA, AND ALL OTHER ELEGANT SERIAL WORKS, BOUND IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE BY W. H. BORK & CO., 255 AND 259 WASHINGTON ST., BUFFALO. N. Y.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

THE GLOBE.

VOL. IV.] AUGUST, 1876. [No. 5.

TWO SONNETS.

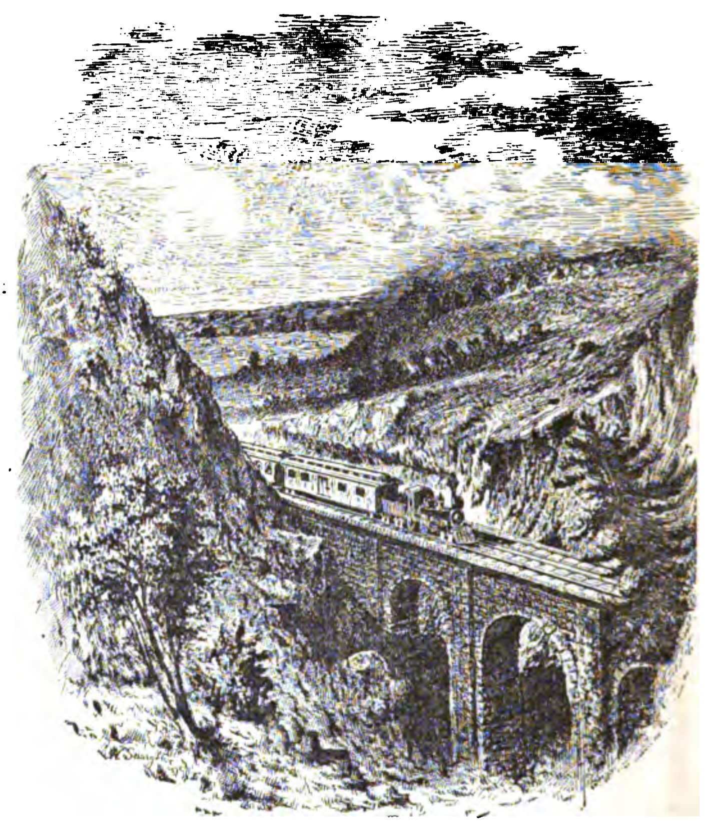
I.—SCHUMANN'S "TRAUMEREI."

The soul of Schumann, wandering in a maze
  Of dreamful reverie, made music so
  Describe experiences which all may know,
When memory leads the mind through devious ways
Of joy or grief, and scenes of other days—
  Strange, varied pictures of the long ago—
  Glide into view, now rapidly, now slow,
  While each a separate influence conveys.
This was my thought when first within my soul
  Entered with measured flow, the "Traumerei" strains,
  Where yet the beautiful melody remains,
And still in that domain bears charmed control.
  The "Traumerei," as played that night by one
  Whose hands are nerveless now, whose work is done!

II.—AT HOME.

To him whose days are spent in changeless toil,—
  Who serves, perforce, another's interest,
  Which claims his constant effort, and his best;
Whose pittance earned thereby scarce serves to foil
Gaunt Poverty, which, heedless of protest,
  Still strives with menaces to vex his rest—
  To such a one, after the day's turmoil,
  How sweet are household joys! how they despoil
Necessity of aspects which affright,
  And give him peace, and hope, and calm content;
  While, like a ministering spirit sent,
Love comes to bring him her serene delight.
  O, charms of potent might! O, happy hours,
  Rich with the fragrance of life's rarest flowers!

ARTHUR W. AUSTIN.



OVER THE CHAUTAUQUA HILLS.

A DAY AT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

A great depot in the early morning sunlight, say a little before seven, is a grand spot for observation. You stand in the cool shadows that have hardly waked from their all night sleep, and look out along the shining lines of track that begin their journey here and stretch away for hundreds of miles. The sunlight gilds the edges of a great army of cars of all kinds—homely freight cars, greasy oil cars, airy cattle cars, dignified passenger and palace cars more or less elegant, extending in long array as far as the eye can reach. The thick clouds of gray smoke that the busy engines puffing hither and thither throw up turns to melted silver in the sun. All this outside. Within, the long rays slant down upon a crowd of people, expectant, nervous or calmly composed, as the case may be.

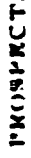
Four of us had agreed to meet here at the Exchange street depot, a little before seven, on a certain summer morning with the pleasant purpose of taking the Lake Shore train for Chautauqua Lake.

A little before seven on that certain summer morning, four of us had met and collectively boarded the train, picked out the best seats, and were waiting for the clear tones of the engine bell to signal a start. A

few minutes later we were gliding out of the cool shadows of the great building, past the long lines of cars, over the shining track, Chautauqua-wards. The road is perforce the road of the Lake shore, and the traveler seated in its coaches has an opportunity of taking in puffs of cool Lake Erie breeze and glimpses of extended stretches of blue water dotted with white sails, or marked by the rising smoke of distant tugs and propellers, with such scenery of beach and sand hills and clumps of woods and nestling towns as the Lake shore naturally affords. It is not surprising that the time passed pleasantly, what with conversation, cigars, and land and water scenery. Two hours later we alighted at Brocton, and took the Allegheny Valley train, which was waiting for us, preparatory to a ride up the Chautauqua Hills. Literally up—not the slow gradual ascent that you have to take the word of the geography for, but an up hill ride that is a real and magnificent climb by rail. The Allegheny Valley cars are constructed for the purpose of viewing just such grand scenery as the road affords. The wash rooms, water-filters, closets, etc., are in the middle of the car, affording a clear and unobstructed view from either end through the large plate windows. We picked the last car, and seated in the end, occasionally visiting the platform (against the rules of course) we enjoyed to the fullest this stirring bit of railroad travel. The Chautauqua hills rise up from the shores of Lake Erie some 1,400 feet through forests and farms. The track of the Allegheny road winds up these hills in and out, but always up past great promontories, over deep ravines, now dashing through thick dark forests, now crossing some rushing stream overhung with trees and bushes, now gliding past open space where the sloping hills below and the distant waters of Lake Erie burst into view, and then again diving—if darting upwards can be called diving—into the thick forests. The ride is an exciting one, the scenery wild and picturesque, and the soul of the most languid passenger is stirred within him as the rocks, trees and ravines throw back the regular clacking rattle of the climbing train, and the air grows more clear and bracing at every foot of the ascent.

Near the summit of the hills is a small station called Prospect, where the train stops for a moment, and just beyond you come upon a broad stretch of open country which affords one of the grandest views of the whole ride. You have reached nearly the highest point on the hills, and so unobstructed is the view that you can look off into the valley over the rolling hills far down to the shores of Lake Erie, 700 feet below you, and away over the lake itself for miles and miles, until water and clouds seem to intermingle, and at times it is impossible to distinguish the horizon line. Along the lake shore, away at one end of the picture you can discern the shining spires of little Brocton, where you began the ascent, and far to the other end of the shore Westfield nestles snugly among the trees. Rolling hills covered with woods and farms gradually ascending form the intermediate scenery. We had an artist among us who took some jottings of the scene, and it is here reproduced for the benefit of the reader.

Not many minutes after we had passed this point, we reached the summit, and then began the descent to Chautauqua Lake,—a repetition of the ascent as to scenery, and as the grade is a steep one, this part of the journey was by no means devoid of exciting interest. There is said to be one point on the hills where both Lakes Chautauqua and Erie are visible. This, I am told, is on the turnpike road, and so of course we did not see it. But, by and by, we came to Mayville itself, and the train stopped directly opposite the wharf, where a fleet of Chautauqua craft were moored—great steamers, small yachts, row boats, scows, and sail boats.



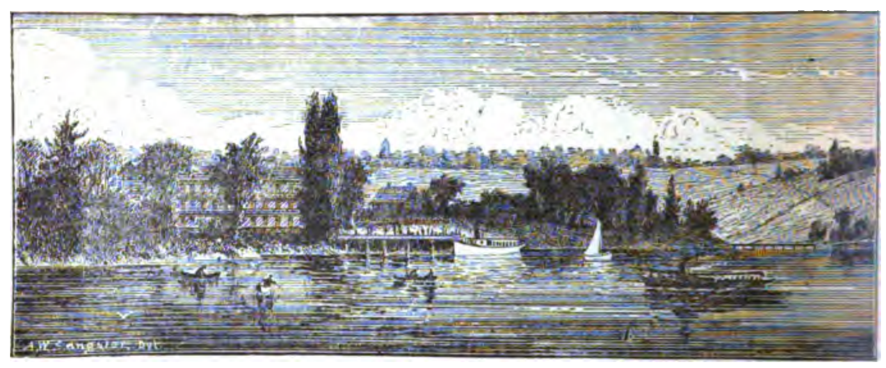
PROSPECT.



CHAUTAUQUA POINT.

Our destination was one of the small steam yachts, which was moored with the others and waiting for us. We were soon aboard of her, coats and vests off, hatted with big straws and felts, ready for a day on the lake. Steam was up, we cast off, and the little yacht, a paragon of convenience in every detail, glided out over the blue waters. Our destination was anywhere and everywhere, and it is not surprising that it took us all day to reach it.

The sun was shining out of a cloudless sky, the breeze was full of invigorating life, the clear blue waters stretched ahead of us, and puffing cigars or drinking in the bracing air we cared little in what direction the nose of the Natalie was pointing. Our artist was the only industrious man in the party, and as we glided by the picturesque banks, our pilot naming and describing different points, he (the artist) was jotting down the outlines of sketches which were afterwards worked up into pictures. Chautauqua Point was one of these. It is the spot which the Baptists have purchased for their future assemblies. A city of some four thousand summer cottages, so said our pilot, would be erected here by next season. Its sloping banks, and the many picturesque spots around and beyond the Point make it a fine location for such a purpose. We stood still long enough to give our artist a chance for a little more than outline, and then steamed on again through the glassy waters rippled only by the prow of our boat. Thus traveling, stopping now and then for sketches, trailing a line here and there for pickerel, lying face up on the benches reading and smoking, and now and then refreshing ourselves from the hamper of lemons, ice, and things in the cabin, it was past noon before we reached Bemus Point, which is near the outlet to the second part of Chautauqua lake. Here is situated the Chautauqua Lake House, a favorite hotel with Buffalonians and others. Here again our artist settled down to work, while the rest of us, lazy companions of an industrious profession, took to the water off the sandy beach, or wandered into the deliciously cool woods, redolent of the spice of evergreens. The birds and the chipmunks were there before us, and the wild honeysuckle and other sweet flowers kept us busy exploring, until the whistle of our yacht brought us back again, and we were once more skimming over the waters. The ride was a delicious



BEMUS POINT.

one, made at good speed, and more than ever we felt the invigoration of the air. We could well believe that we were on the highest navigable lake in America, for in every direction the waters were surrounded by trees which seemed to be peering over the edge of a great bowl or basin which contained them, and beyond was nothing but sky. We seemed to be far above the world.

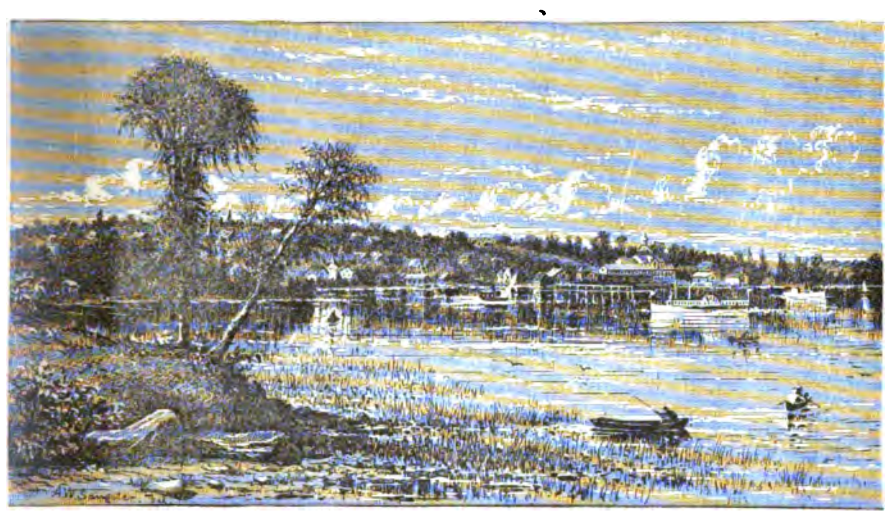
On our rapid home stretch we passed, without stopping, the celebrated Fairpoint, where every year, in August, the National Sunday School Assembly is held. This place is only three miles from Mayville, and is a score and a half miles nearer from the West by the route we had taken along the lake shore, than by any other.

We stopped for one sketch only, a sketch of distant Mayville, perched on the hill, with its spires, wharfs and steamers, and that completed, sped over the intervening space, and soon after were moored once more at the dock we had left in the morning.

Lake Chautauqua in less than four years has become a favorite and widely known summer resort. Hotels have sprung up on its banks. Assemblies from all over the United States have gathered in its groves. Summer cottages are being constantly erected, and the place is each season growing more popular as a watering place, and is frequented by people from every part of the Union. Its elements of popularity consist mainly in its wonderfully bracing air, due to its altitude above the sea (1,454 feet), the highest navigable lake on the continent; the picturesque scenery which lines its banks, and the rich country in which it is situated. Besides this, it is in the line of the great roadways of the Union. Cleveland, Chicago and the West beyond reach it by means of the Lake Shore & M. S. R. R.; the oil country finds easy access to it over the Allegheny Valley road; and by a conjunction of both these railways, as we have seen, tourists from Buffalo, the Falls, and the East, make it a point of destination at various times during the season. Its woods furnish delightful camping grounds, and there are many beautiful drives among and over the Chautauqua hills, while the lake itself provides fishing, sailing and other aquatic amusements. We could have prolonged our stay many days and enjoyed every one of them, but circumstances would not allow.

Dinner at the Chautauqua House was the next thing on the programme and you can well imagine that we did justice to it. Our appetites had been unconsciously increasing. It was just such a dinner as one would expect at a well-kept house in a rich, cream and butter country. Then again we resorted to cigars. Soon after the Allegheny train came thundering in

from its journey through the oil country, and we four boarded her, rolled again over and down the Chautauqua hills, took the Lake Shore at Brocton, and at seven p. m. Buffalo with its steeples and towers hove into sight, the great elevators loomed up and cast dark shadows into the waters, the lights of the light-house winked and blinked like stars, and just twelve hours from the time we had left them in the morning, we landed again in the shadows of the great depot.



MAYVILLE.

LOOKING FOR COUNTRY BOARD.

There were six of us in consultation in No. 20, Tremont House. It was a melting day in August, and five of us—all but myself—had just come into Boston, for a few days, from the White Mountains. Perplexity sat upon every brow, and wrinkled every face except mine. I was a silent member of the council, for anything was *nuts* to me—I was ready to go anywhere. But Aunt Debby and her daughters, Fannie and Minnie, were not equally indifferent. The other two were sleeping just now, and every body was glad, that thus affairs were somewhat less complex.

Said Minnie, "Why not go to Blue Hill? I am sure the air is beautiful there, and that's what mamma wants."

"You know the rooms were not desirable at all there, Minnie," responded Fannie, whose regulative power was the family safeguard. "Mother didn't like the table either."

"Well, the air is the principal thing, you know, Fannie," answered Minnie. "And the view was delightful."

"It'll do very well to ignore the table, Minnie, just after one of these Tremont House dinners, and live on air and views, but once settled there, and you're in a state of chronic starvation."

"Any way, do let's decide upon something. I suppose we might stay here, but it's horribly lonesome, with everybody out of town. And I really think mamma ought to have the country air. But I'm tired of wandering round. I wish we could rent a house, and have a home once more—or buy

one. I saw such a nice one when I was driving yesterday, in Dorchester."

"If you want to go to housekeeping, and will find a suitable house, I'm willing to do it," said Aunt Debby. "Anything to make you happy."

Aunt Debby was a wealthy widow, and these two daughters were all that were left of her family. Her chief desire and delight was to make them happy. And they were equally devoted to her. So, if either suspected that the other had a preference, it made a decision next to impossible.

"When Cousin Lucinda was in the other day, she gave quite a good account of the hotel at Concord," said Fannie. "We've never tried Concord, and if we are to sojourn in all the New England villages, we must not leave this one out. Suppose we try Concord. We needn't stay, if we don't like it."

"I'm willing," said Minnie. "I'm willing to go anywhere to please the rest."

When they appealed to me, I was delighted with the idea, for I remembered Emerson and Thoreau, and I can't write how many other things, which made it very attractive to me. And Zip—the little, knowing black-and-tan snarled out his approval—upon which Aunt Debby remarked that he knew as much as a child—and Dick gave a satisfied peep from his perch,and it was settled that we should go to Concord the next afternoon.

At two o'clock on Monday, Fannie and Minnie, with Zip, took the train for Watertown, in order to drive the pony over to Concord, so that the entire family might be together. Aunt Debby, with the bird-cage, four Saratogas and myself, were sent down to the Fitchburg station, in one of those springy, yellow stages which still frequent the crooked streets of the modern Athens, and after a few minutes of delay were steaming on to Concord. An hour's ride found us there, and looking up the baggage, Aunt Debby told the station-master that we would send for it, and asked him how far it was to the hotel. He said, "A quarter of a mile;" and Aunt Debby, although she was a heavy woman, and had a demoralized ankle, thought we could walk it.

Behold us, then—Aunt Debby, with her bird-cage clasped in her arms, and me, with a satchel almost as large as myself, slowly making our way through the classic shades of Concord, in search of the Middlesex Hotel. The sun beat down upon our unprotected heads, for, as was my usual custom, I had packed my umbrella. That "*quarter of a mile*" was the longest one I ever measured. We looked up and down and crosswise, but could see nothing that was like a hotel. I told Aunt Debby that I would inquire at a house,—we might be on the wrong street. So she stood guard over the property, while I opened a low gate and ventured to ring a door-bell. What if the Sage of Concord should appear, in answer to my call, and respond in such occult utterances that we could not get at his mystic thought! What if —but no one came, and after several attempts to rouse somebody, I looked around, to see Aunt Debby seated upon the grass at the foot of a tree, and evidently petting her bird-cage and her aching ankle.

When I returned to her, she said that a gentleman had told her to keep right on up the street—that the hotel was not much further. And gathering ourselves up, we traveled on in search of country air, and country board. Finally, we came in front of the Middlesex Hotel, and being somewhat impressed with its magnificence, we felt a little humiliated to enter it in such an unpretending way. But the proprietor met us with a welcome smile, and learning our requirements, thought he could "fill the bill," inviting us to inspect pleasant rooms on the second floor.

One looked out upon the Common where stood a "Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument," and the others had a fine western view. I enjoyed already

the green meadows, and fruitful orchards, and rare sunsets which my window promised. I did not let my aspiring eyes fall upon the yard just below me—I didn't see this till the next morning. The trunks were sent for, and carried to our rooms, and, at length, we descended to our tea. Colored servants were ready to wait upon us, but nothing looked particularly inviting. However, we didn't mean to be difficult, so we tried to look contented, and chewed and swallowed for a few minutes; after which exercise, we repaired to the portico, to wait for the others. At seven, Minnie drove up, Zip barking furiously with delight, as he saw Aunt Debby. Fannie said that his ball was lost, and he'd been as ugly as Satan ever since. But Aunt Debby pitied him, and said he should have a new one, and he nestled down in her lap, with an evident feeling of relief. The pony was taken to the stable, and Fannie and Minnie went to the dining-room for tea; then they joined us.

Suddenly, in the midst of an interesting remark which I had ventured to make, Fannie exclaimed—

"What a horrid smell! What is it?"

My olfactories are not acute; while I had realized that Concord hotel air was not exactly the breath of Cashmere, I had not decided what the trouble was, but Fannie was fully equal to this task.

"It is the cellar," exclaimed she. "Bad drainage. We shall all have fever."

I was disconcerted, for I wanted a few days in Concord. I might get over to Lexington, and I wished to go to Walden Pond—the whole country was classic to me. We sat no longer on that portico, but went up to the parlor, and after a little music from Minnie, and some general chatting, retired to our rooms. I was just composing myself to sleep, when I heard a gentle rap at my door. It was Fannie, thoughtful soul, who wished to know if I were lonesome; if I were, to come in with Minnie. I was used to being lonesome, so, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, I declined. Spite of my strong suspicions that there were other occupants of the bed, I slept pretty well, and awaking rather early, rose and dressed myself.

Throwing open my window-blinds, I looked off admiringly towards the orchards and the meadows, and inadvertently cast my eyes into the yard below. What a sight! Instead of a neat, grassy lawn, there was every variety of weed growing luxuriantly and flaunting its repulsiveness in the summer day, and immediately under my window, was a huge pile of broken crockery, old worn-out boots and shoes, empty bottles and all sorts of debris.

"Pretty poor housekeeping," said I to myself. "I don't believe Aunt Debby will stay here."

So I was not surprised, upon entering Aunt Debby's room, to hear a general groan, supplemented with one of Zip's irritating barks. The beds were hard; they were inhabited; Minnie had been almost eaten alive; some move must be made that very day. Here were these poor people—a family of three ladies—trying to live on ten thousand a year, and they could not find a desirable shelter for their heads!

After breakfast Aunt Debby *interviewed* the landlord, who was painfully surprised that there was cause for such complaint, and, when asked for his bill said he should not take anything. But it ended with his taking more than rightfully belonged to him, and we left on the ten o'clock train for Boston. Minnie had driven back to Watertown, and would meet us at Copeland's for dinner.

We dined at Copeland's; we discussed Plymouth; we spoke of Nahant; of Ocean Grove; of Nantucket; we finally decided to go to Matapan, where, so report of a friend had said, was a commodious, well-kept

summer boarding-house, equal to the best country hotels,—better than most of them. Then Minnie left us, to look out for the baggage; the rest of the party took the street cars and soon reached the Old Colony station, where we waited for an hour. Just as the train was starting Minnie put in an appearance, but there was no time to check the trunks and we left her to come on by the next train. She came on board to give Zip, little dear, his new ball, whereupon he lifted up his canine voice most joyfully, and we were *en route* for Matapan.

We were set down at the quietest little station imaginable, and while Fannie went to look for a place to pitch our tent, Aunt Debby, Zip, Dick and myself, waited there; sometimes we played ball with Zip, who *could* be very charming; sometimes we chatted with Dick, who really seemed to brighten up; and sometimes we strayed outside, taking extremely limited observations. Fannie came, at last, but her countenance was not in the least triumphant. The house wouldn't do at all, she was sure. The rooms were pleasant, certainly, but they were not neat; prices were high, but that did not signify, if the beds and the table were all right. She was afraid to make any arrangement with the hostess, and we rather approved of her caution.

Inquiring of the man and boy at the station, we found there were two or three other houses in the vicinity—within a range of five miles—in which we *might* be accommodated, though it was doubtful. We arranged with the boy to get a carriage and take us to these places, and just as we were starting Minnie entered. She was perfectly surprised to find us, supposing that we were nicely settled by that time in the well-kept summer boarding-house. She joined us in our new expedition. If we gained nothing else by it, we had one of the most enjoyable drives; continually delighting our senses with charming views, and delicious fragrance, and summer music of trees and birds and brooks.

We found no place to lay our weary heads. We had been on the tramp for more than twenty-four hours. What should we do? Where should we go? Let's go back to Boston. Do we want to register again at the Tremont? Let's go to Parkers. Parkers has its disagreeables. How about the St. James? We left the St. James because we disliked it. "Oh, for a lodge!" When does a train leave for Boston? "At eight." Mercy! we can't stay around here till eight. "You can go over to the '*Hartford and Erie*,' half a mile off, and get an earlier train." So we ride over to the Hartford and Erie station, and having sent the driver back for the trunks, it is discovered that Zip's ball is left in the carriage. After shouting in a vain attempt to call Jehu's attention, Minnie with a look of mingled despair and desperation, walks rapidly after him. Fannie, knowing that Minnie is nearly exhausted with worry and fatigue, hurries after her, urging her to come back and let her go. And Zip, as bright as a dollar, wakes up to an appreciation of the situation, and, quivering from his little black nose to his little black tail, brings up the rear. Minnie perseveres; and Zip and Fannie return, too discouraged to speak.

By and by, Minnie comes with the ball, and the consoling intimation that her effort was all needless, as the boy had found it, and was going to bring it over with the trunks. An express rushes past; the next train will be ours. We buy tickets, but can't check our trunks. Soon we are again on the way to Boston. Arrived at the station, there are no carriages. I stand guard over the trunks while the rest go on. Soon Minnie beckoned to me; the trunks have to be left, and, my heavy satchel in my hand, I trudge along. A few rods ahead, in the middle of the street, I see Fannie, carrying the bird-cage, and making frantic signals

at a horse-car, which, it seems, has on board, Aunt Debby and Zip, who may be taken all over Boston, before bringing up at the Tremont House, where it has been decided to return. At length, after some unpleasant encounters,—for the station is in a disagreeable portion of the city,—Zip and Aunt Debby are rescued, and we are re-united in a car which takes us directly to our hotel. We walk in meekly; and, strange as it may seem, are able to have the same rooms we had left the previous day. The porter sent at once for our trunks, and, after eating a good supper, and indulging in a comforting bath, we crept thankfully into bed, feeling that the Tremont House was better than all the country hotels and boarding-houses that could be crowded into Massachusetts; and that it was much more satisfactory to pay four dollars and a half a day than one and a half.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

BEECHER'S HUMOR.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe tells the following:

Mr. Beecher was generally the centre of a circle of tempestuous merriment, ever eddying round him in one droll form or another. He was quick in repartee, an excellent mimic, and his stories would set the gravest in a roar. He had the art, when admonished by graver people, of somehow entrapping them into more uproarious laughing than he himself practiced, and then looking innocently surprised. Mr. Beecher on one occasion was informed that the head tutor of the class was about to make him a grave exhortatory visit. The tutor was almost seven feet high, and solemn as an Alpine forest, but Mr. Beecher knew that like most solemn Yankees, he was at heart a deplorable wag, a mere whited sepulchre of conscientious gravity, with measureless depths of unrenewed chuckle hid away in the depths of his heart. When apprised of his approach, he suddenly whisked into the wood-closet the chairs of his room, leaving only a low one which had been sawed off at the second joint, so that it stood about a foot from the floor. Then he crawled through the hole in his table, and seated meekly among his books awaited the visit.

A grave rap is heard:—"Come in." Far up in the air, the solemn dark face appears. Mr. Beecher rose ingeniously and offered to come out.

"No, never mind," says the visitor; "I just came to have a little conversation with you. Don't move!"

"Oh," says Beecher innocently, "pray sit down, sir," indicating the only chair.

The tutor looked apprehensively, but began the process of sitting down. He went down, down, down, but still no solid ground being gained, straightened himself and looked uneasy.

"I don't know but that chair is too low for you," said Beecher meekly; "do let me get you another."

"Oh no, no, my young friend, don't trouble yourself, it is perfectly agreeable to me; in fact I like a low seat," and with these words the tall man doubled up like a jack-knife, and was seen sitting with his grave face between his knees, like a grass-hopper drawn up for a spring. He heaved a deep sigh, and his eyes met the eyes of Mr. Beecher; the hidden spark of native depravity within him was exploded by one glance at those merry eyes, and

he burst into a loud roar of merriment, which the two continued for some time, greatly to the amusement of the boys, who were watching to hear how Beecher would come out with his lecture. The chair was known in college afterwards, by the surname of the "Tutor's Delight."

This overflow of the faculty of mirthfulness has all his life deceived those who had only a shallow acquaintance with him, and men ignorant of the depth of yearning earnestness and profound strength of purpose on which they rippled and sparkled.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

It was a characteristic of the sort of civilization which the Anglo-Saxons brought with them to England, that they introduced the custom of taking four meals a day. At Saxon tables, both sexes sat together; and table-cloths were used. The meat was never "dished," and "covers" were as yet unknown. The attendants brought the viands into the dining-hall on the spit, knelt to each guest, presented the spit to his consideration; and, the guest having helped himself, the attendant went through the same ceremony with the next guest. Hard drinking followed upon these same ceremonies; and even the monasteries were not exempt from the sins of gluttony and drunkenness. Notwithstanding these bad habits, the Anglo-Saxons were a cleanly people. The warm bath was in general use. Water for hands and feet was brought to every stranger on entering a house wherein he was about to tarry and feed, and it is said that one of the severest penances of the church was the temporary denial of the bath, and of cutting the hair and nails.

With the Normans came greater grandeur and increased discomfort. They neither knew nor tolerated the use of table-cloths or plain steel forks; but their bill of fare showed more variety and costliness than the Saxons cared for. Their beverage was of a very bilious character, spicy and cordialed, namely, hippocras, piment, morat and mead. The drink of the humbler classes partook of a more choleric quality. It consisted of cider, perry, and ale. In the two following centuries, cooks and kings launched into far greater magnificence than had ever hitherto been seen in England.

Richard II. entertained ten thousand guests daily at his numerous tables; and the Earl of Leicester, grandson of Henry III., is said to have spent twenty-two thousand pounds of silver in one year, in eating, alone. His household retainers drank no less than three hundred and seventy-one pipes of wine, in the same space of time.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST LIGHTNING.

Franklin has given some precepts for the use of such persons as, during thunder-storms, are in houses not provided with lightning conductors. Lightning does, indeed, often enter by the chimney, on account of the internal coating of soot, which is one of the bodies for which, as for metals, lightning evinces a preference. For the same reason, avoid, as much as possible, metals, gildings, and mirrors, on account of their quicksilver. The best place is in the middle of the room, unless, indeed, there should be a lamp or chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The less the contact with the walls or floor, the less the danger. A hammock suspended by silken cords in the middle of a large room would be the safest place. In the absence of means of suspension, the next best place is on substances which are bad conductors, such as glass, pitch, or several mattresses. These precautions must be supposed to diminish the danger, but they do not altogether remove it. There have been instances of glass, pitch, and several thicknesses of mattresses, being traversed by lightning. It should also be understood that, if the lightning does not find round the room a continuity of metal which it

may follow, it may dart from one point to another diametrically opposite, and thus encounter persons in the middle of the room, even if they are suspended in hammocks.

A DRY SEASON.

A week had passed and no rain. The mud of the roadway became hard first, and then broke up under the wheels, and by and by became heavy and sandy. Another week passed and no rain. The sand under the wheels grew finer and finer with grinding, and became first heavy dust and then atomic dust—dust so fine that a gentle gust of wind lifted it and floated it in the air, choking passers by, and covering grass and leaves. A week more and no rain, and then another week and another. The grass withered and became brown and stiff, and burnt to a crisp. Water weeds that had thriven in way-side pools, stiffened and died, and fell on the dusty beds where the water had rested in early summer. Creeks decreased slowly, and dried up finally. Small rivers turned to small creeks, with only a suggestion of moisture. Then the green died out of the landscape gradually, growing grayer and grayer every day with the settling dust. The leaves, the plant-lungs, became choked with the fine white particles, and small trees, not deeply rooted, showed signs of dying, turning yellow and sickly in the everlasting, ever-increasing drought. Finally, the ultimate was reached, and one day was like the next; for, although the coat of dust on everything became, of course, each day, thicker, yet the eye could not detect the increase. The road now was a bath of white—a river of fine particles, ankle-deep, wherein carts and wagons waded out of sight, for the clouds that they stirred up, hiding the opposite side of the street. A single locust flying by the leaves, raised a wake of flying dust; a yellow buttercup that had sprung up by the roadside, was unrecognisable in a gray coat; and in the pastures, cattle went lowing, hither and thither, over the burnt grass and the dry meadows, finding no green thing. Every Sunday, in the village church, the parson prayed for rain; the first week, humbly; the next, earnestly; then strenuously; then in an agony of supplication, and with dry and choking throat. One day a few drops fell, raising little dark spots in the road, but they were overwhelmed and soon died, and the drought continued fiercer than ever. Men began to be frightened. and to have new ideas of the judgment day, and to wonder if the world would dry up first, and burn the more easily; and there are some who hold to the theory even now—for is not the rain still withheld, and is not the earth parching and baking still in the heat of the August sun?

EDIBLE MUSHROOMS.

The confused notions which people have respecting the distinction of edible and poisonous mushrooms has led to fatal consequences. The following indications may, therefore, in some degree, serve to correct the evil. Whenever a fungus is pleasant in flavor and odor, it may be considered wholesome; if, on the contrary, it have an offensive smell, a bitter, astringent or styptic taste, or even if it leave an unpleasant flavor in the mouth, it should not be considered fit for food. The color, figure and texture of these vegetables do not afford any characters on which we can safely rely; yet, it may be remarked, that in color, the pure yellow, gold color, bluish pale, dark or lustre brown, wine-red, or the violet, belong to many that are esculent; whilst the pale or sulphur-yellow, bright or blood-red, and the greenish, belong to few but the poisonous. The safe kinds have most frequently a compact, brittle texture; the flesh is white; they grow more readily in open places, such as dry pastures and waste lands, than in places humid, or

shaded by wood. In general, those should be suspected which grow in caverns and subterraneous passages, on animal matter undergoing putrefaction, as well as those whose flesh is soft or watery.—*Brande's Journal.*

AT DUSK.

When you are standing in the gloom of the evening at your front gate, and down the street, through the shadows, comes a stir of feet, and a disturbance of boys' voices and boys' shouts, and presently there file past you a dozen of them, two and two, carrying between them, on a litter, as it were, of sticks, a long, slim, straight hickory, just cut from the woods, and trimmed of all its branches, save a plume at the top, and the procession moves by you, gleefully, with shouts of "Rah for Hayes and Wheeler," and "Clear the way for the seventh ward club," and the like; and the gloom slowly swallows up the figures as they move on further and further, and the sounds die out more slowly—when these things come to pass, know surely that—

The electioneering days have come,
The maddest of the year.

MEMORANDA ABOUT CATS.

The cat was originally brought from Persia, and was unknown to Pliny and the Roman writers; and the term puss is thought to be a corruption of *pers.*

She is the emblem of the moon, from the great changeableness of the pupil of the eye, which in the daytime is a mere narrow line, dilatable in the dark to a luminous globe; and she can, for this reason, like most animals of prey, see best by night.

It was formerly the trick of the English countryman to substitute a cat for a sucking-pig, and bring it to market in a bag; so that he who, without careful examination, made a hasty bargain, was said to buy a pig in a poke, and might get a cat in a bag; and a discovery of this cheat gave rise to the expression of *letting the cat out of the bag*, as a premature and unlucky disclosure.

MALACHITE

Is considered by Sir Roderick Murchison to be a wonderful subterraneous incrustation, which was produced in the stalagmatic form, during a series of ages, by copper solutions emanating from the surrounding loose and porous mass, and trickling through it, to the lowest cavity, upon the subjacent solid rock. At the bottom of one of the shafts of the copper-works of the Ural, 280 feet deep, there was found, a few years since, an enormous mass of malachite, sending off strings of green copper ore. It was estimated to contain 15,000 poods, or half a million pounds of pure and compact malachite. This fine emerald-green mineral is extensively used for veneering and inlaid work; its value, when manufactured, is upwards of eighteen dollars per pound, and a square foot of finished work generally contains at least two pounds and a half.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

The very young gentleman of the period just passing into the age when the society of the other sex begins to be agreeable, and still retaining the innate bashfulness which attaches to boyhood, has invented a method of imparting his requests for the pleasure of escorting a young lady from a prayer-meeting or other place of congregation, by means of a printed card with the place for the name left blank; and having a number of cards he can use them on various and diversified occasions, only taking the trouble to fill in the name of the admired damsel each time. Here is a fac-simile of the card:

Miss ....

If agréeable, may I have the pleasure of seeing you home? If so keep this card, if not please return it.

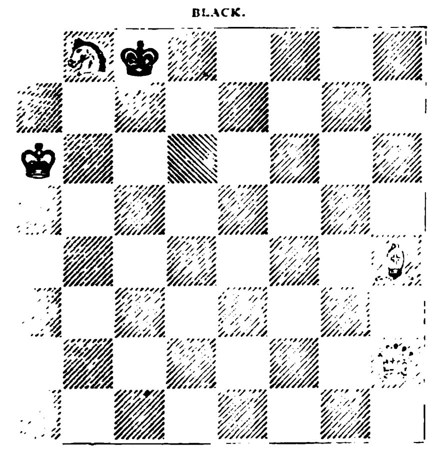
☞N. B.—If I can't see you home, may I sit on the fence and see you go by?

CHESS.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 9. By "La Petite Bobiole."

BLACK.



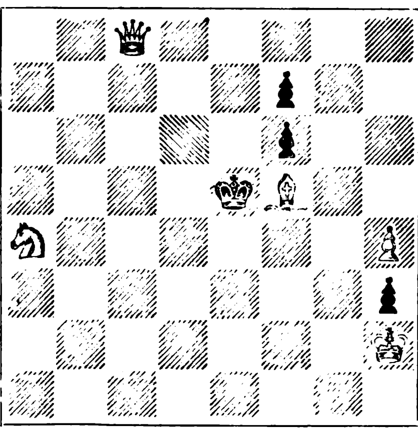
WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 10. By "La Petite Bobiole."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

—The *Hartford Sunday Globe* says of the Centennial tournament: The tournament committee of the Philadelphia Chess Club have devoted no little time, labor and praiseworthy patience in an endeavor to make the Centennial tournament, now being held in Philadelphia, a world's or international tournament to rival those held at London, Paris, and Vienna. The proposed grand international tournament is still such in name, but, in fact, is neither international or even national. The committee are entitled to, and doubtless receive the sympathy of the chess public, and, under the circumstances, have accomplished much. The tournament, compared with the first congress, is insignificant. The committee are not at fault, nor is the chess-playing community of the country, but an officer of the American Chess Association, injudiciously elected to the position he held, is responsible therefor. Nine players have entered, viz., Mason, Davidson, Judd, Bird, Martinez, Roberts, Ware, Elson and Barbour. We have not yet ascertained why Mackenzie, Hosmer, Neill, Reichelm, Becker and Orchard did not enter. The Continental experts, with the exception of Bird, did not enter because of the smallness of the prizes. The prizes are: 1st, $400 and the Governor's cup of solid silver, handsomely engraved, and presented by the Governor of Arkansas; 2d, $250; 3d, $150; 4th, $125; 5th, $75.

Of the contestants, James Mason, of New York, is a very fine player, and long before he decisively defeated Mr. Bird in a match a few months ago, he was considered by his many friends in this country as one of the strongest players of the day. The Continental critics now rate him as a fair player. Mr. Mason is the chess editor of *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

Mr. Davidson, of Philadelphia, is a very young player, and, in the opinion of his enthusiastic friends, is a coming Morphy. He is certainly one of our strongest players.

H. E. Bird, St. James, London, is one of the strongest Continental players. In the Vienna tourney he tied with Paulsen for the fifth place. Mr. Bird is a veteran player.

Max Judd, of St. Louis, is a very fine player, although he is very unsuccessful in his play in the tournament. He has played in two national tournaments, and in the last, held at Chicago, stood third.

Mr. Martinez, formerly champion of Cuba, but now of Philadelphia, first came prominently before the public in a match with Mr. Mason, which the later won by a bare majority.

James Roberts, of Philadelphia, is the gentleman player of the tournament, and we should not have been at all surprised had he won either the first or second prize, but, like Mr. Judd, he has also been unfortunate in his play.

P. Ware, Jr., of Boston, is probably the strongest New England player. Mr. Ware played in the national tournament held at Cleveland, in the telegraphic matches between Boston and Hartford; also in two matches with Mr. Neill, both of which he lost.

Jacob Elson, of Philadelphia, is a veteran player, better known as a problemist.

L. D. Barbour, of Philadelphia, is a very strong amateur, but of too excitable a nature to engage in match or tournament contests.

—By telegrams from London we learn of the death of John Jacob Lowenthal, on the 21st ult. The deceased was sixty-six at the time of his death, During the greater part of his life he devoted much time and energy to the advancement of the interests of chess. His name is as familiar as a household word to chess players in all parts of the world. He came forward most prominently in connection with the London Chess Congress, the preliminaries of which were obstructed with as many difficulties as the proposed International tournament of the Philadelphia Chess Club, and without his exertions it doubtless never would have taken place. His great energy and perseverance, however, carried it through in spite of all opposition. Herr Lowenthal was beloved by all who knew him. He was a gentleman of refinement and culture, and his loss will be keenly felt in the circles he was wont to grace by his presence.

—The *American Chess Journal*, formerly the *Dubuque Chess Journal*, has made its appearance, and the first issue cannot but verify the most sanguine predictions made in regard to it. Its problem department, under the very able management of Mr. S. Loyd, the celebrated problem composer, will be equal if not superior to any in the world; while its well annotated games and interesting editorial department give promise that no pains are to be spared to place this magizine in a front rank with the periodical chess literature of the world.

—A match between Messrs. Mason and Judd was announced to take place last month, at St Louis, but did not take place, as some state on account of a disagreement as to the time limit, and as others say on account of Mr. Mason's backers not putting up the money agreed upon. If the latter is the reason, no fault can be found with the players of course, but if the former is the reason, it seems to us that each side might have given in a little and compromised matters in some way so as to have the question settled as to which of the two is the better player.

The following game played in the Café International tourney we take from the *American Chess Journal:*

SICILIAN OPENING.

WHITE. *Chris. Becker.*		BLACK. *H. E. Bird.*	
White.	Black.	White.	Black
1. P K 4	1. P Q B 4	9. P tk P	9. Kt tk P(*c*)
2. P Q 4	2. P tk P	10. Castles	10. Kt tk B(*d*)
3. Kt K B 3	3. P K 3	11. P tk Kt	11. B K 3
4. Kt tk P	4. Kt K B 3	12 Q B 3	12. R B
5. B Q 3	5. Kt Q B 3	13. B B 4	13. Q K 2 (*e*)
6. B K 3	6. P Q 4	14. Q R Q	14. P B 3
7. Kt Q 2 (*a*)	7. P K 4 (*b*)	15. BR6 (*f*)	15. R B 2
8. Kt tk Kt	8. P tk Kt	16. Kt K 4	16. B Q 4 (*g*)

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
17. Rtk B (*h*)	17. P tk R	23. B R 4	23. B K 8 (*l*)
18. R Kt 5 ch	18. K Q (*i*)	24. Q Q	24. KRQB(*m*)
19. R Q	19. Q K 3	25. P B 5	25. Q KB 4(*n*)
20. P B 4	20. B Kt 5	26. P K Kt 4	26. Q K 2
21. R tk P ch	21. K K 2 (*k*)	27. R Q 6	27. Q Q B 5
22. P Q R 3	22. P Q R 3	and White gave mate in five moves.	

(*a.*) Kt tk Kt, as recently played by four members of the N. Y. Chess Club in consultation against Mr. Bird, has been the usual continuation here; but in our opinion this results in giving Black the superior game.

(*b.*) After 7 P tk P, 8 K tk P. Black cannot win a piece by Kt tk Kt on account of the White Bishop's check at Q Kt 5.

(*c.*) P tk P obtains good center pawns and is a better move. White, however, has a superior development.

(*d.*) By taking this Bishop, Black threatens to win a pawn, "at some future time," by playing Q Kt 3, but as he has first to guard against the replay of Kt Q B 4 that "future time" never came, and 10 B Q 3 would have been better, but White has the advantage any way.

(*e.*) If 13 Q tk Kt or Q B 2, 14 B tk B. If 13 Q Q 2, 14 Q R Q and if 13 B tk B, 14 Kt tk B Q Q 4, 15 Q B 5. The situation is an instructive one.

(*f.*) White has to remove this Bishop before playing Kt K 4 for if 15 Kt K 4. B tk B, 16 Kt Q 6 ch, Q tk Kt. 17 R tk Q. B tk R. 18 Q Kt 4, B Q R 3. 19 R tk P. R K B with the better game.

(*g.*) Q B 2 is far better here.

(*i.*) If 18 R Q 2, 19 Kt B 3; if 18 K B 2; K B 2. 19 Kt Kt 5 ch, K Kt 3; 20 B K 2!

(*k.*) If 21 K B, 22 P Q B 5—a curious move but very attacking.

(*l.*) The best replay to R tk P is probably R Q.

(*m.*) This is ruinous. Black had to leave this square open for his Queen as she must guard Q 2 to prevent the check of the R.

(*n.*) The best he had now was to make room for his Queen on Q B. but the exposed position of the B makes his game hopeless.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

The *Turf, Field and Farm* gives the following well fought game in the late tournament at the Café International, between Messrs. Alberoni and Delmar.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

WHITE. *Mr. Alberoni.*		BLACK. *Mr. Delmar.*	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	22. Kt tk B	22 Kt tk Kt
2. P K B 4	2. P tk P	23. B K B 4	23. PQB 3 (*d*)
3. B Q B 4	3. QR 5, ch	24. R K, ch	24 K B 3
4. K B	4. P Q 3 (*a*)	25. B Q B 4	25. K R K
5. Kt Q B 3	5. Kt K 2	26. K B 2	26 Kt K 4
6. Kt K B 3	6. Q K R 4	27. B Q Kt 3	27. Q R Q
7. P Q 4	7. P K Kt 4	28. K R Kt	28. R Q 5
8. P K R 4	8. P K R 3	29. BtkKt, ch	29. R tk B
9. P K 5	9. Kt K B 4	30. R tk R	30. RKB5, ch
10. QKtK4(*b*)	10. B K Kt 2	31. K K 2	31. K tk R
11. K Kt	11. P K Kt 5	32. R tk Kt P	32. R tk R P
12. Kt K R 2	12. P K B 6	33. R K 6, ch	33. K B 5
13. P tk B P	13. Kt P tk P	34. R K B 6	34. K Kt 4
14. Q tk P	14. Q Kt 3 ch	35. R K B 7	35 R K 5, ch
15. Q K Kt 4	15. Q P tk P	36. K Q 3	36. R K 2
16. Q tk Q	16. P tk Q	37. R tk R	37 Kt tk R
17. Q P tk P	17. B tk P (*c*)	38. B K 6	38. P K R 4
18. Kt K B 3	18. Kt Q B 3	39. P Q Kt 4	39. K B 5
19. B Q Kt 5	19. B Q 2	40 P Q B 4	40. P R 5
20. Kt tk K B	20. Kt tk Kt	41. B K R 3	41. K Kt 6
21. Kt B 6, ch	21. K K 2		and wins.

NOTES.

(*a.*) A defense but rarely played nowadays, though we believe it can be adopted without disadvantage.

(*b.*) Kt Q 5 seems better play.

(*c.*) With the Queen off the board, and a pawn ahead Black has now a comparative easy task before him.

(*d.*) All this part of the game is exceedingly well managed by Mr. Delmar.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

THE NORTHERN CENTRAL.

The centennial travel season, notwithstanding more than half of the time during which the exhibition continues is passed, really commences in its greatest volume on September 1. The intermediate time has been spent by vast numbers in watching, planning and waiting. There has been much to watch in connection with the event. The different roads centering at Philadelphia have been strenuously urging their rival advantages, backing up their inducements by an offer of low rates, each striving to defeat the other. In this strife the sturdy Northern Central has kept a length or so in advance, and it has come to be conceded, by the general public, that this is THE route to the Centennial. The Northern Central has had a host of inducements to offer. Starting on the line of the New York Central it branches off across the country at Canandaigua, in a very direct line, towards the great goals of travel nowadays, namely: Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The road follows, in its course, the valley of the Susquehanna, a river celebrated for its beautiful scenery, striking, as it does, completely across the State of Pennsylvania, cutting its way through the ranges of the Appalachian mountains, and winding through fertile valleys, under great mountain shadows, between towering cliffs, its banks lined with overhanging shrubbery, great waving elms, or rocky crags crested with tall evergreens, according to the nature of country through which it passes. The traveler, by this route, has also the privilege of visiting, on his way to the Centennial, the wild and picturesque gorges of Watkins' Glen, merely stopping over, one train or two, en route, at Watkins. This, his ticket permits him to do. A half day on Seneca lake, one of the loveliest sheets of water in the State, will also form a pleasant feature of this part of his trip. The steamers run from Geneva to Watkins, and return, at convenient hours, connecting with the Northern Central trains. Further on, along the line, are the celebrated "Minnequa Springs" (the "Saratoga" of Pennsylvania); the McIntyre coal mine, with inclined railway running to top of the mountain, and visible from the cars at Ralston, Pa., and the National Cemetery and battlefield of Gettysburg. These attractions are all on the line of the road, and are only to be reached by it. The inner man is catered to by eating stations which are unsurpassed, and which furnish meals at suitable hours, for the enjoyment of which ample time is allowed.

A further advantage to the traveler is the fact of the perfect system with which the whole line is managed, and the sterling character of the track itself. The latter is all steel rail, secured to heavy oak ties, and the whole is in first-class repair. The Block Signal System, which is in exclusive use on the Pennsylvania Central and its connections, makes accidents almost impossible, no matter how many trains may be moving in the same direction, or at how high a rate of speed. The continuous double track, with a third track wherever needed, for waiting freight trains, puts collision out of the question; and, as a further safeguard, all trains are supplied with the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, by which the train can be brought to a stand-still within the distance of its own length. These are a few of the accommodations for speed, comfort and safety provided by the Northern Central for its passengers, and the road is reaping the full benefits of its efforts by a large and increa ing share of the Centennial travel.





STANDING. (No. 3.) SITTING.



A MODERN DESK.

Time was when a slanting board or a common deal table was desk enough for any business man; but work has multiplied so and aggregated and come to being done so much by the bulk, vast strokes at one time, that time-saving and labor-saving and comfort-giving have come to be great desiderata in everything pertaining to office furniture. And so for a number of years past the inventive American mind has been turned to the problem of how to make the most compact and convenient desk.

A number of very important improvements have been accomplished, and the desk of to-day is as different from anything that used to be made as can be imagined. The very latest invention is the Ransom adjustable desk, which comprises all the previous improvements and adds some very important ones of its own. Among the latter is an arrangement by which whoever is working at the desk may either sit or stand to his work and have the same surface before him. For instance, in its standing position the desk (in one of its patterns) presents the appearance of an ordinary stand-up cabinet desk, with a broad sloping surface, on which the book-keeper or business man may work with facility. Supposing now that he becomes tired of his position and wants to sit down to his work, the old resort would have been to the high legged and uncomfortable stool. The owner of a Ransom's adjustable, however, has only to lower in the easiest manner imaginable the whole surface on which he is working, running as it does on well contrived grooves—and the thing is accomplished. He has before him everything that he had while standing, and he may seat himself comfortably and continue his work. The arrangements for ink and pens are all perfect. The desk has drawers which pull *away* out easily and are fitted up with pigeon holes, book slits, etc., facing the sitter—are in fact young cabinets themselves—and there are a number of other minor improvements which go far toward insuring the comfort of the worker.

Such briefly is the desk. A personal inspection is the only satisfactory way of comprehending the full advantages which it offers. Specimens may be seen at D. L. Ransom & Co.'s, 135 and 137 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. Territorial rights for sale for cash or on good time.

FURNITURE AT FIRST HANDS.

The manufacturer can afford to do business with the retail customer directly much better than he can afford not to. He must have his line of samples and his show-room for his wholesale trade—the very same—do equally well for the retail trade; and so he is at no expense here. He can well afford to sell at wholesale rates, *for cash*, to the small buyer—for the small buyer is numerous—and it does not take so many of him to make a good-sized wholesale bill—with this advantage over the ordinary wholesale bill that while on the latter he must give credit—for this he has the cash in his hand. Messrs. Albert Best & Co., of this city, manufacturers of parlor furniture, whose wholesale business extends through all the States, have been offering, for some time past, their elegant Parlor and Bedroom furniture, at rates that put competition out of the question, and of a quality which is first-class in every respect; and it has come to be the habit of the man who really wishes to economize wisely, to purchase his furniture of the kind indicated, at Best & Co.'s, Perry street, near Main.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A new range—new in form and new in many of its equipments—has recently been gotten out by the Richmond Stove Co. It is *oval* in shape, which is an entire novelty, and the makers claim this as a great advantage in the matter of strength, increased size of oven in consequence, and the fact of its occupying less room. It is manufactured with the same care that characterized the celebrated Richmond Range, which had so large a sale, and which it is intended to take the place of. Among the new conveniences may be mentioned an ash pan much larger than the grate, the whole so arranged that the ashes do not come tumbling out when the door just above the grate is opened; an adjustable plate for the boiler at the top to rest upon when the latter is drawn out; a large and roomy oven; a low down hot water tank, connected with the fire by pipes through which the water circulates and is consequently always hot; sliding oven; shelves, &c., &c. Any one wanting a range will find something entirely new in this one, which is named the "Crowned Belle," and is for sale only by L. Schwartz & Co., 363 Main street.

THE USES OF SLATE.

Good slate has, since its introduction as a roofing material, taken the lead of all other articles in this direction. Its peculiar strength and durability, the security which it affords against fire, the ease with which it can be cut into slabs of any size, shape or thickness, and its handsome appearance when its colors are well chosen and grouped—all these things have tended to place it ahead of every other material in the one direction of roofing. But the roof of the house is not the only part benefited by this material. In its slab form it is extensively used for steps. Anyone who has climbed to the top of the tall tower of the *Tribune* building in New York city, will remember that every step is of slate. It is better than marble or stone, and far cheaper. One great advantage of the slab form is its cleanliness and easy capability of being cleaned. This makes it peculiarly adapted for the making of wash tubs, bath tubs, sinks, etc.

There is, of course, much difference in the quality of slate, and the house-builder should be particular that he choose reliable slate dealers, when buying. Mr. D. B. McNish, 304 Main street, uses the very best material for slate-roofing. He has in his employ experienced men who have been in the business for years, and any orders left with him will be attended to promptly, and the work done in a thoroughly first-class and satisfactory manner. A full line of all slate-made articles are kept on hand, and anything of the kind may be ordered to the best advantage.

A DISPATCH FROM CHILI.

The judges at the World's Exposition held at Santiago in 1875—the latest of the international exhibitions preceding the great one at Philadelphia—have just concluded the award of prizes and premiums, and documents and diplomas have reached fortunate exhibitors in this country. Mr. F. S. Pease has received four premiums, including the two grand prize medals, for the best Lubricating and Illuminating Oils. Pease's Oils have thus taken the highest prizes at all the exhibitions of the world, up to the present.

"BOYDEN."

The gentleman who is in agony in a crowd for fear of having his toes stepped on, and whose largest minor trouble is a collection of corns, either has never heard of the Boyden Shoe, or else persistently refuses to believe in its merits. Messrs. L. Boyden & Co., of Newark, N. J., have, for over thirty years, given their exclusive attention to the manufacture of fine boots and shoes for gentlemen's wear. Their goods are well-known in every part of the United States, and are acknowledged by experts to be the best fitting and most durable work now made. Mr. James H. Jewett, 406 Main street, keeps a full line of all sizes of the Boyden Shoe.

JEAN GROLIER.

Convenient and almost indispensable as the idea of lettering books on the back seems now-a-days, it was not until some time in the fifteenth or sixteenth century that it was done at all. A French nobleman, by the name of Jean Grolier, was the first to introduce it. He was an amateur book-binder, and ornamented the sides of his books with elaborate and beautiful patterns of his own design. The book-binding art was even then in its infancy, and the rapid advances which have been made in it are of comparatively recent date. A modern book-bindery to a person unacquainted with the ingenious and wonderfully nice processes used to-day is a place worth visiting. Such an establishment is Young, Lockwood & Co.'s, Buffalo, N. Y., where the modern improvements are used, skillful workmen employed, and work of the most satisfactory character turned out. Business houses needing sets of books or blank books of any description should go to Young, Lockwood & Co.'s.

A MODERN ESTABLISHMENT.

Messrs. Humburch & Hodge, the energetic proprietors of the Buffalo Steam Custom Shirt and Underwear Manufacturing Co., which for a number of years past has been doing a thriving business in manufacturing to order the finest line of white shirts—prosecuting its sales all through the country—have opened a new branch of their business at 329 Main street, in the shape of a gentlemen's furnishing store in the most modern sense of the word. They propose to devote to every department of this the same attention that has made their other business so successful. The very finest of everything—the very latest styles—the most substantial and choice materials—the best prices that a stock purchased for cash can afford—these are ideas which will be carried out undeviatingly. It is impossible to catalogue a new stock of this kind. In a general way it can only be said that the very finest white shirts will, as heretofore, be made to order and fitted perfectly; that in fancy colored shirtings the stock contains over 100 patterns, a number of them imported direct; that the newest styles of collars and cuffs, fancy summer socks, summer underwear, silk scarfs, fine handkerchiefs, etc., etc., are kept in choice profusion, and in fact that the modern gentleman cannot mention or guess the name of a single article in this line which he cannot here find in all grades, to the very nicest.

A GOVERNMENT TEST.

The time when the light of a single sperm candle was considered sufficient for all ordinary evening occupations is not so very long ago. Not so long but that light in its various degrees of intensity is measured nowadays by taking this same light of a single sperm candle as a unit of measure. Gauged in this way, ordinary and very good kerosene gives the light of a dozen or fifteen sperm candles, and the oil manufacturer who exceeds this, even by a few candles, may congratulate himself on an extra brand of oil. The Government test is certainly to be relied upon, and recent advices received by Mr. F. S. Pease, from the United States Lighthouse Engineer's Department, will be of interest to those who are looking for the oil that gives the best light. He finds that Pease's Premium Oil, burned in an ordinary student lamp, gives the light of *twenty-four* standing candles. This establishes its claim to the highest degree of brilliancy.

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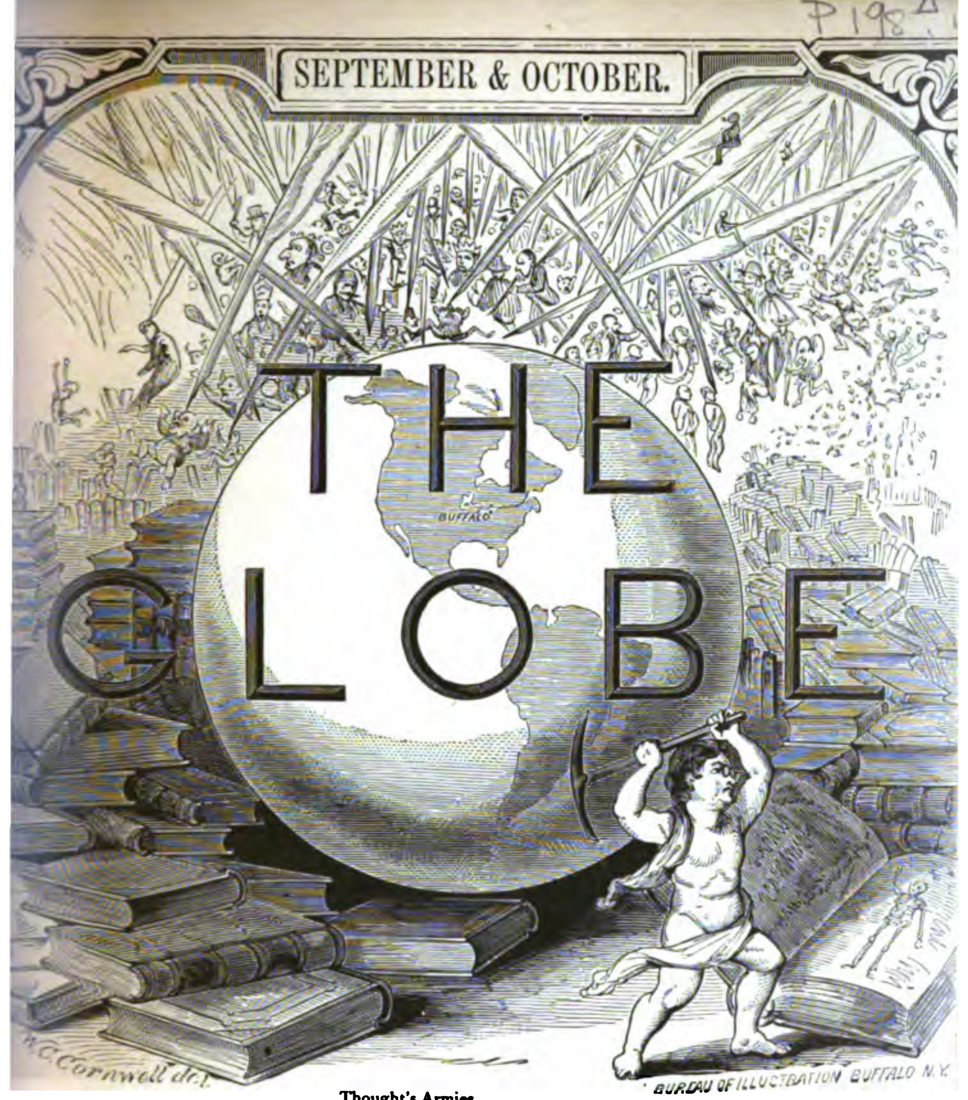
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THE GLOBE, Buffalo, N. Y.

FALL STYLES IN HATS.

The leading fall styles in gentlemen's hats will be found on the counters of M. L. Comstock, 17 and 19 East Swan street, corner Washington, at the same remarkably low prices for cash which have attracted cash buyers of headwear, through the spring and summer. Anybody who can save 25 per cent., even in a single article of dress, will do so at an effort, and the only effort required at Comstock's is the production of the cash itself. Credit may be an apparent advantage to the buyer, but it is not so. A first-class article, at a quarter off, for cash, is better than credit and 25 per cent. lost.



Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

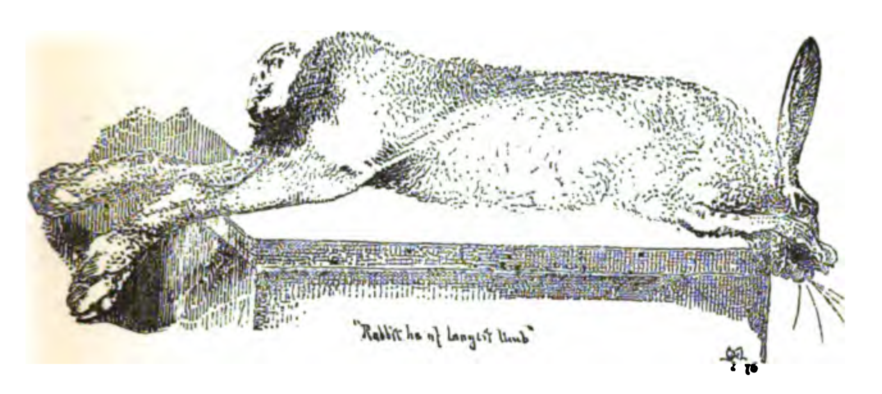
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BUFFALO.

THE GLOBE.

VOL. IV.] SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1876. [No. 6.

THE CHIEF EDITOR'S MOTTO.*



"Rabbit he of longest limb"

Happy the man whom Fate cannot surprise;
Who, if he catch a swallow on the fly
Once in his lifetime, deems it not a chance.
His wits forsake him not all suddenly,
When Fortune meets him in the king's highway.
Then stands he not with bashful looks, askance,
But greets the dame with calmly leveled eyes.

Behold, a fearless herald is my moral.
He leads the companies of marshalled lines
And will not that their motto should mislead.
But shouts our aim and purpose to the winds,
That he may listen, who to list inclines
And he that cares not take no further heed.
Move on, my tale, and win some modest laurel.

My garden crop, last summer, suffered greatly.
'Twas not alone the failure of the ditch,
But something wrong about the fence; in which
The naughty rabbits made their deadly breach,
And under frames, and into trenches dug,
And toppled down my sunflowers tall and stately.

And had no eye for Carson, standing stilly
  Among their legs: his fears were all behind.
Meantime what wonder must assail the brute
  Who sees a rabbit coming, like the wind,
  Right for him, as if mightily inclined
Into his gaping jaws perforce to shoot
And offer him a dinner, "willy nilly."

Or "nolens volens;" if you like that better.
  Now Carson is a dog of courage tried
By every ordinary kind of wear.
  Can turn the charging Texan on his side
  And make him bellow; and 'tis not denied,
Knows how to bring to bay the hunted bear.
[A bull-dog was his sire, his dame, a setter.]

Full oft had Carson jumped the long-eared rabbit,
  Him surnamed Jack, up from his crouching place.
But never yet had Carson any luck.
  He ran as one who knows he'll lose the race,
  And lost as though to lose were no disgrace.
Alas, you read it in his daily walk,
Ill luck with him had grown to be a habit.

So, doggedly, his doggish duty doing
  He went abroad, and all the long hot day
Would marshal carefully the horned herd,
  And turned them, nightly, on their milky way.
  Thus, without fear or favor I may say,—
And no invidious moral be inferred,—
The even tenor of his own pursuing.

It chanced, one evening, that my own cow-bossy
  I went to fetch, to feed her and to pail.
The great plain, sky bound, glowed in green and gold
  And Carson, with the herd, was just in hail,
  When Jack, that thief, against whom to prevail,
Whose body in safe keep to have and hold
In vain we cite the sheriff and his posse,

Stood boldly up, and eyed me like a sinner:
  Secure in his long legs and void of fear,
And doubtless having never heard of lead.
  I shot a little over; hit one ear,
  The off one, probably he deemed it near
Enough; for any way he ducked his head
And scampered off with one whole family dinner.

Now Carson heard, and the herd heard the rattle:
  And all stood still to see what next might hap.
Poor bunny chanced that very way to run.
  First to the right, then to the left he'd tack,
  One eye, alert for danger, looking back:
No fear of cattle had poor little bun,
For he had often sheltered with the cattle.

Now Carson is a dog of much good breeding,
And honest as a dog may be, and wise;
But always at the wrong end of the log.
Or, while the hole receives his muffled cries,
The coyote through the sage exulting flies,
And thanks his stars that he is not a dog
And laughs aloud, toward the horizon speeding.

The fragment tossed him from his master's table
Some other currish cavern intercepts,
While Carson, wondering, gropes upon the floor.
His tail it is on which the master steps,
Or, lingering modestly, alack, perhaps
Is caught within the swiftly closing door
And swings his bark at anchor, like a cable.

He crouches; fortune never promised fairer
Than this, that every moment brings more near.
His tail is quivering with suppressed delight.
Stay: can a rabbit have so little fear?
Had ever rabbit such portentous ear?
Is it a rabbit? do such rabbits bite?
Here Carson springs aside in foolish terror.

And Jack, who now first sees the fate he's nearing,
Sheers instantly upon the other tack;
Shakes out another reef, and fairly flies,
While Carson's wits, too late in getting back,
Suffice to send him yelping on the track,
Loud indignation rising with surprise,
Till both are out of sight and out of hearing.

I deem my story broad of application.
You're welcome, sir, to yours, my own I'll state
There's room enough; but this we all confess
To act, sometimes, is better than to wait
For wisest promptings that may come too late!
Past opportunity grows less and less
And pruning time is late for propagation.

Once, for my bread, I sped the lead
Prepared, for man, by Faber:
And for my meat, scrawled sheet on sheet
With unremitting labor.
But still our chief, whose motto brief
Proclaims him a condenser,
With smile or frown cried "Boil it down
And fetch it me again, sir."

Now though I speed the lead indeed
To line my little larder
The work I find more to my mind
And not a whit the harder.

But sometimes when I feel again
That something, styled scribendi,
My rifle may have holiday
And heaven from want defend me.

For when I deem my verses gleam
With something of completeness
Those words come back and make a rack
Of that I deemed their sweetness,
Or make their fun seem dull and dun
'Twere strange an it were not so
When to my grief I hear the Chief
Repeat his awful motto.

So I am fain, with weary brain
To hang the mental kettle.
And o'er the fire my lines perspire
They simmer and they settle.
Here, taste the brew, I leave to you
To say if it be stronger;
And if your lip prefer to sip
The wee draught, or the longer.

Jack lies perdu in the sage:
Rabbit he of longest limb.
Never greyhound I'll engage
May compete, in speed, with him.
Thief incorrigible is he
Always mischievously busy.

Rover tends the long horned herd,
Half a mile across the plain.
Never yet a luckless cur had
Such a quantity of brain.
Rife with fancies that mislead
Luckless pups of purest breed.

Harry, son of Harrison,
Long-haired Hal, comes slouching near,
Winks his eye and pokes his gun,
Bores that rabbit through the ear.
Never rascal scampered faster
In such comical disaster.

He, to mingle with the herd;—
Strategem that oft succeeds;—
Skims away like any bird;
Nor the gaping canine heeds
For his fears are all behind him
And one ear droops down to blind him.

Rover sees with doubt and fear:
Thinks it is a rabbit's ghost,

Rabbit with distorted ear,
  Charging on him like a host;
And he dodges that Jack rabbit
Just when Harry thinks he'll grab it.

Quick upon the other tack,—
  Double motive to his terror,—
Faster still flies lucky Jack.
  Rover sees, too late, his error,
Howling, panting, floundering after;
Harry, prone, expires with laughter.

Make a moral to your need.
  Mine perhaps you wouldn't like,
Yet if you will read it, heed:
  While the ball is passing, strike.
He who muffs when Fortune pitches
Hath no luck in love or riches.

Alas, this fever I believe
Will never cease to burn me.
Whichever way, or night or day,
I sit or lie, or turn me,
I seem to hear, as sharp and clear
As in those days, the answer
I may not lack, "No, take it back,
And 'boil it down' again, sir."

Droops the day,
  Dips the sun.
Slouch away
  With your gun,
Boy of mine;
Fetch the kine.

In the grass,
  Jack, the thief,
Sees him pass:
  Rises, brief,
Cocks an ear
Full of fear.

With the herd,
  On the plain,
That absurd
  Fool dog, Ben,
Loafs around
On the ground.

Bang; a gun.
  Ben is up
Ripe for fun:
  But the pup
Sees a sight
Bluffs him quite.

Sees a Jack,
  Short an ear,
On his track;
  Full of fear
And surprise
Doubts his eyes,

Turns his tail,
  Draws it tight,
Sets all sail,
  Takes to flight
With askance
Backward glance.

Sees, too late,
  How absurd
Was his fright.
  Like a bird
To the right
Dim in flight

Speeds lone Jack.
  Takes the trick:
Limping back
  Rather sick,
Ben, the pup,
Gives it up.

So, I say,
  Hold your holt.
Some fine day
  Like a dolt
Luck'll play
Right your way.

Still scowls the chief; it's my belief
He'll cease to haunt me never.
And, oh my fate, reiterate
Forever and forever
That curst device.
I've tried it thrice;
I'll burn the thing, confound him
I'll scorch it black, and fetch it back
And rattle its bones around him.

Jack peeps,
Hal creeps.

Hal shoots,
Jack scoots.

(One ear
Lops sheer.)

Dog hears,
Sees, fears,

Shies, turns,
Then burns.

Too late:
Ill fate.

Thus men
— ben
— den
— fen
-- gen
— hen
— ken
— pen—g–r–s–t–u–v–
w–x–y–z——— ——— ——— —— — - -



THE MASKED LOTTERY.

Every one who has traveled—and any one who has not traveled, if he has ever been in the locality and had his eyes open—must have noticed the number of small shops, partaking of the appearance and ephemeral nature of booths at a country fair, which clutter the precincts of the terminus of every railway coming into the city. They are of every description, from the small refreshment stall, with its sugared doughnuts, ham sandwiches (in which a zest of mystery is superadded to the other appetizing qualities), its penny cakes, and rich looking, brown, crisp "snaps;" and its prodigal display of decaying fruit, long ignorant of bloom (unless the polish imparted by a dirty cloth, frequently administered, be called bloom); to the pretentious and overweening hostelry, always called a "hotel," and always named after some great man, or accredited in its title with nothing short of national celebrity and dignity of attributes.

Then there are the ticket-offices; more numerous and bewildering (if anybody ever thought of buying their tickets there, which we never heard of any body doing) than the railway trains themselves, with all their attendant noise and hurry; the gin-shops, which are equally numerous, but which in the matter of first choice seem never to bewilder anybody,

though they grow upon one with a staggering swiftness as he proceeds; and the second-hand-ware shops, which are more numerous than all the rest put together, and, if one had any interest in them more than that of a casual observer, we dare affirm more bewildering.

As you look at them in passing—and they are every second door, crammed into little ten foot spaces, eight foot spaces, six foot spaces, three cornered spaces of no dimensions but height, and very little of that; filled with every imaginable thing that the world of nature, art or manufactures ever brought forth; packed, as to their insides, as full as an egg, or as Noah's ark must have been, or as any other confined space; filled to distension, and overflowing onto the sidewalk, and into the gutter—you wonder where the proprietor, in his lifetime, could have scraped so much together; or how he can tell you whether he has any specified article, and undertake to get it for you—unless his eye should happen to light on it in the first instance, which you cease wondering to conclude the most likely thing in the world; and so come out of your quandary.

You conclude, moreover, that the question never entered the brain of the proprietor, or proprietress (for many of these mongrel establishments are kept by women), as he or she stands idly in the door smiling at you blandly, or loiters indolently among his wares (generally with pipe or snuff box accompaniment), evidently untroubled as to a customer, or his profit and loss account.

What the precise nature of the inducement is, which attracts these hybrid merchants to the neighborhood of the termini, as aforesaid, we have not deeply speculated; though the suggestion was harbored by us of their depending on the convenience such a position afforded to the movers on in life, the rolling stones, and prodigal sons, venturing out into the world, to dispose of their superfluous baggage, articles of attire, and jewelry, on their way to the railway train, and of thus making rich bargains; or, again, of the similar chance of fresh arrivals, being predisposed in favor of the first view of town, and more apt to retain impressions made by objects comprised in the said first view; and who, if they did not at once stop and purchase what they might need, would return and traffic with them at another time. Or perhaps it was only a reliance upon the general deduction that the unsettled state of the traveling public was favorable to trade, and a loose hold upon money.

At all events, here they are, and, having remarked them here, and promised ourself an inside view of one of them in some leisure hour, we take occasion to redeem the promise one rimy morning, when we find ourself much too early for a proposed journey by rail.

Wishing to find a representative establishment and a representative proprietor, for our purpose, we saunter along critically until we find ourself opposite the door of the very last establishment of the kind before coming to the Union Depot, and halting before it, set to conning its attractions.

There is a profusion of trash, of too great a variety to specify, filling the window to complete estoppel, and the door to almost as complete barricade, allowing only room for one to pass at a time; but the only remarkable thing among all this display is the number of cheap prints in cheaper frames, which cover everything. They are of the dashing, spicy kind; what a Frenchman might call *bizarre;* and are chiefly devoted to the representation of gaudily dressed women, in exposed positions on rocky eminences, gazing through opera-glasses, while the wind sports with their drapery, or tripping through impossible gardens in drawing-room attire, with the said attire gathered a good half yard out of the dew, at a point precisely opposite their dainty slippers, and taper-

ing ankles. Some are even so decidedly *bizarre* as to attempt the portrayal of a velocipede race by these charming creatures.

But we do not find the establishment quite representative, for all that; and are about turning back to look further, when we behold two animated young men approaching. They are talking and laughing gayly, and, as they observe us looking at the pictures, stop to look too: then one, the shorter of the two (though both are tall), and the darker, proposes that they go in and *do* the whole thing.

Accordingly, the animated young men enter, and we follow at their heels.

Whereupon the Proprietor, appearing behind a high, narrow counter, bows to us generally, and watches us sharply.

But if the shop is not representative, the Proprietor is far less so. He is too young, and too dark; and, though he is not a tall man, he has the appearance of being deep—very deep indeed—much too deep. He wears a long mustache, colored a dead black, and covering his mouth, and a greater portion of his face than a mustache should, being allowed to grow to the edge of the jaw in a curvilinear sweep which makes it almost sinister.

The darker animated young man explains that they only stopped in to look, and will not trouble him for anything, they are going to the train directly; in proof of which he displays a small portmanteau of Russia leather. As this explanation sufficiently denotes our case, we continue looking, and follow the strangers.

The Proprietor says nothing.

Now there is a little temporary board partition which divides this little shop, counter and all, into a little back shop, and a little front shop; and there is a little door in the little partition, which is open, and gives a desultory, unsatisfactory glimpse of the contents of so much of the little back shop as is in view from before the little door; and, in the present case, when the animated young men (still talking gayly of everything they see, and making happy speeches at which both laugh light-heartedly) arrive opposite the little door, they glance in at it, and discover that there are much choicer pictures in the little back shop, than are displayed in the little front shop, and far more *bizarre*. Wherefore, the animated young men, not seeing anything to hinder them, pass through the little door, and enter the little back shop; and we follow, still at their heels.

The Proprietor, as before, says nothing.

Once inside this inner room, and become accustomed to the dim light, it is seen that there is upon that portion of the counter which extends therein, a large fine glass-and-silver show-case; and upon closer inspection, this is found to contain a magnificent selection of silver and gold-lined and richly chased goblets; beautiful plain and enameled gold and silver watches; ladies' and gentlemen's jewels, of all descriptions, and of chaste designs; sets of silver spoons, and silver knives; elegant pocket cutlery of latest patterns; diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires; and, to cap all, and stamp all as genuine, a plentiful sprinkling of crisp, new greenbacks; all set out with an accompanying ticket, printed with certain digits, in graceful, not to say artistic groups, on black velvet, unflecked with a particle of dust or grit.

"By Jove! Here's a go! Look here, Hal;" says the darker animated young man, who has first discovered this cabinet of glittering curiosities.

The other animated young man obeys, and moves over to his companion's side.

We follow, as before; and, as before, the Proprietor says nothing: he has not even left the little front shop, where he seems to be busy arranging his merchandise, or attending to some other morning duties.

"Well, I'm beat," says the lighter

animated young man, "if it ain't a lottery! Look at that center prize, will you, No. 24; there's a small fortune for some lucky dog, but I wouldn't draw it if I drew a thousand times! Never *was* tempted to try my hand at lottery tickets but once or twice, and came out behind in both cases."

The central prize, No. 24, we remark, contains the finest gold-lined goblet, reversed, bearing upon its base a pair of beautiful bracelets, a gold watch and heavy gold chain, and a twenty dollar greenback. It is also compassed about by a fine necklace with an elegant diamond-studded locket for a center-piece.

"I guess it can't be a lottery, after all," says the other, "or where's his dice, or his 'whirligig,' or his box of envelopes? I say, Boss, how do you operate this thing?"

This last to the Proprietor; who now steps in at another opening, still behind the counter, and quietly takes from underneath it a long box of pasteboard, filled closely with dark brown envelopes, set up edgewise, and so thin that they look like single sheets of paper. There are about three hundred of them, more or less, and each one is so exactly the counterpart of every other, as they present this trifling surface to the view, that even the soilure from much handling seems to be impartially distributed.

The Proprietor still says nothing, as he does this, and his face is a blank.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughs the darker young man, whom his companion has once or twice addressed as "D." "Here we are, complete! I suppose all these numbers are in here, now?" he continued, badgeringly. "No blanks, eh?"

For answer, the Proprietor silently, as he has done everything else, reaches out a soft, white, tapering hand, to where the questioner is trifling with the envelopes; draws the tips of three fingers gently along their edges until he has reached nearly to the middle, stops, takes one out, opens it, draws out a ticket, and behold, the magic 24!

The animated young men look at one another, evidently surprised; but they do not bite at the bait: indeed, they have no idea of investing: and are about turning away satisfied, when the Proprietor for the first time opens his lips.

"I will select one or two more," says he, "just to convince you they are here," which he does, but in a different manner. First shunting the envelopes all to one side, leaving a space of less than a quarter of an inch, he selects one without running them, and simply slides it out across the space, thus separating it, and allows the young men to pick it out, open it, and compare the numbers for themselves; then keeping the place with his finger, they replace it in the same manner, and he gently slides it back again even with the rest. This last is done very slowly: but when it is done, so exactly similar are the packets in size and shape, only the most careful and attentive eye can detect the one that has been replaced.

Notwithstanding this, the darker animated young man, who has very keen eyes, speaking very animatedly, with the very keen eyes still fixed on the envelopes, declares he can select it again; and, upon being challenged, he succeeds in doing so. Whereupon the Proprietor affects to be surprised, and says he thinks he would fail again.

But he does not fail again, and does not fail more than twice in a dozen trials; which inspires him to venture the pleasantry, that with that advantage he could draw the main prize.

This elicits a smile, and the Proprietor is beginning to return the box to its hiding place, having amused us enough, when he recollects himself, pauses, and tells the animated young man—who appears to be also a somewhat disappointed or unsatisfied young man—what he *will* do, for a double

premium, just to make it interesting. Which is, to reduce the chance. He will give him the selection out of a small number of envelopes, say twenty, one of which shall contain the main prize, exhibited beforehand.

This the animated but unsatisfied young man, recollecting himself, declines on principle; and the Proprietor only condescends to add, that "of course" he couldn't do the other; unless (and he states the condition as hopeless of compliance, but nevertheless imperatively necessary to a bargain on his part), unless they could make it an object by paying him, say five per cent. of the value of the prize, which is $200. That would be ten dollars—little enough for his taking *his* one chance in a thousand of cheating their very eyes!

And just here, we observe a new element enters into the consideration of the question whether or not to make the venture, which element, acting secretly in each consciousness, causes the two animated young men to look inquiringly at one another. It is not that the premium is so great, for each seems anxious to impress on the Proprietor that he does not care so very much for ten dollars; but it is the feeling that somehow the positions of tempter and tempted, of loser and gainer, are in this case reversed, and that they are the lottery holders, and the Proprietor the hazardous—even extra hazardous--investor.

And so it comes that, being taken aback by this foolish and altogether incomprehensible proposition of the Proprietor, and having conscientious scruples against taking such an advantage, the two animated young men withdrew apart to consider the propriety of committing so great a fraud; and having assured one another that no doubt he would do it to them another time, and under different circumstances—no doubt *had* done it to a great many others before them; they finally agree to make up the amount between them, and share the prize.

The amount *is* made up and handed over to the unsuspecting Proprietor. The envelope is drawn forth, and the magic ticket taken out and handed round to be inspected, when the darker young man, known as "D," has the shrewdness to suggest that he be allowed to make the selection, when it comes to be made, subject to the check of the lighter young man, and also, by request, to our check; we having been invited to watch the proceeding.

While these arrangements are being made the Proprietor fumbles carelessly in the show-case, heedless of impending doom. He now comes forth; the ticket is returned to the envelope, and the envelope to the box. Then, while three pairs of eyes are strained to watch it, the white hand slowly moves it back to place.

The young man known as "D" immediately puts his finger upon it. The young man known as Hal nods acquiescence. *We* nod acquiescence. It is brought forth again, this time by the young man known as "D"; torn hastily open—ticket grasped—held up—turned topsy-turvy—and read,

34!

"34?" ejaculates both animated young men, diving at the case—"No! 24!"

"34, did you say?" asks the Proprietor, blandly. "Very near. I have made the same mistake."

"Very near be d——d!" said the young man known as "D"; "*I* never made the mistake!"

With which, and before we quite recover our wits, which have been wool-gathering, the two animated young men take their leave; with, however, more of the appearance of dejection than animation, stopping at the first hundred feet to compare notes, and coming to the conclusion that they have been systematically gulled, and to deliberate whether to return and trounce the Proprietor soundly; to decide adversely, and move on; stopping again at the next hundred feet to laugh at the whole

thing as an "immense" joke, and to rally each other on their capacity for being operated upon by so transparent a "game"; going on again, and arriving at the depot, to find that their train had gone this half hour.

We, too, take a hasty leave, and reach our train, to sit out a ride of three hours, with the uncomfortable sensation upon us of having played the part of stool-pigeon, or unconscious decoy, for a MASKED LOTTERY.

FALL WOOING.

Late wooer, this dead rose of love—
Since you will have the reason—
Had heart of flame and fragrance once,
But now love's out of season;

For bee and breeze fell heirs to sweets
You flouted in your treason.
So pass it by and pluck it not,
Since love is out of season.

A. R. A.

SIXTY SECONDS IN A DROP OF WATER.

Nature, Art and Architecture had wrought together in the construction of Amphitheatron.

With giant hands Nature had cleft the soil, and rolled back the huge bulk of crystal on either side, until an immense circular basin had been formed, into which she had poured the liquid air. This compound, known in my own world as the atmosphere, formed a placid, octagonal shaped lake; while the various terraces, which arose—tier upon tier—from the base to the summit of the vast opening, coincided, in both sides and angles, with the borders of the tiny sea. Each system of terraces was therefore a perfect octagon, which either circumscribed the shore, or was itself circumscribed by other, and greater, systems yet further up the sides of the frowning hills.

Art had then taken the pattern from Nature, and had laid out the plan for the construction of a city which should correspond with what had already been done. One could see that there had been no confusion in the work; and that everything had been placed in the particular position which it occupied, that it might accord with a previously well prepared scheme. How seldom do we find a system in the erection of our cities and towns? Each building arises according to the caprice of the individual owner or contractor; while all, when united together, forms a most unsightly mass of mingled beauty and ugliness. There is no bowing to universally acknowledged laws of architectural symmetry; no merging of selfish interests and peculiarities into one general and regular plan, and no recognition of the æsthetic in humanity. Angles, lines and curves are formed, or broken, in the most reckless manner; while the whole aggregation of public and private buildings is nothing but a vast perspective of disjointed and confused architecture. The eye is irritated by stately mansions, which can be seen, only through a jumbled up series of rookeries placed prominently in the foreground.

But it was not so in the metropolis of which I am speaking; for there, each individual part harmonized with all the other parts, until one looked in vain for a single flaw or break in the bold design.

All other cities, that I have ever

seen, consisted of an immense number of separate units thrown together, without any attempt at order or beauty; but Amphitheatron was a complete and perfect *one*. The mechanical skill exhibited was fully equal to the original plan. Each terrace blended with, and formed a part of, all other terraces. Angles, lines and curves were simply idealized thoughts consummately blended together. As one looked down from some lofty elevation every building seemed to be the tiny part of a superb mosaic, so faithfully had the workmen carried out the will of the designer.

This, then, was the city that suddenly sprang into view, as we glided from the tunnel which united the greater and the lesser seas: and here I was destined to obtain ideas of the universe which had never before entered my mind.

The inhabitants were kind and accommodating in every respect; while the intellectual cultivation everywhere revealed made this spirit of hospitality doubly agreeable.

Amphitheatron excelled Crystalia in every respect; although I soon found that the difference was in degree rather than in kind. The electric principle of the ether propelled the great ships through the clear liquid, illuminated the broad avenues and served as a means for both defensive and offensive warfare. The machinery necessary, however, was much more complicated than that with which I had become familiar at Crystalia. The caverns, in which the ether was confined, were much larger, and revealed, in their construction and adaptability, a more advanced state of mechanical ingenuity. As the observer wandered through them for the first time, the thoughts aroused, while contemplating the immense energies under the control of mind, often became most painful.

But I cannot dwell now upon the marvels that I found everywhere; for an event occurred, just as I was becoming acquainted with the city, of such a remarkable character that it were worthy of a far more glowing pen than mine.

While in the midst of my investigations I was suddenly interrupted by the wild excitement of the people around me. Following the example of others, I cast my eyes upward, and was astonished at the changed appearance of the heavens. In every direction, from the zenith down to the horizon, the sky was filled with a peculiar radiance, such as I had never seen before. It did not seem like an illumination from a stellar world, for there was no star visible: neither did it have the appearance of an electrical phenomenon. Directly overhead, with the zenith as the center, there seemed to rest a halo of glory, from whence, in numerous fiery arrows, a soft light shot away in every direction. This light rapidly increased in brilliancy, until it became almost impossible to look up. To make the scene yet more terrible, we soon discovered that the increasing brightness was caused by the swift approach of this illuminated and illuminating center.

How long we could have lived under the combined influence of wonder, awe and alarm, I do not know; for never before had any occurrence sent such a thrill of terror through every fiber of my being.

But we were soon to know the meaning of this approaching mystery, and to receive an insight into the affairs of extra-mundane worlds that should fill our minds with amazement and our hearts with praise.

As we looked heavenword we saw the light separate; and, as if by some mighty phantasmagoric change, the glorious center transformed itself into a being of surpassing beauty. Then every knee bent, and every soul sent upward a cry of horror; for we could not connect this heavenly manifestation with anything else than the approaching Judgment of Deity. But our fears were allayed, and our hope quickened, when the visitor made known his mission.

We were kneeling in the presence of an angel who had been sent from the throne of the Omnipotent to teach the inhabitants of the crystal world valuable lessons relating to things both seen and unseen.

Never was conquering hero received with such glad honors as were conferred that day upon the white-robed messenger from God. Prayer and praise ascended from every lip in one mighty chorus of song and thanksgiving.

I will not try to describe the grandeur of the scene, as for a long period of time the truth fell from the lips of that holy being: neither were it possible for me to translate the thoughts which came like gems to those who listened. Memory fails in the attempt at reproducing the mighty lessons that were imparted; for the finite feels its own weakness the most when it would speak in the language of the Infinite. All that I shall do will be to give a feeble translation of the last lesson that was given.

"I have come,"—said the angel,—"to bring to your minds yet other facts relating to things of which you have only dreamed. I will now give you a faint glimpse of the relation which your world sustains to eternal duration and eternal space. You imagine that this crystalline sphere is the center of all things; and that here alone is the force that holds a universe in check. But know this, as compared with other regions, your globe is not a single drop in yonder sea, a grain of sand in the great mountains that surround you, nor an atom in the midst of the circumambient ether in which you dwell.

"On a plant—resembling those in your gardens—there hang many drops of water. One of those drops is your world. But all those drops combined form but an infinitely small portion of a great globe, which is as much larger than they, as is your sphere greater than the few particles of dust I now hold in my hand.

"To you the seconds of that other world, on which the water-sprinkled plant rests, are years; into each of which are crowded the joys and sorrows of your lives.

"Thus you see that time and space are what they are to you because of the relations which you may sustain to them.

"Nor think that you have grasped the extent of the universe because you feebly realize the magnitude of that other, and, to you, seemingly mighty ball. As you measure its immense bulk, learn again that it,—with others like it,—is rolling along an orbit nearly twelve thousand times as great as its own circumference. Imagine this orbit to be the boundary of a plain; then in the center of that plain you may place another sphere which would, were it a hollow ball, contain four hundred thousand worlds as large as one of those which revolve around it. These wheeling spheres are called planets; and are kept in their positions by two God-given powers called attraction and repulsion, which emanate from, and are exercised by, the common center around which they all regularly revolve in the same direction.

"Yet again allow your thoughts to wander away from your infinitely puny surroundings. That central orb is itself but a planet, in its turn, with many other satellite encompassed suns, whirling around a central globe, as much greater than itself, as it is larger than one of the worlds which it guides through space. Now you are lost at the thought: but remember this, that your ideas of space and duration are measured by the relations which you may sustain to them.

"To you the earth, of which this drop of water—this crystal globe—forms a part, is vast beyond all power of conception. And yet, it is inhabited by people to whom it appears as this world appears to you. So, beyond it, in other regions of space, are those of greater minds who can measure their nobler sur-

roundings as easily as you can understand that which appeals to your physical senses.

"You may go yet further, and multiply that system of systems, of which I have spoken, by any number you please, until the vast combination arises before you like an awful eternity; and even then you have not begun to number the elementary inhabitants of the universe.

"Now, of all that vast wealth of worlds, there is nothing that is beyond the searching gaze of the Almighty. Through cordons of systems His piercing eye penetrates to the humbler combinations. Through them His vision descends to each separate world; and from there to every grain of sand or drop of water. Even below that, the care of God extends, until it embraces every one now standing before me.

"Is there not infinite wisdom here? Is not the love manifested grand beyond all possibility of description?

"One more lesson and my duty is ended. Behold in my hand this little particle of crystal, no larger than the pupil of an eye! Note well the change, and learn again that your ideas of space and duration are measured by the relation which you may sustain towards them."

As the angel ceased speaking, the bit of dust began to enlarge! First it was only a tiny grain; and then a mountain! Yet larger it grew, until it became as vast as the globe under our feet! It was another world lying upon the open palm of the angel, even as mythology once said that the earth rested upon the broad shoulders of Atlas.

As we looked up, we could see oceans, continents and rivers in bold outline; while cities dotted the land, and huge ships ploughed the great deep.

Once more the angel spoke,—"On this globe you perceive animation and life. A moment ago it was under your feet, unseen and unthought of. Every step you take you are sending worlds like this into chaos: and yet, the Great Architect of the universe careth for all things." In consternation we cast our gaze downward, almost expecting to see every dust particle transform itself into an inhabited ball. When we again looked up, anxious to learn more, we found that the angel had vanished!

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 17. By X. Hawkins.

BLACK.



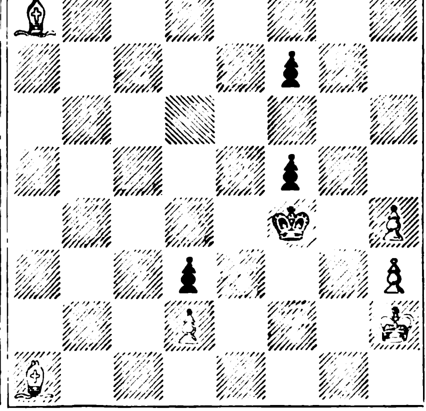
WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM.

No. 11. By "La Petite Babiole."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

—Messrs. Bird and Ensor find considerable fault in reference to the manner in which the Clipper tourney was conducted. The rules of that tourney were that the player who had won the most games at the end of a certain period of time, should be entitled to the first prize. Under this rule, Mr. Mason won the first prize, having played with every player in the tourney, while three of the contestants resigned before playing with Mr. Bird, which left him out in the cold. It seems rather unfortunate for him that it should be so, but as all the players knew the rules of the tourney before commencing play, it seems hardly the time now to enter complaints concerning it.

—The following is one of the games contested in the Philadelphia Tournament. The notes are from the *Westminster Papers:*

RUY LOPEZ.

Mr. Barbour. *White.*	Mr. Mason. *Black.*
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..Kt to K B 3	2..Kt to Q B 3
3..B to Kt 5	3..Kt to B 3
4..Castles	4..P to Q 3
5..Kt to B 3	5..B to K 2
6..P to Q 4 (*a*)	6..B to Q 2
7..P to Q 5	7..Q Kt to Kt sq
8..B to Q 3	8..Castles
9..P to Q R 3	9..P to Q R 3 (*b*)
10..Kt to R 2 (*c*)	10..P to C 4
11..P to B 4	11..P to Q Kt 4
12..P to Q Kt 3	12..Q to Kt 3
13..Q to K sq (*d*)	13..P to Kt 5
14..Kt to Q sq	14..B to Kt 4
15..P takes P	15..P takes P
16 .K to R sq	16..Q Kt to Q 2
17..Kt to K 3	17..Kt to K sq
18..Kt to B 5	18..B to Q sq (*e*)
19..P to R 3 (*f*)	19..B takes B
20..P takes B	20..P takes P
21..R takes P	21..P to Q R 4
22..B to Q 2	22..R to R 3
23..Kt to B 3	23..K to R sq
24..B to B 3	24..P to B 3
25..Kt to Q 2	25..Q to Kt 4
26..Kt to B 4	26..P to Kt 3
27..Q Kt to K 3	27..Kt to Kt 2
28..P to K Kt 4 (*g*)	28..K to Kt sq
29..Q to Q sq	29..Kt to K sq
30..R to B 2	30..Kt to Q 3
31..Kt takes Kt	31..R takes Kt
32..Kt to B 4	32..R to R 3
33..K R to Q R 2	33..B to B 2
34..B takes R P	34..B takes B
35..R takes B	35..R takes R
36..R takes R	36..Q to Kt 2
37..Q to B 2	37..R to Kt sq
38..Kt to Q 2	38..B to B 4 (*h*)
39..Kt P takes P	39..P takes P
40..R to R sq	40..P to K B 5
41..R to Kt sq ch	41..K to R sq
42..Kt to B 4 (*i*)	42..Q to R 3
43..Q to Q Kt 2	43..Q to K B 3
44..Q to K Kt 2	44..R to K B sq (*k*)
45..Q to Kt 5	45..P to R 3
46. Q takes Q ch	46..R takes Q
47..K to Kt 2	47..R to R 3
48..K to B 3	48..K to R 2
49..P to R 4	49..R to R 7
50..K to Kt 4	50..K to Kt 3
51..K to R 3 dis ch	51..K to R 2
52..P to R 5	52..R to K B 7
53..K to Kt 4	53..R to K R 7
54..K to B 5	54..R takes P ch
55..K to K 6	55..Kt to B sq ch
56..K to B 7	56..Kt to Q 6
57..K to K 7	57..Kt to Kt sq
58 K to Q 6	58..R to R 7
59..Kt takes P (*l*)	59..R to Q Kt 7
60..K takes P	60..R takes P
61..R to K B sq	61..Kt to R 3 ch
62 .K to B 4	62..R to Kt 5 ch
63..K to B 3	63..R to Kt 3
64 K takes P	64..P to R 4
65..R to R 4	65..K to R 3
66..Kt to B 3	66..Kt to B 4
67..K to Q 4	67..Kt to Q 2
68..R to B 4	68..R to Kt 5 ch
69..K to K 3	69..R to Kt 4
70..R to B 7	70..Kt to Kt 3
71..R to B 6 ch	71..K to Kt 2
72..R to Q B 6	72..Kt takes P ch
73..P takes Kt	73..R takes P
74..K to K 4	74..R to Q sq
75..Kt to K 5	75..R takes K B sq
76 K to Kt 6 ch (*m*)	76..K to R 2
77..R to Kt 5	77..K to R 3
78..R to Kt 3	78..P to R 5
79..R to Kt 4	79..K to R 5
80..R takes P ch	80..K to Kt 4
81..R to Kt 4 ch	81..K to R 4
82..R to Kt 7	82..K to R 3
83..R to Kt sq	83..R to Q Kt sq
84..P to Q 4	84..R to Kt 5
85..Kt to B 7 ch	85..K to R 2
86..K to K 5	86. R to Kt 4 ch
87..P to Q 5 (*n*)	87..R takes P ch
88..K to B 6	88..R to B 4 ch
89 K to K 7	89..R to Q R 4
90..R to R ch	90..K to Kt 2
91..R to Kt ch	91..K to R 2

(*a*). White gets the best game here by 6 B takes Kt ch, 6 P takes B, 7 P to K R 3, 7 Castles, 8 P to Q 3.

(*b*). 9 P to B 4, and 10 Q to Kt 3, would not only save time but could be joined at once by the development of Q Kt at R 3.

(*c*). I prefer Kt to K 2 and P to B 4.

(*d*). B to K 3 was the best reply, if then B P to Kt 5, White rejoins with 14 Kt to Kt sq and 15 Kt to Q 2.

(*e*). 18 B to K B 3 seems better.

(*f*). The opening of the game on this point is premature. It becomes favorable for White, because Black advances imprudently his Q R P at the 21st move.

(*g*). It is evident that White would gain nothing if he take the adverse R P at once.

(*h*). Although a Paron behind, Black has an even game, but this hazardous advance ought to prove suicidal.

(*i*). A powerful rejoinder. White threatens to force the game by Q to K Kt 2.

(*k*). If 44 P to B 6, White replies 45 Q to Kt 4. 45 P to B 7, 46 R to R B sq. An attempt to prevent to attack at the cost of the Knight would be unsuccessful, as the continuation will show.

	46..R takes P
47..Q takes Kt	47..Q to B 6 ch
48 K to R 2	48. R takes P
49 Q to K 8 ch	49..K to Kt 2
50..Q takes P ch	50..K to Kt sq
51..Q to K 6	51..K to R sq
52 .Q to Kt 4	

(*l*).

59..R to K R sq	59 R to K Kt 7
60..K to B 7	60..R to Kt sq
61..R to R 8	

would have brought to an end the days of the unfortunate Knight.

(*m*). Why the Pawn does not advance to Queen is a mystery which our readers cannot expect us to explain.

(*n*). 87 K to K 6 wins, of course, in a few moves, but the evergreen stale-mate idea required a new illustration.

(*o*). The particular points in this end game are of such a nature that they do not require any analysis

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

SOMETHING FOR STUDY.

The word "medal" has two distinct meanings. "A piece of metal in the form of a coin and struck with a device, intended as a *memento* of any event or person," is the first definition which Webster gives to the word. The other is "a reward of merit." It is in the latter sense, namely, as testimonies to exhibitors of the comparative excellence of their wares, that medals have been used for years at fairs, great and small. The Centennial system of awards, however, has entirely changed the custom in this respect, and gone back in its uses to the first meaning quoted above. In other words, 75 per cent. of all the exhibitors at the great Fair have received medals which have thus become really mere *mementoes* of the Exhibition. If the matter rested here, the inferior exhibitor could march out of the field about as well off as his superior brother; but fortunately, the Commissioners, anxious as they appear to have been to disappoint no one, have provided another way of certifying merit, namely, by accompanying some of the medals with Certificates, establishing the superiority of the exhibit on which bestowed. The reckless announcements and claims of exhibitors of having received the grand prize medals, etc., amount to nothing without the publication of the accompanying Certificates. It is not the highest medal, but the highest Certificate which counts in this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-six; and the buyer should take notice of the fact. The recipients of the highest Certificates have already begun to sound the distinction in their advertisements; the Wheeler & Wilson S. M. Co., the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., the Pease's Oils, etc. The exhibitor of the latter, Mr. F. S. Pease, has received not only three First Prize Medals and *Certificates* for making the best Lubricating and Illuminating Oils, but a special award and Certificate for his exhibit as a matter of scientific value. This is a distinction conferred upon no other exhibitor at the Centennial.

NEWSPAPERS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The Special Correspondent of the London *Times* says it would be difficult to find an apter illustration of the big way in which the Americans do things than that furnished by the "Centennial Newspaper Building," in the Exhibition grounds. Here you may see any one, or, if you like, all of the 8,129 newspapers published regularly in the United States, and see them, one and all, for nothing! You are not only permitted as a favor to see them, but invited, nay, pressed, to confer the favor of entering the building and calling for what paper you like. It is about as cool and agreeable a place—quite apart from its literary attractions—as a visitor to the Exhibition could wish to be offered a chair in. He may at first wonder how, among 8,000 papers, among them such mighty sheets as the New York *Herald*, he is to get at the small, loved print of his home, thousands of miles away, it may be, over the Rocky Mountains. But the management is so simple that by consulting the catalogue, any one can at once find whatever paper he wants. They are pigeon-holed on shelves in the alphabetical order of their States or Territories and their towns, the names of which are clearly labelled on the shelves. The proprietors of the Centennial Newspaper Building are advertising agents, the largest in all America—Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co., of New York. Their enterprise will cost altogether about $20,000, or £4,000, including the building and the expenses of "running" it for six months.

TILE.

A young nation accepts whatever it lays its hand to, for its houses and other structures, and gives little heed to how they look. Growing older, however, durability and artistic appearance become the important features. And so, turning the pages of history, we come again and again upon the fact of the use of *tile* by races as they become advanced. This was the case thousands of years ago with the Egyptians and the Assyrians, then later with the Grecians and Romans, and later still Italy, France and England began the use of them. Watch for the appearance of the tile in history, and you have an indication of the civilization and cultivation of the community employing it.

At the present time, in England tiles are in the most abundant use. Wherever strength, cleanliness and beauty are required, you will encounter the tile. The great house of Minton & Co., situated at Stoke-upon-Trent, have been largely the means of reviving the processes and uses of the middle ages. They have restored and invented until to-day tile of every conceivable pattern, color and shape is turned out at their extensive manufactories. The introduction of their work into the United States is of comparatively recent date, but the use of it in elegant houses and buildings is already large. It is capable of employment everywhere; in mantles, furniture, grates, hearths, vestibules, on the outside of buildings, in window-gardens, panels—in fact, in a thousand different ways and places. Of the different kind, colors and patterns, no conceivable idea can be formed, except by a visit to the works themselves, or by looking through one of the elegantly-colored catalogues which the house issue, and by means of which anything they manufacture may be ordered as satisfactorily as if the tiles themselves were before you. Mr. D. B. McNish, of this city, 304 Main street, is the agent here, and has the catalogues of the house, as also that of Maw & Co., Benthall Works, another large English firm; and there is no one of the beautiful designs of tile manufactured, which cannot be ordered of him and set up.

THE "SPLENDID."

The parlor stove has in these latter days become an elegant article of furniture. Probably the most perfect specimen of this is the latest—the stove called the Splendid—one of which is now on exhibition and in operation at L. Schwartz & Co.'s. It is thoroughly graceful, from the nickel-plated knob at the apex of the urn to the standards on which it rests, and by the way this knob is of more importance than appears at first. It lifts off, and attached to it is a queer key-like tool which fits the handles of all the doors, drafts and checks, and is most convenient and useful. The urn itself, at the top, does not lift off and around, as in other stoves, but a little nickel-plated knob, touched by the tool above-mentioned, slides the front half of the top around in a groove into the rear half, leaving an opening for the pouring in of coal.

Another improvement exists in the shaking apparatus. Ashes, when grates are shaken from side to side, collect in the center, and it becomes impossible to shake them down. In addition to the motion from side to side, this stove has a small circular grate *in the center of the grate proper*, which pulls out and lets the accumulated ashes through. Still another improvement consists in the perforation of the base and back of the stove. The cold air is drawn from under the stove through the heating chamber and passes out as hot air through the perforations, thus keeping up a constant circulation.

Besides this, the fire-pot is made in sections and any part can be replaced by any foundry.

One more advantage, and a decided one, consists in the three large mica doors which take up the circumference of the stove, and any one of which affords a wide and exceedingly convenient opening to the fire itself. These doors are hung on loose-joint butts, and by lifting the nickel-plated pin they may be detached, washed and cleansed and replaced. Three large lower mica doors opening to the anti-clinker grate are adjusted in exactly the same way.

Add to these advantages the fact that the prices range the same as any first-class stove, and we have an array of inducements to buyers which is unexcelled. The same stove, with proper attachments, can be converted into a double heater or a parlor oven.

Messrs. Schwartz & Co. have also a fireplace heater on same pattern as the Splendid; and a full line of parlor heaters, parlor cook stoves and double heaters.

A MODERN ESTABLISHMENT.

Messrs. Humburch & Hodge, the energetic proprietors of the Buffalo Steam Custom Shirt and Underwear Manufacturing Co., which for a number of years past has been doing a thriving business in manufacturing to order the finest line of white shirts—prosecuting its sales all through the country—have opened a new branch of their business at 329 Main street, in the shape of a gentlemen's furnishing store in the most modern sense of the word. They propose to devote to every department of this the same attention that has made their other business so successful. The very finest of everything—the very latest styles—the most substantial and choice materials—the best prices that a stock purchased for cash can afford—these are ideas which will be carried out undeviatingly. It is impossible to catalogue a new stock of this kind. In a general way it can only be said that the very finest white shirts will, as heretofore, be made to order and fitted perfectly; that in fancy colored shirtings the stock contains over 100 patterns, a number of them imported direct; that the newest styles of collars and cuffs, fancy summer socks, summer underwear, silk scarfs, fine handkerchiefs, etc., etc., are kept in choice profusion, and in fact that the modern gentleman cannot mention or guess the name of a single article in this line which he cannot here find in all grades, to the very nicest.

A POINT.

Wandering from country to country in the Main Building at the Exposition one encounters, always in a prominent position and somewhere in almost every nation, a small table holding what appears to be a familiar object—namely, a postal or other scale. So homelike an article as this attracts attention from the very oddity of its appearing in so foreign a place. What is a United States Fairbanks scale doing, you ask, in Portugal, Brazil, France, Spain, Japan, or the Ottoman Empire? You examine and find that it is not a United States scale, although it *is* a Fairbanks, but when you look for our pounds and ounces, they are not there. On the contrary, each scale is adjusted to the standard of weights of the country in which it appears, whether it be English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Holland, Russian, Turkish, Chinese, or any other. A well displayed explanatory sign is attached to each table, with the words "The Standard of England," "the Standard of France," &c., as the case may be.

And so in this very effective but simple way the Fairbanks Scale Co. have taken pains to inform the visitor to every country on the face of the Globe that in point of weighing machines we lead all other nations, and that the Fairbanks Scale is literally the Standard of the World.

HINTS TO BOOK COLLECTORS—NO. 2.

Never write your name upon the title-page of a book.

Never tear out the blank pages at front and back of books, to write upon.

If you must have writing paper, go to a first-class stationery store like Young, Lockwood & Co.'s, and select what you want.

Let the bindings of your books be characteristic of the contents and of the value of the work.

For thorough workmanship and best material in binding, take your books to Young, Lockwood & Co.'s bindery.

Uncut books will command a higher price than those that are cropped.

Durability in binding and first quality paper are primary requisites of Blank Books for business houses. Both these qualities are found in the Blank Books manufactured by Young, Lockwood & Co.

Use a paper-knife, or folder, to cut up the leaves of your uncut books, so that the edges will be smooth and even; otherwise the book will have to be cut down when it is bound.

Business Houses needing anything in printing or Blank Books, will find just what they want at Young, Lockwood & Co's, 209 Main street.

Sets of books a specialty.

"THE CHIEF EDITOR'S MOTTO"

in this number of the magazine, is the first of a

Series of Regular Contributions from the pen of

MR. J. HARRISON MILLS,

THE ARTIST-POET OF COLORADO.

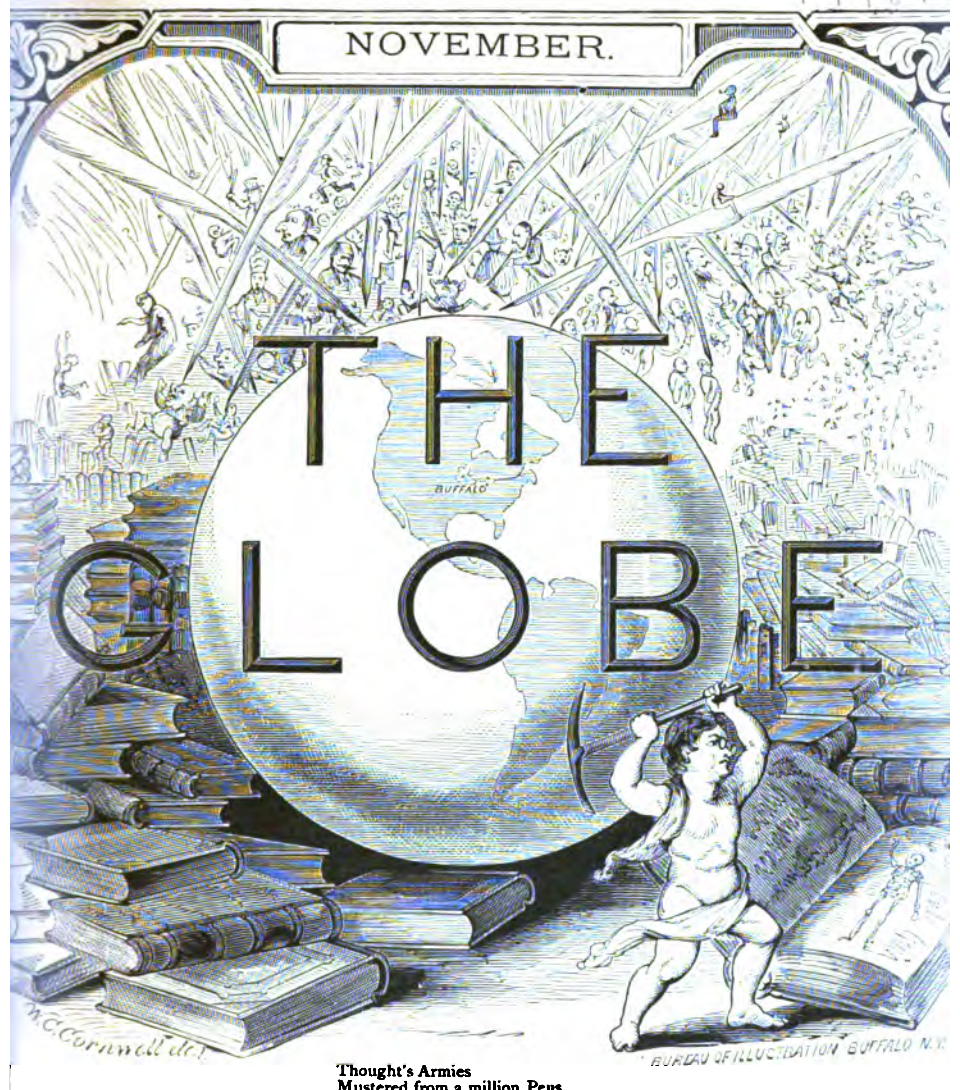
These will comprise

Poems, Sketches, Stories and Illustrations.

A four page poem,

"UNDER THE PINE TREES,"

a picture drawn from life in the Mountains of Colorado, will be the next in order.



Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

BUFFALO.

Where shall I Insure my Life?

This question, so often asked and so ingeniously answered by sophistic Ratios of designing agents, has been settled most tersely and conclusively by THE LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA in the payment of the loss upon the life of the late ERASTUS B. HAMBLETON, of Buffalo, N. Y.

The following letter is the key :

BUFFALO, Oct. 20, 1876.

E. F. EMERY, Esq., Manager Life Association of America :

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 17th inst. enclosing draft of Five Thousand Dollars in payment of Policy upon the life of my husband in your Company, is received. Allow me to thank you for the prompt and seemingly more than equitable settlement of the same. I cannot refrain from giving my hearty endorsement of your system of business. Your "*Extension* or *Continued Insurance under lapsed Policies*" gave me Five Thousand Dollars ; whereas, had my husband been insured with any other Company I know of, I would have receive about Four Hundred Dollars. My husband's Policy lapsed after three annual payments being made. One and a half years thereafter he died. Still the face of the Policy (Five Thousand Dollars) was paid me *without the deduction of a dollar*. Such you claim to be nothing more than just and equitable under your contracts. If so, the insuring public should know it. You are at liberty to use my name or this letter as will subserve the best interests of the Company.

Yours truly, RACHEL A. HAMBLETON,
Executrix of the Will of E. B. Hambleton.

I am prepared to show that the Equitability and the Liberality of the LIFE ASSOCIATION contracts are unequalled.

1st. The *advance addition* of 25 per cent. to its Policies reduces the cost of Insurance at once.

The purchaser of a Policy of	$1000 gets	$1250.
" " "	2000 "	2500.
" " "	4000 "	5000.
" " "	8000 "	10000.

2d. Following this (in the same contract) is the *Extension Law* or *Continued Insurance under lapsed Policies*, whereby Policies are continued in force after second year, though Premium may not have been paid.

3d. All Life Rate Contracts are *Endowments*, as follows :

Age 20 becomes due at death or 60	Age 50 becomes due at death or 80.
" 30 " " " 70	" 60 " " " 80.
" 40 " " " 80	

An examination of the LIFE ASSOCIATION'S contracts is solicited. The following is the Board of Officers and Directors of this, the Western New York, Department.

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THE GLOBE.

VOL. IV.] NOVEMBER, 1876. [NO. 7.

UNDER THE PINE TREES.*



Sat by their fire one autumn eve
Three hunters; known in their own land
And envious not of wider fame,
Content with their own proper names,
Not emulous of bloody deeds
But honest, upright, border men;
Not always just, not always right,
For even in this favored land
With reference to millennial light
I fear me that it yet is night.

Before the coals, with ashy crust
The rude loaf took a healthy brown
As that upon the much sunned cheek
Of him that turned it; and a loin

Of antelope slow dripped and swung
In martyrdom that touched the sense
In such wise that my palate clicked
A message to the inner man.
And oh! the great black steaming cone
That heaved upon a ruddy bed
Its amber overflow, and whirled
A fragrant cloud up to the gods,—
How cheerily its bubbling laugh
And monotone of inner song
Accordant with all else of rest
Pulsed to the peace within my breast.

Back of the glowing frontal ground
The haunches hung upon the trees.
A pelt half grained, was on the beam,
An elk's great antlers lay beside,
And rose the dome-like wickee up
Of willows interbent and twined
Clothed with the white and fresh tanned skins;
Beneath, a fire of aspen twigs
The light smoke oozing gently through,
In color, just the ghost of blue.

And while we feasted,—for in sooth,
Oh pampered brother, you may crave
Such relish to your costly fare
And find it not,—we talked of things
That are the lives of border men.
And some allusion, jest begot,
Brought forth a tale that bred again
And that again; till I, being moved
By mine own ends, spake thus: "Now tell
In truth the thing that most hath tried
Your manhood, each, and left its scar
In flesh and heart; not hiding aught,
But mating each deed with its thought."

And one, upon a great bear's trail
That bloodily drew through the snow
Thigh deep, crept cautiously; a rock
For screen the wily brute had used,
And all at once erect and grim
A giant grizzly fronted him.

Two strides away,—scarce,—imminent,
Were wounds and death; how, paralyzed,
The hunter stood, nor thought of aught
That he might do, nor turned, nor moved,
But like one frozen in the act
To step, still stood, he said; till one
That came a little way behind
Groaned out, "Your gun: for God's sake, fire;"

And then he thrust it forth and fired
With that one motion, and the brute
Pierced through the stomach and the spine,
A great wound, blackened by the flash
So close it was, fell down and fought
A losing fight with Death, that all
The ground, for many steps, was torn
And red, and clotted all the snow.
And he, the hunter, being caught,
In that blind whirl, was torn and bruised
Like any clod, till since that day
He dared not follow any more
The wounded grizzly as before
It was his wont to do.

The second spake not; having naught
That to him worthy seemed of speech,
In his own life, but still I thought
Behind that modest silence lay
Some things I fain would know.

The third turned up a kindly face,
And thrusting back the broad gray brim
That slouched adown his high white brow,
Once let his teeth gleam through the brown
Of a smooth face, that boyish seemed,
Despite his thirty-five full years.
You had not chosen him, at sight,
For one born to command, nor deemed
Him peer of any deadly chance:
Yet any brutish thing might spy
His master in that calm gray eye.

"You picture-hunters when the game you seek
Lies in the hearts and deeds of your own kind
And you must trap it, need your wariest sense
Lest the wise silver fox and wary mink
And thoughtful beaver keep a careful way:
And base born wolf, or marten at the best
Be sole reward of all your cunning art.
I am a picture seer; I'll start your game
For once; be ready for a running shot,
And show me how you understand your craft.

One June day found me on a barren waste
Of gullied table lands all alkali
And whence all living things seemed to have fled
Save my worn broncho and myself. I fared
Like Him of Nazareth, that day He went
Among the standing corn and plucked and ate.
And stretched my hand like Him to take and eat;
For, though the season might not yet permit
The honest hunter to strike down such meat,
When, in an aspen grove where the rank weeds

Betrayed a spring, and drew my thirsty steed,
A gaunt doe sprang to view and stood to look,
I stretched her, instant, on her scarce formed sign,
And hasted to dismount, and take, and eat.

But while I stooped to free the hidden stream
The cruel lead had burst, there came a cry
That stayed the knife; a pattering of feet,
A stirring of the low stunt brush, and then
A fawn; scarce more than of a seven days' growth,
But plump and brimming with the mother's life,
And close behind, its twin, two pretty things
As ever gladdened any mother's heart
Came bounding to my very feet and stood
All fearless, all unknowing aught of harm,
And smelt the quivering dead, and touched my hand
With their soft lips, and looked at me with eyes
That had learned naught in this hard world but love.

And such a misery grew within my breast
As grows in his who sees his helpless ones
All roofless in the white December night.
The hunger died; I could not then have touched
The merest morsel of most tempting food;
But, while I hasted to regain my seat
One followed closely at my very feet
And bleated, as if asking a caress
Of me, the spiller of its mother's blood.

Oh then I fled, my tired steed winced to feel
The eager urging of the cruel thong.
Half of Cain's horror when he heard the blood
Of his slain brother crying from the ground
Was mine: I knew that, so bereft, slow death
By cruel hunger was their certain lot,
And that in mercy I might better lay
The little creatures there beside their dam,
But could not bear again to hear that cry,
To meet the fearless gaze of those soft eyes,
And in my heart I cursed the bright June day.

So hungering all that long June day I went,
And many since; but never antelope
That bears her young, bounds slowly out of range,
Or elk with calf, or lingering buffalo cow
With her maternal charge, provokes my aim:
Yea, even the she bear with her ugly cubs,
That some day will be dangerous, I spare,
And give her room," and twinkling merrily
His eye grew bright again, as half ashamed
To leave untouched the picture he had made,
But fain to light its softness with a jest.

J. Harrison Mills.

Middle Park, Colo., Sept., 1874.

SIXTY SECONDS IN A DROP OF WATER.

(Concluded.)

But we were not allowed much time for moralizing after the departure of the Heavenly Messenger, for a series of events immediately occurred, in rapid succession, which brought into play every thought and power at our command.

At Crystalia I had been a spectator of the decisive battles between the inhabitants of that cultivated metropolis and their barbarian foe: but here I was to witness a naval engagement, such as I have never heard of before.

On the opposite side of the sea there lived a people of great inventive genius, who were also noted for their warlike proclivities. Some question of dispute had arisen between that nation and the government of Amphitheatron, and both parties had voluntarily chosen the dreadful alternative of war. The vessels, which I had seen rolling down through the tunnels to the sea, had been sent out to watch the preparations of the enemy; for it was expected that they would soon make an attack upon the city.

Every engine of war had been placed in position, and so prepared as that it would effect the greatest possible injury upon the expected foe.

As at Crystalia, so here, the ether was the source from whence the necessary power was to be derived. The vast caverns had been filled with the subtle fluid, and its electric qualities extracted and adapted for use, so that our feet rested upon a mountain of confined thunderbolts.

In due time a vessel returned with the startling announcement that the enemy was approaching, and immediately every conspicuous position was chosen by the excited inhabitants, that the whole conflict might be visible.

As we looked across the silent waste of waters we could, at first, see nothing unusual; but, by and by, the rolling of waves betokened the approach of those we feared. It seemed almost impossible that we were to fight a foe that was invisible: yet such was actually the case.

Instead of fitting out a large number of ships, as I had expected the hostile people would do, they had constructed a sub-marine, but movable, fort, in which they had stored all the accessories of war. This monstrous battery,—so the commander of the reconnoitering ships informed us,—was mounted upon wheels, which ran along the bottom of the sea: but its size was so tremendous that the boulders and crags, with which the great basin was covered, were no impediment to the onward progress of this marine giant.

The soldiers of Amphitheatron were about to fight fire with fire. Against the electric forces within the sunken fort were to be used the electric powers of the ether vaults. But how? This was a question which was to be answered in the events about to transpire; and I awaited the result with the most intense interest.

As the battery approached the coast I found that there was a large number of revolving arms near the surface of the water; and an equal number of much longer, but stationary, arms extended along the bottom of the sea in advance of the unseen mystery.

It became necessary, at this juncture of affairs, to find the direction that the electric currents, which the enemy would probably employ, would take;—whether they were to pass from the shorter to the longer arms or *vice versa;* so a ship was sent out into the jaws of death to make the desired investigation. The vessel had no sooner touched one of the upper rods with its prow, than the corresponding rod from below was raised, and applied to the stern. A moment more and the death dealing current trav-

ersed the doomed craft from front to rear, and its work was done. But the question had been solved, and it now became necessary to exhaust the energies of the fort by drawing away its supply of reserved force.

Ship after ship sailed out, as if to attack, but really to exhaust the supply of ether; and all were met and crippled by the awful embrace of this mechanical cuttlefish. But each time that the electricity was thus employed the ammunition of the enemy became less dangerous. At last, but too late, the opposing warriors perceived the stratagem, and became more wary of applying their force in such a useless manner.

When it was seen that the hostile leaders were beginning to economize their strength, the commanders of the imperiled city determined upon a new, and more effective, course of operations.

In anticipation of this attack two large cables had been previously laid from the reservoirs out into the sea. These had been so attached to the ether vaults that the whole electric power of the city could be hurled through them in a single moment. Two submerged ships were now sent out to lift the outer, and detached, ends of these conductors; with orders to fix them against the opposite sides of the yet advancing fortification. This was speedily accomplished; and when the delicate machinery, within one of the caverns, announced that the connections had been made, the whole power of that tremendous series of batteries was brought to bear upon the foe. Shock after shock was sent into and through the doomed craft, whose convulsive throbs told how thoroughly the work was being accomplished. First the revolving rods became stationary. Then every sign of activity ceased. The victory had been gained, and the enemy annihilated. As we afterwards passed through the dismantled battery we found that it was a vast charnel-house! Not a single soul had survived to tell the fearful story! Never was conquest so complete as that which had been gained by the soldiers of Amphitheatron. In silence had the foe approached! In silence had the conflict raged! In silence the victory had been gained!

Arrangements were now made for a grand celebration in honor of the occasion. But all was cut short by certain natural phenomena which followed each other in rapid succession.

In the midst of the general hilarity there came a sudden reverberation of the earth, which was followed by a low deep rumbling. In a short time there was another shock a little more energetic than the first. These were succeeded by others of rapidly increasing intensity, while the intervals between the reverberations became shorter and shorter, and were at last indistinguishable, as the sounds mingled together in one continual roar.

Overhead the sky began to assume a threatening appearance! Clouds of mist swept from the horizon up to the zenith, until the whole heavens were black and portentous! As these dense vapors packed themselves together they began to emit low muttering sounds, which were followed by gentle, and oft repeated, illuminations of the regions from whence the cries emanated! Livid flashes of lightning then took the place of the milder light, and soon the whole dome overhead was in a blaze; while the crashing of meeting clouds, and the deafening roar of the answering thunder, became most sublime and awful!

The evolution of force below kept rapid pace with the increasing intensity of the storm above! The deep hollow murmur, as of sobbing winds, had been drowned by the louder rumbling within the craters of the earth: while the hills were trembling to their massive foundations with the replication of discordant sounds! It seemed as if a thousand mortars on earth were belching forth defiance to as many booming guns in the clouds! Like frightened sheep the inhabitants ran from place to place, or clustered to-

gether in mute anguish, seeking from each other some solitary word of comfort; but receiving only the gift of despair which arose from every heart, and fell from every lip! To add terror to the occasion, fissures and crevices began to appear on every side, which opened and shut like massive jaws,—now emitting defiant blasts of hot ether, or again sucking in the horrified throngs that came within reach of the fiery inspirations! Wider the chasms grew, until trees, and houses, and even hills, seemed not enough to satisfy the craving hunger of the monster earth! The palaces that yet remained, gradually dissolved into nothingness! The mountains rocked to and fro like drunken men! Louder grew the fearful replication of sound! Hotter became the scorching air! More lurid were the blaze of light above, and the burning rivers beneath! Then plains, and hills, and mountains, and hissing seas, gradually rolled themselves together, as if they had been bubbles floating on a zephyr! The earth began to sink under my feet! Reason was tottering on her throne! One cry! One awful crash! And lo! I stood by my flowers watching a drop of water that had just fallen to the floor! The clock was striking eight! In imagination I had spent *sixty seconds in a drop of water!*

OUR NEXT NEIGHBORS.

We were sure that we should like our new home very much. The house was quite large enough for us, and fairly well built; a double house, with the main entrances at each side. There was an excellent drive to each door from a common entrance in front, and a neat lawn before the doorway. A high fence divided the lots at the back of the house, but the pretty grassy shield in front was unbroken by any division lines. Each window was guarded by a light grating upon which our neighbors had arranged boxes of window plants. The wing made me a very convenient surgery for accidental or night practice, and opened off the back parlor, which held our library, and made my mother and I the pleasantest of evening sitting rooms. The back stairs led directly from my bedroom to the surgery, the bell whereof hung in my room —so that my mother need not waken with its ringing—if indeed it should ever ring!

For I was a young physician newly arrived in Dashville, with only a little down town practice but most brilliant hopes for the future; happy in possessing a gentlewoman for a mother, and a certain assured, if not large, income from well placed stocks and mortgages, and could wait.

Had it not been for the absorbing care of reducing order from chaos, she would have felt greatly the loss of old friends and neighbors—for the family next door had not been in haste to call. Why should they? They were wealthy people, and kept their own carriage, and saw a good deal of "carriage company," mostly elderly ladies with fine gray hair, camel's hair shawls and real laces, and stout elderly gentlemen with white heads, rubicund faces, gold headed canes, and an ominous deliberation in getting in and out of their carriages' which I recognized (professionally) as the genuine and aristocratic gout.

Although my antecedents would bear inspection, there was no enthusiasm over the new neighbor. But a neat silver plate announced the residence of "E. H. Parsons;" while a very modest sign professionally introduced "Dr Sherwood" and his office hours, to whom it might concern.

One evening, just as I was returning after a late visit to a patient, I saw a carriage, loaded with trunks, drive

rapidly round to our neighbor's door and stop, and heard a sound of welcoming voices.

"Visitors, indeed," I thought, and went to sleep at the earliest opportunity.

By daybreak next day I was summoned to a case of kerosene burning in the neighborhood, and returning to a hasty breakfest, to something else, and from that day forth for weeks my practice steadily and even rapidly increased, my time at both offices being pretty well taken up, and little leisure left me for the exercise of idle curiosity.

But one lovely autumn morning as I was dressing, I heard a sound at the neighboring chamber window, and peeping through the half closed shutter, I discerned the prettiest hand I ever saw, surrounded by a white cuff and a stylish brown sleeve, extending a small watering pot, and carefully sprinkling the thrifty window plants outside. I had totally forgotten the arrival of a fortnight since at the next house, and it was quite a new sensation to find a neighbor to my chamber window. Nor had I leisure for much observation now, for the sprinkling was over all too soon, the breakfast bell summoned me away, and the sharp *staccato* of the surgery bell followed like a chorus, and for a moment or two I felt like anathematizing the very success for which I had prayed, and which left me no leisure to eat or sleep.

That day in River street I had the good luck to meet two old friends—White, my old college chum, and with whom I had studied in Paris, and Ulmstead, a young Englishman with whom we made a walking trip in Switzerland. Of course I invited them to dinner next day, remarking as I did so, that I was glad that it was the season when I could give them a taste of genuine American game. And on my way home, to make sure of it, I left a liberal order for prairie fowl, quail and partridge, or whatever the resources of the poulterer should be able to afford in the course of the day.

"And, mother," said I, as we talked it over at the tea table, "as we can't give them a stylish English dinner, let us give them a comfortable American one. Oyster soup is good—better than poor soup, *a la St. Julienne*, and if the birds are all right, and some kind of a roast, with a cabinet pudding, and some seasonable fruit, it is all I expect or desire. No second-hand English ways for me."

For I knew that for such a dinner, my mother, my cook, and our neat handed Nancy could be trusted.

I was not rewarded next day by another glimpse of the "white hand of my lady," although I boyishly watched for it. I only heard a lot of pillows thumped most vigorously and a high voice carolling a popular song. I think it must have been Biddy.

A combination of circumstances kept me down town so late that I only drove up in time to catch a glimpse of White and Ulmstead, ringing my bell. But the plain carriage of the Parsons was rolling with stately air up the drive, and beside the gray curls of Madame, was a fair sweet young face, the forehead veiled with a cloud of light hair, and crowned with the jauntiest black velvet hat with a scarlet wing at the side. I had only time to toss the reins to the waiting boy, hastily introduce my mother to my friends and rush away to dress, up my back stairs. But oh ! the fragrance of that dinner as it ascended from the lower regions through the dumb waiter !

The oyster soup *was* good, the quails delicious as they lay in their tender innocence with delicate feet fringing the platter. But when the roast should have appeared, expecting to see only a sirloin or leg of mutton, what was my surprise to see borne in the stout hands of our brawny cook a magnificent wild turkey weighing over thirty pounds, which she placed before my smiling mother who was preparing to carve the same.

"Upon my word !" said Ulmstead, "you are giving us an American dinner

indeed. The bird is not an American eagle, surely?"

"Scarcely, but a much more respectable fowl from an edible point of view. It is an American wild turkey; although I confess a total ignorance of what lucky combination of circumstances have brought him to my table for I did not so much as know that there was one in town."

"It was brought here with the other birds this morning," said my mother, laying slice after slice of creamy yellow flesh on the plate and then attacking the darker portions. "The cook said she did not know about it, but the man said it was all right—wasn't this such a number? and it was all for this house. So, when I returned from market followed by as nice a sirloin as I ever saw, I found this bird roasting in the oven. Perhaps it may be a present from some grateful patient?"

I assented, but smiled inwardly to think of the array of patients whom I had attended of late, sending me such a magnificent gift. If I got half my fees, I should be thankful.

White and Ulmstead were both epicures—the air of the October evening keenly appetizing—and fuller justice was never done by growing school-boy in Christmas vacation than by my traveled friends. It was the very aphotheosis of a turkey, creamy, melting in your mouth, with an unctuous savor of the woods, a tender suggestion of stubble fields and beech nuts, like a strain of half remembered music, recalling the impassable bliss of the dreamy past, and the fairy visions of a golden future. Excuse me, I grow incoherent in speaking of that turkey. After all I have conveyed a poor idea of its perfections.

"So I should think" says my mother, looking over my shoulder.

We lingered long and fondly over our dinner. The cabinet pudding and ices were delicately tasted, and set aside, and we withdrew to my surgery for a smoke. My mother excused herself and left us to our evening.

We talked long and late. Talk about the charms of female society! Save that of the one utterly beloved, there is nothing that will compare with the thorough companionship of old class mates and college chums or of our fellow Howadjii in the fields of travel. Wise the mother, wise the wife who, recognizing the brotherhood of our souls, gracefully retireth at an early hour after her gentle welcome has sweetened the opening hour of hospitality for us, leaving us to our golden talk

'Of books and men—
Ah! our hearts were buoyant then
As the wild goose feather.'

"Wise the lady of an house who flieth the smoke-blue study, and speaketh no word when the street door echoeth the midnight chimes, closing after the brother of her lord's soul, and only resumeth her silken revery over the amber coffee, and crisp toast of the breakfast table. For so is a man permitted to be a man, to grow, to live, to learn, to talk, to teach."

So I felt, when locking and chaining the door after my retiring guests I saw the midnight moon light their retiring footsteps homeward, and passed the closed door of the dear mother, on my way to my own room.

So many reminiscences of the past were stirred in my mind by the talk of my friends, that I had no inclination to sleep. The moon shone full into my room, the air was balmy and I opened the window wide and lighted a fresh cigar.

Music sounded faintly from the parlor floor of our next neighbor, now loud now soft, then chords of conclusion; the music died, and a certain bustle as of departure was heard. The street door closed, lights went down, and a bright light flamed up in the next window to mine.

The sash rose, and two plump white frilled hands extended—what?—a huge copy of the *New York Times*, spread it over those aggravating window plants, with a dexterous flirt, tucked it all round and over them with a solicitude truly maternal, closed

the window, let down the upper sash, and fastened the shutter.

True the air was balmy, but it was clear moonlight, and October. One could never tell when to expect frost.

My cigar was smoked. Somehow I felt as if, after all, the sum total of human bliss was hardly reached in a bachelor dinner—even if it did consist in part of wild turkey and was presided over by one's beloved mother. There was something so tenderly suggestive in the careful way in which she tucked that great newspaper over the geraniums. I saw Mrs. Blank take care of her sick husband exactly that way the other day. But I was young and weary, and in time, I slept.

But oh! next morning!

The turkey was not for us at all, but for our next neighbor, who also dined a party of friends (one, I afterward found, was a Scotchman and fellow passenger with Ulmstead on the "Arcadia"), and loud and violent was the wordy contest between our cook and the saucy grocer's boy who insisted that the turkey should be instantly returned or paid for; the cook asserting that she "told him yesterday that there was a mistake, but he said himself that it was all right, and the docther and his friends ate it up last night."

At this stage of the combat, I appeared on the stage, and quieted both belligerents, saying that I would pay for the turkey and apologise to Mr. Parsons, who it appeared was an irascible old gentleman, and fond of a good dinner, especially with his friends; and, considerably mollified, the youth departed.

I instantly stepped across the lawn to my next neighbor's. I was shown into a room the counterpart of our own library, but fitted up as a lady's sitting-room, with heavy old-fashioned furniture, a few old and choice engravings on the wall, a modern and handsome piano, and over the piano, the portrait of a young lady with waving light hair drawn tightly back to a knot from which hung a careless ringlet or two and two or three of the white cactus blossoms. The fair shoulders rose from a cloudy mist, so the dress gave no token of its dute, but the face bore a striking likeness to the young lady I had seen in Mrs. Parsons' carriage. (I afterward discovered it to be the portrait of her mother.) There were two doors to the room, from either of which I might expect the appearance of somebody. Evidently the damsel who had answered the bell had not announced my arrival to the household generally, for there was a burst of merry music, a bar or two of a popular air, the door suddenly opened, and I had my second glimpse of the fair face and light curls; this time crowned with a round cap of white cambric with the sauciest little blue frill, supplemented with a large gray apron, with bib and pockets of blue, a great feather duster in one hand and a silk one in the other. But it was only a glimpse, for with a hasty and blushing, "Excuse me! I did not know that any one was here," she vanished as suddenly as she came, while the other door opened for Mrs. Parsons.

The lady apologised for her husband, whom she said was something of an invalid and habitually rose late, and expressed herself glad to meet her "new neighbors."

I told the story of the turkey and expressed my regret.

Mrs. Parsons was a lady and accepted my apology, of course.

"And now," said I, "my next business is with the poulterer," and I started to go.

"I wish, Dr. Sherwood, that you would present my apologies to your mother for not calling sooner; I am an old lady and need to be reminded of my social duties," said Mrs. Parsons, not noticing my extremely *malapropos* awkwardness. "In fact I will call this very day. I think Mrs. Sherwood cannot be far from my age, and two such near neighbors should know each other."

I wished to do something further.

I could not bear that they should not even taste their own turkey. I wanted to offer them the cold half, but that was out of the question.

"And when you call, and you ladies have agreed upon a treaty, I hope that you and your family will lunch with us and ease my conscience of the sin of depriving you wholly of such a feast."

Mrs. Parsons laughed good humoredly, as became her years and weight, and begged me to feel no further uneasiness about the turkey, and I departed.

My mother was perfectly horrified at my off-hand awkwardness, but when I returned at night, I found my mother in her second best black silk and cap receiving a very pleasant visit from Mrs. Parsons, and when I renewed the invitation to lunch, it was warmly seconded and finally accepted for next day.

"Mr. Parsons was to be out of town to-morrow" she added, "but she and Alice would be most happy; she enjoyed a 'ladies' lunch' so much!"

Cool, that—when I had originated the party. Did they think I would let them have all that cold turkey and olives and chocolate to themselves? Evidently they did. But I didn't.

At one p. m. next day, I needed certain drugs and a certain case of instruments from my home surgery. I never had a pleasanter lunch, up to that time. But it was the happy forerunner of much pleasant visiting between the families, in which I shared to a limited extent, as I was growing too busy to be very social.

And when we finally (Alice and I) came to a good understanding (which we did, of course, or why should the story be told at all?) it was only going next door, and both old ladies thought so much of Alice, that I never knew in which house to find my wife. It took longer to reconcile Mr. Parsons to me than the ladies; but, on the next Thanksgiving, thanks to a good friend of mine, a conductor on the Air-line and Black River R. R., whose leg I had saved from amputation after an accident, I had at least as fine a wild turkey to set before my friends. And as it chanced to be a farewell feast to Ulmstead, who was going back that month, we were all together, and had a good laugh over the misplaced fowl.

And here I might as well stop, for if I once get gossipping about our pleasant home I shall never stop.

AUGUSTUS PENFEATHER SHERWOOD, M. D.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

A SUGGESTION TO THE ACADEMY.

Within a year, Vassar College has become the possessor of a collection of art objects, casts, and pictures, which form a complete history of art from its early infancy and childhood to its present maturity—a collection the most perfect of its kind and for its object perhaps in the country, and yet the whole cost was only two thousand dollars, and $200 of this went for duties paid to the New York Custom House. The selecting was intrusted to Professor Wilhelm von Lübke, of Stuttgart, a man of great learning and tried judgment.

The collection carries the student from the dark and shadowy birth of art-sculpture in Egypt through Assyrian, Persian, Indian, Grecian, Etruscan, and Roman art, on through the early Christian age, the Medieval, the Renaissance, the 17th and 18th centuries to the present time, representing every stage and school of

architecture, sculpture and painting. All the great marbles of the world are represented by plaster casts, and over one thousand pictures reproduce the great paintings, while a sufficient gathering of explanatory books and albums completes the fine collection.

Buffalonians who have profited by Mr. Stornay's recent visit will be interested to know that "the greater number of these thousand pictures are the famous autotypes of Adolphe Braun, which are the most serviceable of all copies—combining the fidelity of photographs with the permanency of copper plates."

Now, if such a collection as this can be made for two thousand dollars duty paid, why does not our Buffalo Fine Arts Academy set about a commencement of one of exactly the same kind? We hear that the President of this praiseworthy institution is in New York city with the object in view, among other things, of spending a few hundreds in the purchase of some fine oil paintings. We need modern oil paintings of course, but is it not like presenting a handsomely bound and illustrated copy of Shakespeare to a very small child who does not know his letters? He derives some pleasure from the illustrations, but he must learn his Alphabet and how to read and think before the book becomes really valuable to him.

If the few hundreds could only be saved until they became two thousand, and then, by the assistance of Prof. Lübke, of Stuttgart, a collection exactly similar to Vassar's be ordered for our gallery, what an immense benefit to Buffalo artists and the Buffalo public would it be. The trustees should give the suggestion, which is respectfully made, serious attention, for we do need in Buffalo, as elsewhere in America, art education.

A STRAW.

Whatever may be the long delayed result of the election of 1876, there is one point which has not yet been commented on, and that is, its effect upon our language. There is no surer indication of the mightiness of a national event than this, that a number of new expressions and new words have been born into our common speech, through the strong travail of the times. You will find in the mouths of the people and the press at least three combinations of words which, in the strong sense they are now used in, have never been there before. One of them is, "Counted out," or "Counted in." Another is, "Wait for the returns," and a third, pure slang, is, "Bulldozed." These three are constantly in use on the street, in daily journals, and even in the magazines. For instance, Dr. Holland says in an editorial on "Mr. Huxley's visit:"

"It seems to us to be about time for Christian men and women, and especially for Christian teachers, to stop shaking in the presence of science and scientific men, in the fear that God is to be *counted out* of the Universe."

"Wait for the returns," has drifted from politics into business, religion, home and society, and "bulldozed" is the common word for intimidation in any of the ordinary or extraordinary occupations of life. All this effect on our national diction in less than thirty days!

EMBROIDERY.

The gift-maker who buys ready made will not perhaps waken these two-weeks to the fact of an approaching Christmas; but she who makes with her own hands or plans with her own head will already, perhaps long ago, have begun to look about and think out. After all, are not gifts of the latter kind the best? Do they not express more nearly the idea of the season? But in this matter of making things for Christmas, how much time is wasted in a tasteless way by women. Worsted work! What a vista of gaudy, nauseating remembrances the words call to mind. It is hard to think of a single bit of worsted work that is really artistic. If you have ever seen any, you are

more lucky than most observers. After all is there any field for women in art outside of brush and canvas, and inside the possibilities of the needle? Undoubtedly, and Clarence Cook in one of his earlier articles in *Scribner* tells what one, so well and why, that no answer can be better than a quotation from him. He says:

"A delightful field is opened to women, one in which they would be sure to find pleasant employment and where certain faculties they have, peculiar to their sex, would be exercised and made useful. This is the art of embroidery. 'What!' all the women will cry at once, 'embroidery, do you say? And aren't we embroidering all the year round—slippers, smoking caps and foot warmers? Embroidery forsooth! Oh, here's a discovery.' But this writer makes bold to confess he was not thinking of any of these unhappy productions of misplaced womanly labor when he spoke of embroidery.

"There is no such waste of time, money, and patience as the worsted work and embroidery to which our ladies give up so much of their leisure. It isn't beautiful, it isn't useful, and it stands much in the way of educating the eye and the general taste. Of course girls will always make slippers and smoking-caps for young men—at least I hope so; they enjoy making them, and the young men are not what I take 'em for if they don't enjoy getting them. There is no reason whatever why these things should not be well designed; but they never will be so long as the girls are so wanting in taste as to put up with the patterns they find in shops. I suppose, however, if the young men and maidens were not so easily pleased, or had a taste of their own, there would be a supply of patterns to meet a more exacting demand. So long as people are in the infantile state of mind that is pleased with little imps and devils careering over slipper toes, or chasing one another along a lambrequin, or with foxes' heads and tails, hunting-caps and whips, or with any of the whole catalogue we all know so well, not much can be hoped for. But the advice to take up embroidery did not have reference to little love-and-friendship tokens of the cap-and-slipper tribe. It was intended to apply to more serious works, such as coverings for furniture, hangings for doors or walls, and the like. Since things took a turn in England, and the arts of furniture and house decoration began to interest artists and architects, and the new doctrine found a sacred poet to father it and save it from sinking into trade and commonplace, the arts of embroidery have been inspired with new life, and have enlisted in their service a number of good talents, who have not only given pleasure to the public, but have found pleasure and profit in it for themselves. We have had but few beautiful works in this sort produced here, partly because there has been no social movement that caused the art to revive naturally, partly because there has been no market for such works had they been produced. Some of our readers may have had the pleasure of seeing—it is now some three or four years since—a small collection of pieces of embroidery executed by a young lady of Boston from her own designs. They were every way exquisite; and, although it was evident she had been stimulated by the Japanese design, yet there was no resemblance to Japanese work except in what, for want of a better word, we call the 'motive.' The pieces produced were not 'useful'—they were only intended for ornament; to be fastened upon a wall, to be framed, to be brought out and looked at upon occasions. Squares of silk or satin were taken, the color selected for its suitability to the design to be worked upon it. These designs were bits of external nature transferred by silk threads, instead of oil or water colors, to the lady's silk or satin 'canvas.' Her morning's walk, her stroll in the garden, suggested to her the day's delightful work.

Now, on a pale sapphire silk she made a flight of apple-blossom petals drift before the wind, at one side the branch that bore them, with its tips of leaves; or across one corner of a square of amber satin a geometric spider had woven her silver web, darting from tip to tip of the white rose-tree; or cat-o'-nine-tails against a blue-green water, with a rose-red mallow, or the neck and head of a duck sailing through her kingdom; or autumn leaves, sad colored, raining down against a weltering sky of gray; or hips and haws, or black elderberries, or--anything. The lady worked as she pleased and as Heaven directed, and had no fear of 'school' or of 'laws' before her eyes. And she painted pictures with her needle that opened the doors of the artist guild to her as cordially as if she hadn't been a woman; nor could we fairly reckon up the influences that have brought about the possibilities of a new day for us in America, if we left out the embroideries of this Boston girl."

Here then is something for the gift-maker, who is literally the *maker*, to think of. Embroidery in this light becomes a delightful and educating art, and there is no better time in the year to begin a study of it than just before the Christmas season.

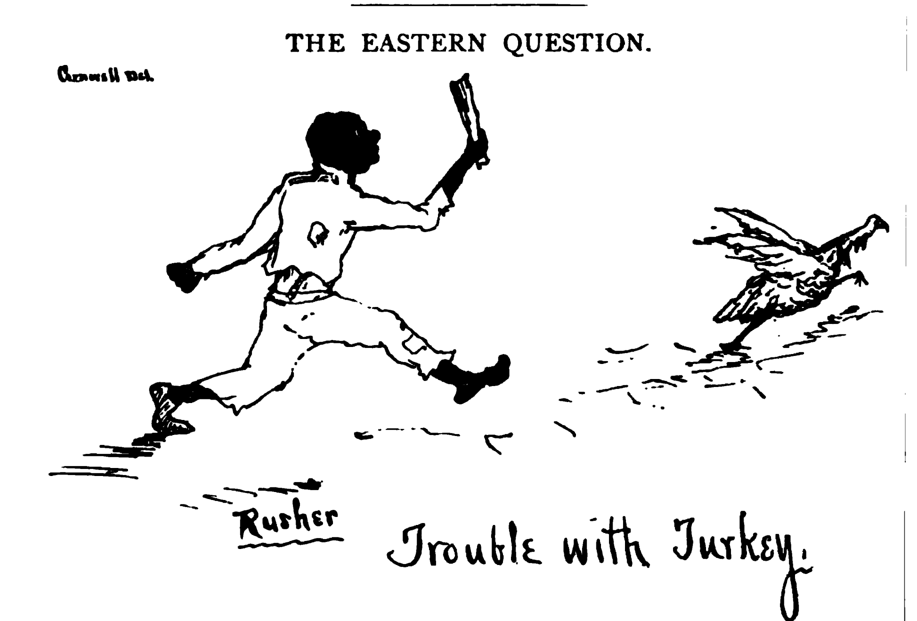
HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

This is said to have been originally a war cry adopted by the assailants of a German city in which many Jews had taken refuge. The place was taken and they were all put to the sword, amid shouts of *Hierosolyma est perdita!* and from the first letters of these words an exclamation was contrived.

THE DUTY of the hour with every man who thinks, is to make up his mind to accept and abide by whatever is the *legally declared* result of the election, no matter how much he may deplore the methods by which that result has been reached.—*Rev. Wolcott Calkins.*

UPON the walls of the ample but cheerless kitchen of Newstead Abbey, Lord Byron's residence, was painted in large letters, "Waste not, want not."

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

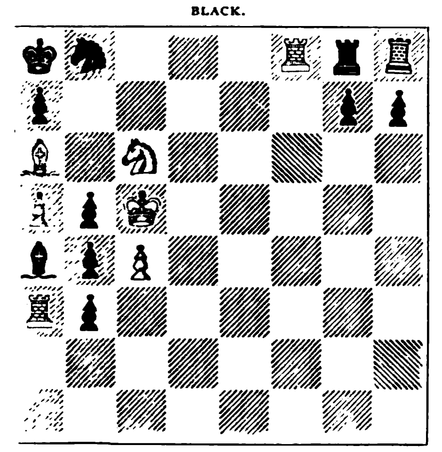


CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 19 By T. D. S. Moore, of London, Ont.

BLACK.



WHITE.

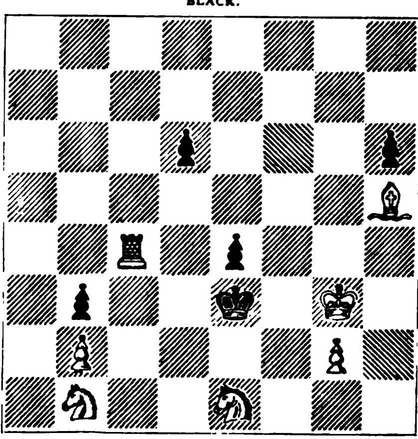
White to play and mate in 3 moves.

PROBLEM.

No. 20. By Simon Fleischmann.

Respectfully dedicated to Geo E. Carpenter. Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 4 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

At the prospect of colder weather, chess again begins to claim the attention of players, who have been somewhat remiss in their devotion for some time past.

—It is expected that the Centennial Problem Tournament now in progress will be one of the most successful affairs of the kind ever known. It has received the most favorable commendations from our European exchanges. The problems are now being published by the various American chess periodicals, and the prospect is, that there will be an unusually large number. But competition is the life of chess, as well as of trade, and the more, the better. It will probably be about as much glory in one hundred years from now to remember that you had contributed a problem to the CENTENNIAL tournament, even if you do not happen to get a prize, as it would be to win the first prize in some ordinary tourney.

—The *New York Clipper*, after referring to the problem reputation of the late Mr. Brown, speaks of him as follows: "Nor was Theo. M. Brown alone a problemist. In play, he was highly talented and highly accomplished. Indeed, he was for many years one of the two or three whom we looked upon as possible winners of our American championship, both before and after Captain McKenzie's accession. Mr. Brown had an absolute genius for all games of skill, and in playing chess was at once far and quick-sighted, brilliant and attacking. One of his special prides was the brilliant chess equipages he won of Herr Neumann in Berlin, on the somewhat Quixotic challenges of that caissan paladin. Mr. Brown's education was, primarily, for music. In this department of art he was a perfect prodigy—appearing in public concert at eight years of age. After years of studious application and brilliant practice here, he repaired to Europe to complete his musical education in the best schools and under the first masters of Germany. He returned, and, alas! practically all was over. Disease, with a near prospect of speedy fatal termination, was already upon him. From that day on, his life had been a heroic struggle against pain and disease, buoyed up by hope, courage, unfailing good spirits, and the consolations and ministrations of the best of friends. His first painful disease, from which he suffered agonies to which death could have made no addition, was a heart affection, then bronchitis, which became

chronic, and finally settled upon his lungs. Courage could go no farther; medicine was powerless, change of air and scene was no longer available; the tears and prayers of affection could no longer retain him; and on Monday, Sept. 25, 1876, in full possession of his faculties, peaceful, resigned, triumphing, Theo. M. Brown breathed his last at his home in Penn Yan, N. Y."

—The *American Chess Journal* for October is at hand, and is as usual replete with good things. Among its interesting contents, we find the biographies of two of our American chess prodigies, Master Boardman and Master Norton, with some interesting examples of their skill. As the *Journal* is on the lookout for more of the same kind, we wish to add to the list the name of Miss Bianca Fleischmann, a little girl barely fourteen years of age, who evinces a remarkable talent for chess. Several of her problems have appeared in various chess columns, and have been accorded generous praise.

—We clip the following, entitled "Under which King?" from the *Hartford Times:*

Colonel K—— is one of the most indefatigable chess-players with whom I am acquainted. I have known him, frequently, to play from 10 o'clock in the morning till long after midnight, with no intermission, except for "refreshments;" and these same "refreshments," taken at constantly decreasing intervals, have a very perceptible effect upon the worthy colonel's game, as well as upon that of his usual opponent, Dr. B. Indeed, towards midnight, their manœuvres are frequently so extraordinary as to attract the attention and applause of a large number of interested spectators. I will describe the latest of these post-prandial productions; wherein the inherent unsoundness of the "classical" defence to the Bishop's gambit is satisfactorily shown. It must be premised that the board had been (inadvertently?) misplaced during one of the frequent adjournments, so as to bring a *black* square at each player's right hand. The doctor, who had the move, was completely oblivious of this, and played, as he thought, Pawn to King's Fourth, but really Pawn to Queen's Fourth; the Colonel making the same move in reply. Then followed 2 P to Q B 4, 2 P takes P, 2 B to K B 4. "Well, I guess z'old class'cal defenz good nuff," hiccupped the colonel, and, gravely lifting his *King*, deposited it on his Queen's Rook's fifth square, calling "check." The doctor, on this occasion, was not quite so far gone as his opponent, and, after deep deliberation, played Q Kt to B 3, with a "check yourself." It is almost needless to add that this completely demoralized the colonel. The more he examined the position, the more he didn't like it; till, finally, starting up, he struck a pugilistic attitude and the doctor's somewhat prominent nasal organ at one and the same time. A scrimmage seemed imminent, but the colonel was, with some difficulty, suppressed, and soon all was again serene. The colonel, however, will now tell you that the "'classical' is an entirely unsound defence, sir, entirely so;" but when pressed for a demonstration, he has "forgotten; that there is some 'shenanigan' in that opening, sir, that knocks it into a cocked hat." Such are the mishaps of those who divide allegiance between Caïssa and Bacchus.

F. M. TEED.

—The following neat little game, which was won by Mr. Barnes, was played in New York a short time ago.

Mr. A. P. Barnes. *White.*	F. W. *Black.*
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..Kt to K B 3	2..Kt to K B 3
3..B to B 4	3..Kt takes P
4..Kt to B 3	4..Kt takes Kt
5..Q P takes Kt	5..P to Q 3
6..Kt takes P	6..Q to K 2
7..B takes P ch	7..K to Q sq
8..Castles	8..Q takes Kt
9..R to K sq	9..Q to K B 3

and White announced mate in 11 moves.

—The following game was recently played at the Buffalo Chess Club.

Mr. S. *White.*	Mr. Thornton *Black.*
1..P to K 4	1..P to Q Kt 3
2..P to Q 4	2..B to Kt 2
3..Kt to Q B 3	3..P to K 3
4..P to K B 4	4..Kt to K 2
5..Kt to K B 3	5..Kt to K Kt 3
6..P to Q R 3	6..P to Q B 4
7..P to Q 5	7..P takes P
8..Kt takes P	8..B to K 2
9..P to K B 5	9..Kt to R 5
10..Kt to K 5	10..P to Q 3
11..B to Q Kt 5 ch	11..K to B sq
12..Kt to K Kt 4	12..Kt takes Kt P ch
13..K to B sq	13..P to K R 4
14..K takes Kt	14..P takes Kt
15..Q takes P	15..P to R 3
16..B to Q 3	16..Kt to B 3
17..B to K B 4	17..Kt to K 4
18..B takes Kt	18..P takes B
19..P to Q B 4	19..B to Kt 5
20..Q R to K B	20..R to R 5
21..K to Kt 3	21..B to B 5
22..Kt takes B	22..P takes Kt
23..Q to K B 3	23..Q to K B 3
24..Q to K 2	24..R to Q sq
25..R to Q sq	25..Q to Kt 4 ch
26—K to B 3	26..R to R 6 ch
27..K to B 2	27..R to K 6 ch
28..Q to Q B 2	28..Q to R 5 ch
29..K to B sq	29..Q R takes B
30..R takes R	30..Q to K 8 ch
31..K to Kt 2	31..B takes P mate

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

PREPARATIONS FOR WINTER.

The tendency of large Dry Goods stores in cities has for the last dozen years been towards keeping in stock not only cloths, &c., in their unmade state, but everything that has to do with the wearing apparel of women, made-up dresses, cloaks, underwear, even ladies' boots and shoes have been added, so that the shopper of the gentler sex may make every purchase for her own wear under a single roof. Following out this metropolitan tendency, Adam, Meldrum & Anderson have recently introduced some new departments which go far towards making their establishment a complete ladies' furnishing house. One of these contains a large and entirely new stock of Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, from the hands of the best cutters in the country, the most perfect fitting and best made that have ever been introduced, stylish and fashionable and of the most desirable material, mattlaisses silk, cloth, &c. These are offered at such remarkably low prices that the buyer of them really gets the lion's share of the profit.

The firm also introduce an assortment of Furs, which is complete in every particular, bought especially for this season from the most reliable makers, selected from immense stocks of the latest and most fashionable styles and consequently the *créme de la créme.* These Furs are not old stock left over from a dull season, but comprise the newest things in the trade, including large varieties of muffs, sets, hats and caps for children, misses and ladies' real and imitation Seal, real and imitation Mink, Lynx, Otter, Beaver, Alaska, &c., also Ladies' Seal Sacques, plain and trimmed with Otter and Beaver, and fur trimmings of every kind. In regard to these goods also the prices are marked at a very small per cent. above cost and the buyer again reaps a profit in purchasing.

It is needless to call the attention of lady buyers to the fact that the establishment has a large and elegant stock of Silks, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Uuderclothing, Gloves, Blankets, Linens, Cloths, Flannels and Carpets. The goods sold by this house have the high reputation of being what they pretend to be and can be depended upon as *reliable* always. Low prices prevail in every department.

TIMELY ADVICE.

It is somewhat unnecessary to tell the reading public that presents that are useful are really the most valuable to give or receive. The severe condition of things in the country teaches the lesson better than anything else can. And yet as the holiday season approaches, and so many shining knick-knacks are put before the eyes, ostensibly cheap but really very dear because useless, the present-giving public is tempted to spend its money foolishly. Of late years, however, the character of presents has changed, and whereas at one time nobody ever thought of giving another a piece of furniture for a Christmas gift, the custom has now become common practice. Albert Best & Co., of Perry street, have made ready for this demand, and have on display a large number of elegant flower stands, sewing tables, fancy tables, foot-rests, easels, etc., artistic and substantial, from their own manufactory and at manufacturers' prices, to the retail buyer. Here, then, is a compromise for the person who wants to unite elegant ornament with wholesome usefulness, making Christmas a thing to be remembered through the twelve months.

INTERCHANGEABLE.

For nearly half a century the word "scale" has been associated with the name "Fairbanks," until the two have become interchangeable and one is used for the other indiscriminately. During all these years the Fairbanks have been persevering in a single direction, bringing to bear all the mechanical and artistic skill of trained and intelligent workers, for the perfection of weighing apparatus. It is no wonder then that the Company so easily bear away the palm from all the World's Exhibitions. The people of twenty-five distinct foreign countries have each singly awarded them the highest prize that a single people can bestow, namely, the adoption of their scales as the standard of that country. The international exhibition of '76 only follows in the footsteps of its predecessors in declaring Fairbanks & Co. the world's champion scale makers.

P. P. O.

The man who commits a forgery becomes a criminal, and is punished by consignment to State's prison. The foisting of a false signature upon the unsuspecting public is no greater an offence than that of selling the public a dangerous and explosive substance and representing it as safe and beneficial. The grocer who sold dynamite by the pound for the best brown sugar, would find himself incarcerated in a prison or an asylum before many hours. And yet this very thing has been virtually practiced in this city again and again. The cheap yellow oils sold for safe kerosene are in one sense as dangerous as dynamite, and the number of terrible kerosene accidents is enormous. Do people want these oils? No! Then why do Grocers sell them? Simply because there is more money in them than in the higher test oils. Pease's Premium Oil, for instance, has obtained a wide celebrity for its magnificent illuminating power and its wonderful safety. No accident has ever been known to happen in its use. Of course an oil like this cannot be sold at the same price as a cheap, dangerous yellow oil, although the difference is only a few cents on the gallon.

It has come to be the case that everybody of any intelligence asks for Pease's Oils when buying. The Grocer gives him a cheap oil at the same price as Pease's, reaps a double profit, and allows a dangerous explosive to enter the dwelling house of his customer. So general has this practice become among grocers and retail dealers *of getting Pease's price for cheap explosive oils*, that Mr. Pease has been compelled in self-defence to shut off all dealers and retail his Premium Oil at *the manufactory only*. The convenient system by which he furnishes printed postal cards, which have only to be mailed in the morning in order to ensure the delivery of an order (no matter how small) on the same day, completes the circuit, and now no one who uses oil at all should neglect this very easy but *only* means of avoiding danger.

WINTER WALKS.

There is perhaps no time in the year when a good-fitting shoe is more comfortable and necessary than during winter weather. The cold gnaws and lacerates any point of the foot which, by reason of an ill-fit, rubs against the leather. The fine hand-made boots and shoes manufactured by L. Boyden & Co. are consequently the goods to buy for winter wear.

The lasts used by this house are made according to a new and improved method conforming strictly to the shape of the foot, and rendering possible a comfortable shoe and at the same time a most beautiful and desirable style. Mr. James H. Jewett, 406 and 274 Main street, has a fine and extensive stock of Boydens suitable to the season.

TILE.

—The ancients used tiles very extensively for pavements and wall and other decorations, and they are constantly found in the process of excavating the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh.

—That King Ahasuerus the great Xerxes used decorative tile pavement is shown by verse 6 of the 1st chapter of Esther.

—The English people of the 18th century taught their children Scripture lessons by having mantels set with Scripture picture tiles.

—The tile wave after inundating England for many years, has finally swept across to this country, and New York, Chicago and Eastern cities begin to use it extensively.

— Buffalo has begun. Here, for instance, are some notes of tile that has been or is to be furnished here by Mr. D. B. McNish, 304 Main st., agent for the great works of Minton & Co., at Stoke-upon-Trent, England:

—The new hotel in process of erection by Dr. Pierce is to be elaborately decorated with tile, which is being imported under Mr. McNish's direction especially for it.

—A North street house has a mantel in the nursery set entirely with tile illustrating Æsop's Fables, Grim's Fairy Tales and other picture tile—an idea taken from the English of the last century and an excellent one.

— Half a dozen handsome vestibule floors have been set in tile by McNish, in the last year, in houses on Delaware, Franklin and Main streets.

— Several of the new houses to be constructed on Main and Delaware streets are to be decorated outside with tile furnished by McNish.

— Quite a number of sets of furniture have been made recently, inlaid with tile ordered of McNish, for fashionable houses here.

THE OLD SCALES.

[Waco Examiner.]

The owner of a cotton farm, who was sadly in need of pickers, approached an old darkey on the public square, yesterday, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Come, Ned, you picked cotton for me last year and I want you again."

"I dunno, massa."

"Come along and get in the wagon. I've good cotton, and I'll give you six bits a hundred."

"Well, it jes' depends on one thing."

"What's that?"

"Is you got dat same ole par scales?"

"No, a bran new pair of FAIRBANKS."

"Well, dat bein' de case, I'll go wid you."

The darkeys of the South, the white men of the North, and in fact the people of all nationalities, have implicit confidence in the scales made by Fairbanks & Co.

PRIMITIVE AND MODERN PRINTING.

As far back as the antiquities of these strange races will permit investigation, the Chinese, Japanese and Tartars have practised printing in one simple way, namely, from engraved blocks. And to this day there are to be found here and there in these countries an artisan who still uses the same method, notwithstanding that movable types are employed extensively there. The method is to paste the page prepared by the pen on tracing paper, face down, upon a block of hard wood. The engraver then cuts away the portions of the wood and paper not covered with the characters, leaving these in relief. The printer with two fine soft brushes in the right hand, blackens the whole surface of the block with the ink in one, and laying on the paper smooths it gently down with the other, which is dry, and thus obtains an impression from the raised parts alone. Each impression consists of two pages divided by a line down the middle. On this line they are folded back to back and fastened together, so as to include the single edges in the binding and leave the folded edges in front. The vast difference between the slow production and clumsy appearance of this style of printing and that in operation on this side of the world is something wonderful. Take for instance the neat and elegant productions of the printing office of Young, Lockwood & Co., in this city. Here every modern facility for speed, correctness and artistic printing is used, a first-class bindery is attached, and every class of work is turned out at best rates and in superior style.

ADVICE.

WE CALL attention with pleasure to the announcement by Mr. F. P. Stiker of his newly perfected process of Photo-engraving, by means of which he is enabled to offer hard metal cuts of almost any black and white drawing at a low cost and of perfect *fac simile*, on either an enlarged or reduced scale. Mr. Stiker has spent time and money, and has fully succeeded in bringing out perfect work. Anybody needing engravings or illustrations of any kind, should use the Stiker Photo-engraving.

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Do not fail to buy ST. NICHOLAS for the Christmas Holidays. Price 25 cents.

The third volume of this incomparable Magazine is now completed. With its 800 royal 8vo. pages, and its 600 illustrations, its splendid serials, its shorter stories, poems, etc., in its beautiful binding of red and gold, it is the most splendid gift-book for boys and girls ever issued from the press. Price, $4; in full guilt, $5.

St. Nicholas for 1877 opens with the Nov. number. During the year there will be interesting papers for boys, by William Cullen Bryant, John G. Whittier, Thomas Hughes, William Howitt, Dr. Holland, George MacDonald, Sanford B. Hunt, Frank R. Stockton, and others. There will be stories, sketches, and poems, of special interest to girls, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Susan Coolidge, Sarah Winter Kellogg, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa Alcott, Lucretia P. Hale, Celia Thaxter, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others. There will be also "Twelve Sky Pictures," by Prof. Proctor, the Astronomer, with maps, showing "The Stars of Each Month," which will be likely to surpass in interest any series on popular science recently given to the public.

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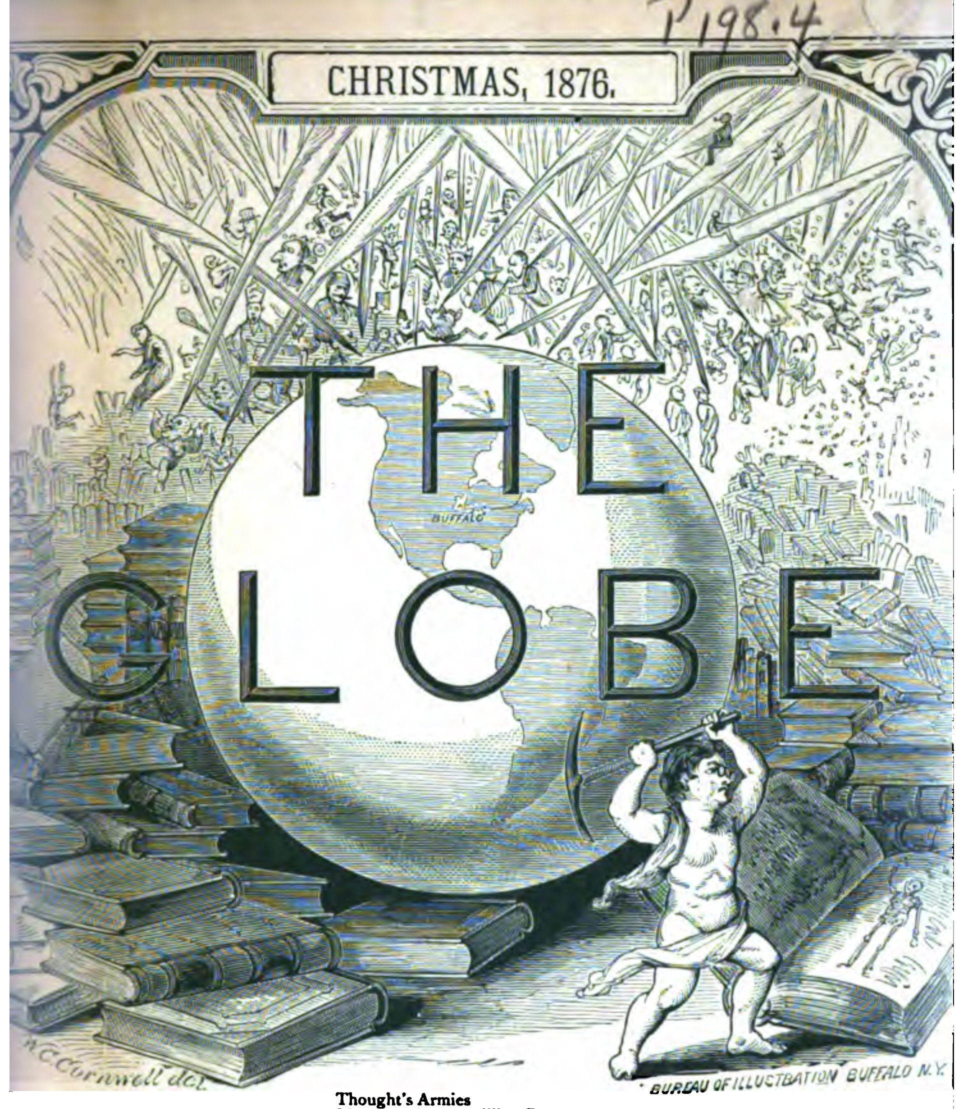
SCRIBNER FOR 1877.

AN UNRIVALED ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The prospectus for the new volume gives the titles of more than fifty papers (mostly illustrated) by writers of the highest merit. Under the head of Foreign Travel, we have "A Winter on the Nile," by Gen. McClellan; "Saunterings About Constantinople," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Out of My Window at Moscow," by Eugene Schuyler; "An American in Turkistan," etc. Three serial stories are announced: One is "Nicholas Minturn," by Dr. Holland, the Editor. Another serial, "His Inheritance," by Miss Trafton, will begin on the completion of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. There is to be a series of original and exquisitely illustrated papers of "Popular Science," by Mrs. Herrick, each paper complete in itself. There are to be, from various pens, papers on "Home Life and Travel." Also, practical suggestions as to town and country life, village improvements, etc., by well-known specialists. A richly illustrated series will be given on "American Sports by Flood and Field," by various writers, and each on a different theme. The subject of "Household and Home Decoration" will have a prominent place, whilst the latest productions of American humorists will appear from month to month. The list of shorter stories, biographical and other sketches, etc., is a long one. Fifteen months for $4.—Scribner for December, now ready, and which contains the opening chapters of "Nicholas Minturn," will be read with eager curiosity and interest. Perhaps no more readable number of this magazine has yet been issued. The three numbers of SCRIBNER for August, September and October, containing the opening chapters of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," will be given to every new subscriber (who requests it), and whose subscription begins with the present volume, *i. e.*, with the November number.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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BUFFALO.



VIEW IN BUFFALO PARK.

THE GLOBE.

VOL. IV.] DECEMBER, 1876. [No. 8.

THE ECHO OF THE LOOM.*

A fair girl sat at the loom.
Rafters brown with the braids of corn,
Heaps of apples as red as morn,
In an old-time garret room,
And the quick *boom* BOOM of the loom,
And sweet, low echoes of song,
All the spring morning long,—

"Oh, warp all snowy and woof of gray,
Tangle the hours 'till the wedding day."

An old man sits by the fire.
Deaf, to all others, he only hears,
Down through the arches of ruined years,
The voice of his soul's desire.
She needs no web of the weaver's skill,
The hands that toiled at the loom are still,
But he hears, while his heart, in that silent room,
Mocks the whirring shuttle, the quick *boom* BOOM
Of the old-time oaken loom,—

"Oh, warp all snowy and woof of gray,
This is the dawn of the wedding day."

ONE CHRISTMAS.

A STORY OF A WONDERFULLY GOOD SANTA CLAUS.

I am not altogether positive of the number of years since Hazelton changed its pretty name, and became a great bustling city; but once upon a time it was a very quiet and obscure sort of a place,—a perfect little Rip Van Winkle town. Even its oldest inhabitants would pause to scratch their heads when they tried to recollect a single thing that had ever happened to mar the usual serenity of its people, and I do believe they were of so same a mind, that any contradiction between two villagers would have been looked upon with something akin to horror. Young and old seemed to have a tenderness of feeling of almost unaccountable interest, and it had existed from the very first days of Hazelton. Squire Barlow must have been its very oldest resident, and I remember well what a luxury it was to us youngsters—living, as we did, for many miles around—to congregate of an evening in his great, time-worn house; and then to place ourselves snugly around the old fire-place, would seem happiness in the extreme to listen to the stories of long ago when Hazelton numbered only one dwelling place, and that was the Squire's own snug little cabin. This good old man always had a wonderful store of tales to unfold, and the little people never seemed to tire of listening to the story of his early struggles, when chips flew and ground was broken for the first house in Hazelton. I have oftentimes thought that there was not another village in the entire country that was like Hazelton. In the first place, as I have mentioned, it had such very quiet people, and they were on such remarkably good terms with each other, that not a bit of idle gossip ever reached anybody's ears. I was once told, but I don't know how true it was, that not a soul had ever left the little village for over two days at a time: that all desired to live and die there. So you see, as they so rarely went out of Hazelton, they very seldom brought any gossip into it. And then, too, instead of exaggerating everything, the good people always tried to contract bad news into the best shape possible, and if anybody ever met with a misfortune, all tried to lend a helping hand and make things as comfortable as they could. Thus altogether I think it was an unexceptionably pleasant sort of a place to live in.

Just outside the village limits were two houses, and the circumstances connected with both troubled not only the inmates, but worried all the vicinity.

One was a little white cottage nestled at the very foot of a great hill, and so shaded in summer time by acorn trees, and covered with green vines, that if it were not for the tall brick chimneys and the white lattice work that peeped out, one would have almost passed it by without thinking that 'mid all that foliage was the home of a poor widow and her son—a little boy with the bluest eyes and the richest curly hair imaginable. Nobody knew much about the other house on the top of the hill; some said that a rich old gentleman dwelt there, and did nothing all the day long but count great bags of money, and groan over a gouty leg. Others said he was a quiet, peaceable man with plenty of wealth, and trying to end his days by having nobody's company except his own. But somebody *else* said, that the old man watched the little cottage and protected it as a father would a child. Suddenly the knowing ones divined it all, and Hazelton people began to whisper cautiously whenever they talked about it, and felt more interested than ever.

It was Christmas time. For two days the snow had been slowly falling, and the feathery flakes lay so thickly on the ground, and hung with such increasing abundance on the large old trees, that it seemed as if the cosy village would soon succumb to Jack Frost's wintery garb, and be lost to sight, leaving nothing but a huge mound to mark its resting place.

The meadows that had been so wavy and green; the pastures that used to look so fresh; the orchards that once were luxuriant in their verdure and fruit; the brooks and streams that glistened in the sunlight, and the clover fields so thick with wild flowers that the air would be scented with their perfume: all were now clothed with snow, and everything so hushed and still, that even the very cry of the snowbird was an uncalled-for intrusion. Everywhere it was snow. As far as the eye could reach not a vestige of life could be seen, save the curling smoke that rose gracefully from the many little chimneys, wreathing itself into fantastic shapes, and then being lost in the morning air. Not a sound could be heard in the quiet village but the occasional stamp in some neighboring stall, or the bark of the watch-dog that had been shut out from the comfort of some warm corner. Outside of the village it seemed more lonely still; but the deep rifts of snow almost covering the fences, and driven so smoothly over the many high hills, and every now and then lit up by the dazzling rays of the sun as it peeped from behind a dense cloud, served to make the picture a most beautiful one. And yet, with all the seeming loneliless, every little habitation not only sheltered its inmates from stern winter without, but hid many joyous hearts and happy children who were most impatiently waiting the coming of a certain event that took place only once a year.

It was Christmas day, and everybody for miles around was feasting on the bright anticipation of the night at Squire Barlow's house. Extraordinary preparations had already been made, and yet nobody knew, except the old Squire himself, what they were to expect. The boys and girls whispered to each other that there were no end of plum puddings to be eaten, and Christmas trees to be stripped of everything, from a cornucopia of colored candies to a doll that had eyes that would both open and shut. It would have been hard indeed to have found a house that was not brimming over with mirth and happiness, for Santa Claus had never been so liberal, and even where it had been the least thought of, he had done the most. Not even the little cottage at the foot of the hill had escaped his kind remembrance, and the poor widow had such an unexpected increase of good things, that, although she tried her best to make little Paul believe that it was all from the good man who takes care of good children on Christmas day, still it was with tears in her eyes that she turned and looked to the great house on the top of the hill that was so near, and thought of him who had once been what no Santa Claus could ever be.

* * * * * *

As Paul sat watching the crystal ice as it formed on the window panes in all sorts of images, and every now and then rubbing the glass and gazing with his big blue eyes out on the snowy country, he could not help but think how funny it was that two such queer people as Jack Frost and St. Nicholas always came around just in time; and although he often used to steal out of his bed on the slightest noise he heard the night before Christmas, yet he had always been unable to make any discovery. In fact Paul had begun to doubt very much as to whether there was really any such person as Santa Claus, and the more he thought of it the more puzzled he became. He could not see how the funny old man with a big pack on his back, and so many reindeer, could

get on the housetop without any noise, unless they crawled up like mice; the chimney certainly was too narrow for him to come down in, and even if he did it would cause him to get very black with soot. Then there were so very many houses in the world, that Paul couldn't see how they could all be remembered. At last his mother, who had been watching his thoughtfulness, from where she sat busily sewing, said:

"What is it that puzzles your little head?"

"Well, mama, *is* there any such person as Santa Claus?"

"Why, yes, Paul—but why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered hesitatingly, "only I don't see what Santa Claus had to do with those beautiful things that came to us this morning."

"Why not, my son?" she asked; and then, without lifting her eyes from her work, she continued: "don't you think he was very kind?"

"Well, I didn't tell you, mama, but I was up very early this morning, and just as I was going to feel in my stocking to see what Christmas had brought, I saw somebody coming down the hill with a big basket on his arm; and I guess he didn't think I was looking, for he put it on the door step and then ran away."

His mother did not reply, but her needle worked faster, and Paul saw a great tear trickle down her cheek; and putting his arms around her neck, he said softly:

"I know what makes you feel so sad; Mr. Lawrence's gardener has told me all about it; and, mama, I do so wish you could see my new grand papa, for I know he will love you just like he used to do."

The good woman gave a sudden start; she didn't know that her boy knew so much of what she had hoped he would never know, but looking into his eyes and seeing his innocent face peering with so much love into hers, she could say nothing but gave vent to her feelings by covering her face with her hands.

"And, mama," he added, "he asked me all about you one day, and when he went into the house, the old gardener said he was all broken down; that he knew he had forgiven you—why don't you go and see him?"

"Oh, my boy!" she answered, as she kissed him fondly, "why were you told these things? You are not old enough to talk this way, Paul; you must forget what you have heard. Go away now and amuse yourself; you don't know how bad you make me feel."

"But I *am* old enough, mama! just think, I was six years old my last birthday. But don't cry any more, there's a good mama—it is Christmas now, you know, and you must be bright—besides it is so lonely here when you cry this way."

Paul soon gently left his mother's side. His little curly head was filled with a new idea, and stealing softly into the next room he put on his warm woolly coat and hat, and cautiously opening the door he made his way through the deep snow without once looking back. His heart gave way once or twice, but he soon reached the house on the hill, and, summoning up all his courage, stood on his tip-toe, and reaching the large old-fashioned rapper on the door, he let it fall timidly. His heart went pit-a-pat when he heard a heavy step on the hall floor, and he almost wanted to hide; but the next moment, when the pleasant face of the old gardener made its appearance through a cautious opening, and wished our little hero a very merry Christmas, Paul soon brightened—but was startled by hearing a voice in the next room say:

"Who is that, James?"

"It's little Paul, sir."

Before Paul knew it, a strong arm lifted him up, and when a pair of lips met his with the greeting, "How is my boy to-day?" something seemed to stick in Paul's throat, and with a sob he hid his face on the arm that

held him and did not hear the kind voice add, "and this is Helen's child!"

It was some minutes before Paul could say anything, his heart was so full, and then when he thought of his mother whom he had left so sad at home, it gave him strength to say what he wished. When, in his childish way, he pleaded that his poor mama should be forgiven, and took the old gentleman by the hand as if to lead him to her, Mr. Lawrence gave way to his emotion and, kissing him again and again, wept like a child.

"And you will come and see mama?" Paul asked.

With a quiver on his lips he pressed the boy to him and answered with one word—"Yes."

* * * * * *

It was Christmas night. The large old country-house resounded with the merry echo of children's voices, and it seemed as if there never had been such a hubbub of mirth. Both Squire Barlow and his good old wife were radiant with smiles as they watched the happy children grouped around the log fire that was blazing high; and the stories that were told, and the conundruns that were given and guessed had no limit. There seemed to be no end of good things, and the cider that was drank, the many doughnuts that disappeared, and the jokes and hickory nuts that were cracked, will never be forgotten. In fact everybody in the village had found a way to the Squire's this night, and little Paul, who had come so far through the deep snow, and who sat by his mother's side, thought that he had never been so happy before. But never were children so completely mystified as by Mrs. Barlow's repeated and busy errands to the next room, and her cheerful face gave token that something was near at hand that would surprise everyone. When at length the great door swung open and disclosed the biggest Christmas tree that had ever been seen in Hazelton, it fairly made the eyes of the little ones dance in their heads.

"Not yet!" said the Squire, as they made an impatient movement towards the door, "wait until the older people come."

And then they tried to sit as still as they could, but it was tantalizing to watch the brilliant tree, so all they could do was to wonder what this and that was for, and wish for almost everything. Then mothers and fathers came, older sisters and big brothers, until at last the room was so full it could hold no more; and after the old Squire had bowed his head and offered up a blessing unto God for the very happy Christmas that had come to all, there was a moment of suspense, in the quietness of which *there came a knock!*

First it was a loud knock, and then it was a long, low thumping, and the oaken door so rattled in its frame, that it seemed as if Jack Frost had brought an army and was determined to come in.

No one moved. Finally the large door creaked on its hinges, and then suddenly appeared the jolliest face you could possibly think of.

"It's Santa Claus! it's Santa Claus!" cried every one. And sure enough it *was*. The funniest old man that was ever beheld, with the plumpest face, the merriest eyes, and with such a jolly smile and ring in his laugh, no one could doubt him; and when he emerged into the room, there was such a roar that even Squire Barlow was astonished. It was a real, true Santa Claus, they said: a great pack on his back, with its load of toys; and when he came to where the children were crouched in surprise, with little bells ringing at every step, and begun to shake hands with every one, and said something very funny to each, they were wild with excitement. Before Santa Claus could possibly have been aware of it, he was almost brought to the floor by the merry throng, so eager were they to examine every part of him. At length somebody had to interfere, or else, I think, the good natured gentleman

would have been pulled quite to pieces! But there was enough left of him, however, and motioning to everybody to sit down, he emptied his great sacks of toys, and, after making the funniest speech that had ever been heard, he took up one mysterious package after another, giving to each child in turn.

But, somehow or other, the old fellow had not figured right, for when he got to the place where little Paul and his mother were sitting, he suddenly stopped, and finding that he had not another thing to give, flung off the mask he wore, and when he said, "Will you take *me* for a present?" the tears came into every one's eyes, for there stood no Santa Claus after all—it was only Mr. Lawrence!

It was a meeting that everybody in the room had hoped for; and when Helen rushed into her father's arms with a cry of joy, the dropping of a pin could be heard, so silent it became. The first one to break it was the Squire, and all he could say was,

"God bless you, sir; this is the best gift of all!"

And when Mr. Lawrence stooped down and embraced little Paul and said, "Bless you for this, my child!" the boy was so overcome he did not know what to do.

After they reached home that night, and before Paul closed his eyes in sleep, he looked up into his mother's face and whispered,

"Mama, don't you think that was the very best Santa Claus you ever saw?"

SCRAPS OF COLOR.

October.

A leaf
Comes whirling down,
All red and gold and brown.

November.

The gloomy pools
Drink pattering drops,
And all day long reflect no sun.

December.

The air is white with ghosts of drops,
The silence deepens with the fall of flakes,
And sound is buried, with all color, out of sight.

C.



STROLLING MINSTRELS

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN ENGLAND.

"Raby Hall" was a square house, with two large low wings. The left wing contained the kitchen, pantry, scullery, bakehouse, brewhouse, etc.; and servants' bedrooms above. The right wing the stables, coach-houses, cattle-sheds, and several bed-rooms. The main building, the hall, the best bedrooms, and the double staircase, leading up to them in horse-shoe form from the hall; and, behind the hall, on the ground-floor, there was a morning-room, in which several of the Squire's small tenants were even now preparing for supper by drinking tea, and eating cakes made in rude imitation of the infant Saviour. On the right of the hall were the two drawing-rooms *en suite*, and on the left was the remarkable room into which the host now handed Miss Carden, and Mr. Coventry followed. This room had been, originally, the banqueting-hall. It was about twenty feet high, twenty-eight feet wide, and fifty feet long, and ended in an enormous bay window, that opened upon the lawn. It was entirely panelled with oak, carved by old Flemish workmen, and adorned here and there with bold devices. The oak, having grown old in a pure atmosphere, and in a district where wood and roots were generally burned in dining-rooms, had acquired a very rich and beautiful color, a pure and healthy reddish brown, with no tinge whatever of black: a mighty different hue from any you can find in Wardour street. Plaster ceiling there was none, and never had been. The original joists, and beams, and boards, were still there, only not quite so rudely fashioned as of old; for Mr. Raby's grandfather had caused them to be planed and varnished, and gilded a little in serpentine lines. The woodwork above gave nobility to the room, and its gilding, though worn, relieved the eye agreeably.

The farther end was used as a study, and one side of it graced with books, all handsomely bound: the other side, with a very beautiful organ that had an oval mirror in the midst of its gilt dummy-pipes. All this made a cozy nook in the grand room.

What might be called the dining-room part, though rich, was rather sombre, on ordinary occasions; but this night it was decorated gloriously. The materials were simple—wax-candles and holly; the effect was produced by a magnificent use of these materials. There were eighty candles, of the largest size sold in shops, and twelve wax pillars, five feet high, and the size of a man's calf; of these, four only were lighted at present. The holly was not in sprigs, but in enormous branches, that filled the eye with glistening green and red; and, in the embrasure of the front window stood a young holly-tree, entire, eighteen feet high, and gorgeous with five hundred branches of red berries. The tree had been dug up, and planted here in an enormous bucket, used for that purpose, and filled with fine mould.

Close behind this tree were placed two of the wax pillars, lighted, and their flame shone through the leaves and berries magically.

As Miss Carden entered, on Mr. Raby's arm, her eye swept the room with complacency, and settled on the holly-tree. At sight of that, she pinched Mr. Raby's arm, and cried, "Oh!" three times. Then, ignoring the dinner-table altogether, she pulled her host away to the tree, and stood before it, with clasped hands. "Oh, how beautiful!" Mr. Raby looked at the glowing cheek, and deep, sparkling, sapphire eye. "Come," said he; "after all, there's nothing here so beautiful as the young lady who now honors the place with her presence."

With this he handed her ceremoniously to a place at his right hand;

said a short grace, and sat down between his two guests. * * * *

At about eight o'clock a servant announced candles in the drawing-room.

Upon this Mr. Raby rose, and, without giving her any option on the matter, handed her to the door with obsolete deference.

In the drawing-room she found a harpsichord, a spinet, and a piano, all tuned expressly for her. This amused her, as she had never seen either of the two older instruments in her life. She played on them all three.

Mr. Raby had the doors thrown open to hear her.

She played some pretty little things from Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Schubert.

The gentlemen smoked and praised.

Then she found an old music-book, and played Handel's overture to *Otho*, and the minuet.

The gentlemen left off praising directly, and came silently into the room to hear the immortal melodist. But this is the rule in music; the lips praise the delicate gelatinous, the heart beats in silence at the mighty melodious.

Tea and coffee came directly afterwards, and, ere they were disposed of, a servant announced "The Wassailers."

"Well, let them come in," said Mr. Raby.

The school-children and young people of the village trooped in, and made their obeisances, and sang the Christmas Carol—

> God rest you, merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay.

Then one of the party produced an image of the Virgin and Child, and another offered comfits in a box: a third presented the wassail-cup, into which Raby immediately poured some silver, and Coventry followed his example. Grace fumbled for her purse, and, when she had found it, began to fumble in it for her silver.

But Raby lost all patience, and said, "There, I give this for the lady, and she'll pay me *next Christmas.*"

The wassailers departed, and the Squire went to say a kind word to his humbler guests. * * * * *

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Mr. Raby rejoined them, and they all went in to supper. There were candles lighted on the table, and a few here and there upon the walls; but the room was very sombre: and Mr. Raby informed them this was to remind them of the moral darkness in which the world lay before that great event they were about to celebrate.

He then helped each of them to a ladleful of frumety, remarking at the same time, with a grim smile, that they were not obliged to eat it; there would be a very different supper after midnight.

Then a black-letter Bible was brought him, and he read it all to himself at a side-table.

After an interval of silence so passed, there was a gentle tap at the bay window. Mr. Raby went and threw it open, and immediately a woman's voice, full, clear, and ringing, sang outside:

> The first Noel the angels did say,
> Was to three poor shepherds, in fields as they lay:
> In fields where they were keeping their sheep,
> On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
> *Chorus.* Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
> Born is the King of Israel.

The chorus also was sung outside.

During the chorus one of the doors opened, and Jael Dence came in by it: and the treble singer, who was the blacksmith's sister, came in at the window, and so the two women met in the room, and sang the second verse in sweetest harmony. These two did not sing like invalids, as their more refined sisters too often do; from their broad chests and healthy lungs, and noble throats, they poured out the harmony so clear and full, that every glass in the room rang like a harp, and a bolt of ice seemed to shoot down Grace Carden's back-bone; and, in the chorus, gentle George's bass was like a diapason.

> They looked up and saw a star
> That shone in the East beyond them far,

And unto the earth it gave a great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Chorus. Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

As the Noel proceeded, some came in at the window, others at the doors, and the lower part of the room began to fill with singers and auditors.

The Noel ended; there was a silence, during which the organ was opened, the bellows blown, and a number of servants and others came into the room with little lighted tapers, and stood, in a long row, awaiting a signal from the Squire.

He took out his watch, and finding it was close on twelve o'clock, directed the doors to be flung open, that he might hear the great clock in the hall strike the quarters.

There was a solemn hush of expectation, that made the heart of Grace Carden thrill with anticipation.

The clock struck the first quarter—dead silence; the second—the third—dead silence.

But, at the fourth, and with the first stroke of midnight, out burst the full organ and fifty voices, with the "Gloria in excelsis Deo;" and, as that divine hymn surged on, the lighters ran along the walls and lighted the eighty candles, and, for the first time, the twelve waxen pillars, so that, as the hymn concluded, the room was in a blaze, and it was Christmas Day.

Instantly an enormous punch-bowl was brought to the host. He put his lips to it, and said, "Friends, neighbors, I wish you all a merry Christmas." Then there was a cheer that made the whole house echo; and, by this time, the tears were running down Grace Carden's cheeks.

ANECDOTES OF THE KITCHEN.

Old English Living.

1

Come help me to raise
Loud songs of praise
Of good old English pleasures;
To the Christmas cheer
And the foaming beer,
And the buttery's solid treasures;

2

To the stout sirloin,
And the rich spiced wine,
And the boar's head grimly staring;
To the frumenty
And the hot mince pie,
Which all forks were for sharing.

3

To the holly and bay
In their green array,
Spread over the walls and dishes;
To the swinging sup
Of the wassail-cup,
With its toasted healths and wishes.
—*Old Christmas Song.*

—Lord Dudley was so fond of apple pie, that he could not dine comfortably without it. On one occasion at a grand dinner, he missed his favorite dish, and could not resist saying audibly, "God bless my soul! no apple pie!"

—Louis XI., of France, once took it into his head to visit the kitchen, and see what was going forward. He there found a little fellow, about fourteen years of age, busily engaged in turning the spit with roast meat. The youth was handsomely formed, and of so engaging an appearance, that the king thought him entitled to some better office than the humble one he then filled. Accosting him, Louis asked whence he came, who he was, and what he earned by his occupation. The turnspit did not know the king, and replied to his interrogatives without the least embarrassment. "I am from Berry, my name is Stephen, and I earn as much as the king." "What, then, does the king earn?" asked Louis. "His expenses," replied Stephen, "and I mine." By this bold and ingenious answer he won the good graces of the monarch, who afterwards promoted him to the situation of groom of the chamber.

—A young Greek who had the curiosity to visit Antony's kitchen

saw, among other things, eight wild boars roasting whole at the same time. Upon which he expressed surprise at the great number of guests that he supposed were to be at the supper. One of the officers could not forbear laughing, and told him that there were not so many as he imagined, and that there would not be above a dozen in all; but that it was necessary everything should be served in a degree of perfection, which every moment ceases and spoils. "For," added he, "it often happens that Antony will order his supper, and a moment after forbid it to be served, having entered into some conversation that diverts him. For that reason, not one but many suppers are provided, because it is hard to know at what time he will think fit to have it set on the table."

—Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon the Great, had invited a select party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two turbots of singular beauty arrived as presents to his eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve them both would have appeared ridiculous; but the cardinal was most anxious to have the credit of *both*. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*. "Be of good cheer, your eminence," was the reply; "both shall appear; both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served; one of the turbots relieved the soup, and delight was in every face. The *maitre d' hotel* advances; two attendants raise the turbot, and carry him off to cut him up. One of them loses his equilibrium; the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight, the assembled cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the conclave. Intense disappointment was expressed on every priestly face. "Bring another turbot," says the *maitre d' hotel* to the attendants, with the utmost coolness. And now intense delight took the place of disappointment on each cardinal's face; and the host was conscious of another laurel added to his gastronomic crown.

—*Origin of marking the king's dishes with the cooks' names.*—George II. was accustomed every other year to visit his German dominions with the greater part of the officers of his household, and especially those belonging to his kitchen. Once on his passage at sea his first cook was so ill with the sea-sickness, that he could not hold up his head to dress his majesty's dinner; this being told to the king, he was exceedingly sorry for it, as he was famous for making a Rhenish soup, which his majesty was very fond of; he therefore ordered inquiry to be made among the assistant cooks, if any of them could make the above soup. One named Weston, father of Tom Weston the player, undertook it; and so pleased the king, that he declared it was full as good as that made by the first cook.

Soon after the king's return to England, the first cook died; when the king was informed of it, he said that his steward of the household always appointed the cooks, but that now he would name one for himself, and therefore asking if one Weston was still in the kitchen, and being answered that he was, "That man," said he, "shall be my first cook, for he makes most excellent Rhenish soup." This favor begot envy among all the servants, so that when any dish was found fault with, they used to say it was Weston's dressing. The king took notice of this, and said to the servants it was very extraordinary that every dish he disliked should happen to be Weston's; "in future," said he, "let every dish be marked with the name of the cook that makes it."

By this means the king detected their arts, and from that time Weston's dishes pleased him most. The custom has continued ever since, and is still practised at the king's table.

A La Carte.—But you are hungry, and one comes to Paris to eat. This same quality shows itself here also. Grace in combinations of food is only the same law working in another of the senses—the palate. The awkwardness of other nations is seen nowhere more than in this. An American restaurant, however stylish, is unfascinating. The daily exchange of dinners at home for dinners there by our merchants is the greatest of social sacrifices, or would be but that Irish girls get up the house-dinners, who are as incapable of cooking as of Protestanism. English restaurants are as poor as American. But one looks forward to the dinner-hour here at these saloons, not with a mere hungry impulse, but with an expectation of enjoyment, as if going to listen to agreeable music; and yet the bill of fare may be limited to the proper priestly restraint.

In Paris you can live finely and cheaply at the same time. Breakfast is served from eleven to two at Palais Royal, so we will call it dinner, and enter one of these *cafés* again. Our last visit was at evening; this shall be in the more trying light of mid-day. How bright, high, airy, cheerful, and, above all, clean—how clean! —clean napkin, spotless white plates, white-aproned *garçons*—the first quality of a dinner is here. A little plate of butter and radishes is set before you, a bottle of wine, which you can change for a cup of tea, chocolate, or coffee (these latter are exquisite, which I cannot say of the wine); two dishes, such as beefsteak and potatoes, and ham and eggs; all the bread you can eat, a yard if you will (that's the form it takes here); with a desert of strawberries, cherries, or what you please, and all this for twenty-five cents, in a royal palace, if your democracy can endure that, even now the residence of Prince Jerome. That will do for cheapness. But if you will have a nice supper, at a lower rate, come to this "Cremerie Madeleine," close to the magnificent church at the corner of the Rue Royale and Faubourg St. Honore, one of the most aristocratic corners in the city, call for a bowl of *ris à la crême*, a most delicious dish of rice and milk, prepared how I know not, like a pudding, but not one,—price, four sous; tea or coffee or chocolate are served with it, each excellent, and a large bowl of each, for the same price, and bread and butter a sou each. As much as you can eat of the best you get for ten cents. More than once, with clergymen, physicians, and others, I have "gone the whole nine cents" in that satisfactory place and way.

If, however, you disdain these humble quarters, where fine-dressed gentlemen and blue-bloused gentlemen daily throng, let us go to the grand *cafés*. With some American friends, I dined at the first of these establishments, the Trois Fréres Provinçaux,—velvet chairs, velvet-covered bill of fare, everything "superb." We ordered roast beef, and it was an hour and a quarter before it was set upon the table. But it was a new revelation of the familiar idea of roast beef, and new creations require time. One of the party asked for a piece of lamb. They served up nothing short of a quarter. A dinner there easily costs ten, and even twenty dollars. But it is worth the money in the same sense that furs, gloves, jewelry, and many ornaments of parlor and dress are worth their price. A song of Jenny Lind is worth all it costs, and so may a dinner at the Trois Fréres Provinçaux.—*Bishop Haven.*

—The Highlanders of Scotland formerly carried their hospitality to as great an extent as the ancient Celtæ. It was their uniform practice to leave their doors open during the night, as well as the day, that any traveller might be able to avail himself of shelter and entertainment.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

THE SEASON.

The festival of the civilized world comes again after the sound of the footsteps of Centennial crowds have died away, and while the country, notwithstanding the silent fall of the white ballot, is still restless with doubt —comes calmly, peacefully, as came the winter night in Bethlehem when the kingdom of the Christ began. Its lesson, beside that of joy and peace, is to us of America, a reminding of the stability of this higher kingdom and the undying power of the Name that voice of prophet and apostle in the old centuries declared to be above all others. How the prophecy has been fulfilled so that, now and since, no Name has been and is so often spoken and written, one has only to think, to see fully. In strong trust in the over-ruling of power of this great Name as the nation's guide, let each home celebrate His birthday festival.

STOVES AND THEIR NAMES.

Nothing tends more to the growth of a society or association than a literature of its own, and the fact is recognized largely, as is proven by the immense numbers of special publications devoted to the interest of special trades, classes, and organizations. Of this nature is a pamphlet published by the National Association of Stove Manufacturers, of the United States: the contents of which consist in a list of the *names* of the different stoves, ranges, &c., made by the majority of manufacturers in the United States, and the number of times each name has been used. The American Stove has in the last twenty years or more, from an ungainly and awkward necessity, been growing towards an artistic and scientific piece of furniture. No wonder then that as each product of his foundry draws nearer and nearer perfection, the manufacturer should seek to identify each by a name.

Taken as a class the jewels have been found favorites with stove men for names; there are 23 stoves named Pearl, 19 Diamonds, 12 Emeralds, 10 Rubies, 8 Garnets, 1 Topaz. Strange to say the opal, the jewel whose red fire glowing through its translucency is its crowning merit, is used only once as a name. The word Jewel itself has been used nine times, and Gem, Brilliant, Coral and others of like tendency, are of frequent occurrence.

Some of the names are of the most unique and grotesque character. Fancy a stove called "Old Man and Wife"—there is such an one. "Alfalfo," is another peculiar name. There may be something appropriate to a stove in the name "Balloon," but the ordinary mortal fails to detect it. "Ben Franklin Centennial" is a product of a hundred years' search for a name. "Clear Grit" has fastened itself on to two stoves as a cognomen. There is one "Comet," a "Cook's Pet," "Two Dolly Vardens," and one "Greenback." Appropriate to the present season there is one "Happy New Year," and two "Merry Christmases." Three "Hopes," and one "High Flyer," five "Monkeys," a "Cushion," a "Genl. Lee," a "Grant" a "Scott" and a "Sherman;" eight "Stars," four "Suns," and two "Silver Moons;" a "Yours Truly," a "Vine and Ivy," an "Early Bird," one "Morning Star," and a "Shoofly;" and so the list goes on with such names as "Flash," "Flame," "Fire Prince," "Kitchen Queen," "Iron King," "Love Star," "Sirius," and scores of others, some peculiar, some appropriate, others wildly unsuggestive.

The compiling and presenting in ready form this vast number of names has been the work, carefully and completely done, of Mr. Josiah Jewett, secretary of the National Association.

A FEW GENTLE SWELLS.



THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

PRIMITIVE AND MODERN PRINTING.

As far back as the antiquities of these strange races will permit investigation, the Chinese, Japanese and Tartars have practised printing in one simple way, namely, from engraved blocks. And to this day there are to be found here and there in these countries an artisan who still uses the same method, notwithstanding that movable types are employed extensively there. The method is to paste the page prepared by the pen on tracing paper, face down, upon a block of hard wood. The engraver then cuts away the portions of the wood and paper not covered with the characters, leaving these in relief. The printer with two fine soft brushes in the right hand, blackens the whole surface of the block with the ink in one, and laying on the paper smooths it gently down with the other, which is dry, and thus obtains an impression from the raised parts alone. Each impression consists of two pages divided by a line down the middle. The vast difference between the clumsy appearance of this style of printing and that in operation on this side of the world is something wonderful. Take for instance the neat and elegant productions of the printing office of Young, Lockwood & Co., in this city. Here every modern facility for speed, correctness and artistic printing is used, a first-class bindery is attached, and every class of work is turned out at best rates and in superior style.

MESSRS. SCHLUND & DOLL CALL ATTENTION TO THEIR LARGE AND ELEGANT STOCK OF FURNITURE FOR THE HOLIDAYS. THE LIST COMPRISES A LONG LINE OF ARTICLES FROM THE LIGHTEST AND MOST DELICATE TO THE HEAVY, SUBSTANTIAL AND HANDSOME PIECES AND SETS. WRITING TABLES AND WORK TABLES THEY HAVE IN ALL VARIETIES OF WOOD, ELABORATION AND PRICE. EASELS AND FANCY CHAIRS, FLOWER STANDS, CARD TABLES, OTTOMANS, SMOKING CHAIRS, CHILDREN'S CHAIRS AND TABLES, FOOT RESTS, AND A NUMBERLESS VARIETY OF OTHER PIECES OF FURNITURE OF THE BEST MANUFACTURE AND AT LOW PRICES.

TILE.

—The ancients used tiles very extensively for pavements and wall and other decorations, and they are constantly found in the process of excavating the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh.

—That King Ahasuerus the great Xerxes used decorative tile pavement is shown by verse 6 of the 1st chapter of Esther.

—The English people of the 18th century taught their children Scripture lessons by having mantels set with Scripture picture tiles.

—The tile wave after inundating England for many years, has finally swept across to this country, and New York, Chicago and Eastern cities begin to use it extensively.

— Buffalo has begun. Here, for instance, are some notes of tile that has been or is to be furnished here by Mr. D. B. McNish, 304 Main st., agent for the great works of Minton & Co., at Stoke-upon-Trent, England:

—The new hotel in process of erection by Dr. Pierce is to be elaborately decorated with tile, which is being imported under Mr. McNish's direction especially for it.

—A North street house has a mantel in the nursery set entirely with tile illustrating Æsop's Fables, Grim's Fairy Tales and other picture tile—an idea taken from the English of the last century and an excellent one.

— Quite a number of sets of furniture have been made recently, inlaid with tile ordered of McNish, for fashionable houses here.

WINTER WALKS.

There is perhaps no time in the year when a good-fitting shoe is more comfortable and necessary than during winter weather. The cold gnaws and lacerates any point of the foot which, by reason of an ill-fit, rubs against the leather. The fine hand-made boots and shoes manufactured by L. Boyden & Co. are consequently the goods to buy for winter wear. The lasts used by this house are made according to a new and improved method conforming strictly to the shape of the foot. Mr. James H. Jewett, 406 and 274 Main street, has a fine and extensive stock of Boydens suitable to the season.

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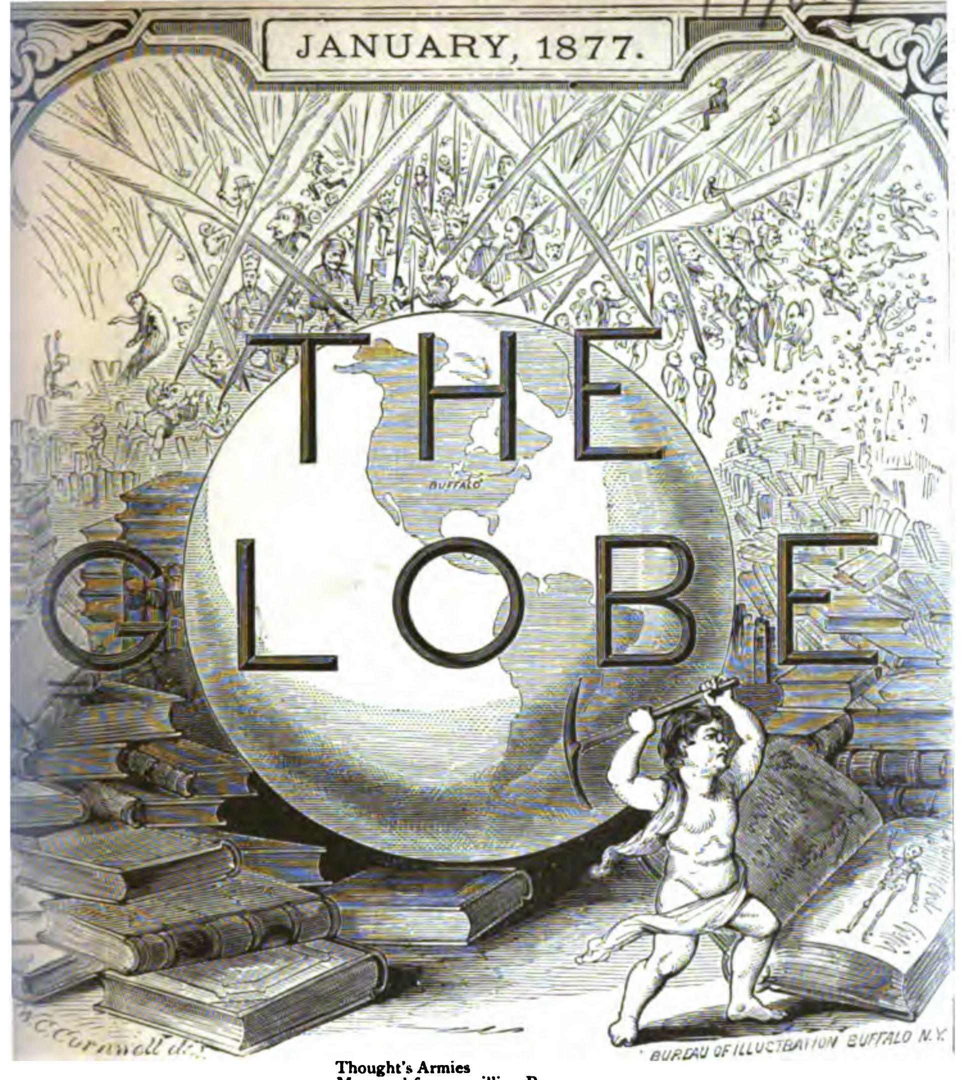
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Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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THE GLOBE.

VOL. IV.] JANUARY, 1877. [No. 9.

A COPY OF A GREAT MASTER.*

There's a winsome, lovesome lady, she's so dearer than the dearest !
And in me her trust's the trustiest, yes, and her clear faith's the clearest !
And her eyes with love grow radiant, like the brightest, purest lustre
Of the grandest stars and planets which in heaven at midnight cluster—
Stars that shine through mighty spaces with a never-changing beauty !
Then her soul's sweet influence—magnet of my own soul's highest duty !
And this lady says : " Beloved, I love you with a love that's boundless ;
Dead the grace of all things lovely, and my heart's life's music soundless,
If you loved me not !" And I, who (ah, the joyous thought !) can never
Even dream my love can falter, or be less supreme forever—
I believe with faith fast grounded, when this mortal life is over,
In the soul's life everlasting I shall still remain her lover !

ARTHUR W. AUSTIN.

*See the Serenade Song, Act I, Scene iii, in "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," by Robert Browning.

NOTES OF RAMBLES IN THE ORIENT.

I. THE SITE OF ANCIENT TROY.

On Tuesday, the 19th of October, 1869, I consigned my trunk to the care of the American Consul at Smyrna, Mr. Smithers, and with my knapsack for my outfit, I took passage on the Egyptian steamer *Minieh*, and at 5 p. m. started from Constantinople for the Dardanelles, *en route* for the Troad. The evening proved to be of the finest. The moon was *nearly* at her full, and although the steamer was not of the first-class, our ride through the Marmora was delightful.

There were on board several Mussulmans, accompanied by their Mussul-women, bound on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Mussul-*women* were screened from our observation, on a particular part of the deck set apart to their use. The Mussulmans were quite extended in their devotions and almost incessant in their patronage of the Indian weed. Lounging at full length on their rugs, smoking almost constantly, and chattering indolently, they presented a picture of perfect Oriental repose. They seemed fretted by no cares, agitated by no anxieties, the passive victims of fortune or of fate, as the case might be. "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet," into the lanquid utterance of that one phrase they seemed to crowd their whole philosophy of life, and all their practiced exertions. Their apathy was disturbed by no passing event, and by no foreboding outlook into the future. A type this, I thought, of the lassitude and vacancy of the whole Eastern world. The harem of one of these Mohammedans was superintended by a tall, powerfully built eunuch, one of the blackest and ugliest looking negroes I ever set eyes on. He was moving around with some briskness, whilst his master and friends seemed to be in a semi-oblivious condition. Our course from Constantinople to Gallipoli, situated at the entrance of the Strait of the Dardanelles, (the ancient Hellespont,) was southwesterly. The distance between Constantinople and Gallipoli is estimated at 108 miles, which is also nearly the length of the Sea of Marmora. A few miles to the south of Constantinople we passed, on our left, the beautiful and salubrious group of islands known as "the Prince's Islands." Towards the extreme southeastern end of the Sea, we passed the considerable island that takes its name from the Sea, in which are found those fine quarries of white Marmora marble, with which the Capital of the Sultan is enriching its architecture. Besides the objects now named, a voyage through the Propontis presents but little to excite interest or call for remark.

Gallipoli, at the entrance of the Strait of the Dardanelles, is a town of some 20,000 inhabitants, and is noted as being the first European town that fell into the hands of the Osmanlis, 1357, almost a century before the capture by them of Constantinople. The Strait here is some five miles in width, and from this point it runs, with varying breadth, in a direction nearly southwest some forty miles, where it discharges its strong current into the Ægean Sea. About twenty-five miles below Gallipoli, the stream narrows up to a mile and three quarters, and is guarded by two castles, one on the European and the other on the Asiatic shore. They are known as "the Castles of the Dardanelles." Here, on a flat point of land on the Asiatic side, is the *town* of Dardanelles, having a population of 8 or 10,000, and at this town we landed to make arrangements for visiting the plain of Troy. It has been generally stated that it was at or near this part of the Hellespont that

Xerxes constructed his pontoon bridges, the first of which was swept away by the combined force of the current and winds, and on the second of which he crossed his immense army for the invasion of Greece. But the locality of this memorable event is now placed, by good judges, at a point four or five miles further north. At the same point, the avenging army of Alexander, under Parmenio, afterwards effected its landing on the shores of Asia. Here, too, is laid the romantic and tragic story of the loves and fates of Leander and Hero. And here Lord Byron achieved the feat of swimming from shore to shore, not for love's sake, but for fame's.

At about 9 a. m., Oct. 20, we landed at the Dardanelles, to negotiate the means of being taken through the remaining portion of the Strait, some fifteen miles, to the scene of the Iliad. I bore a letter from Sepher Pasha, of Constantinople, to a Mr. Morianske, Superintendent of the fare du Maratime at the Dardanelles. As it was written either in Polish or in Arabic MS., I did not pry into its contents. The purport of it was doubtless, a request that Mr. Morianske should facilitate my arrangements for getting on to the immediate point of my destination. This gentleman probably thought that he had discharged the full weight of his obligation when he had taken me, as he did, to the office of the American Consulate, and delivered me, body and baggage, into the hands of the American Consul, Mr. Frank Calvert.

I am happy to say that Mr. Calvert, though a government official, manifested a practical sympathy with the pilgrim who had been thus thrown upon his hospitality under stress of perplexity. Mr. Calvert, I found, was perfectly familiar with the Trojan Plain. He had purchased of the Turkish government the privilege of excavating at the hill of Hissarlik, and had already commenced those important excavations that have since led to such gratifying discoveries under the joint labors of himself and Dr. Schliemann. Of this last named gentleman and his work at Troy, I shall have occasion to say something more in the sequel. But let us now get on with our narrative.

The Consul sent for a man of the name of Spero, a native of Malta, but of Greek parentage, and fluent in the use of the Greek language; and after considerable parleying arranged with him to take Mr. Mason and myself in a small boat to the Plain of Troy, and thence to the island of Tenedos, where we were to get passage in a Russian steamer that would touch at that island on its way from Constantinople to Smyrna, the following Friday. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before we got off from Dardanelles. Our little open boat carried some sail, but as the wind was almost directly ahead, we were rowed the entire distance, two extra men being engaged for that purpose. We hugged the European shore till we were nearly opposite the point where we were to land, then shot across to the Asiatic coast, our canvas helping a little at this quarter. With a little extra exertion we might have reached our destination at a more seasonable hour, but extra exertion is not a quality to be expected in the longitude of Ilium. It was therefore 8 o'clock in the evening before we effected our landing at *Kum-Kale.*

And here let us get our geographical emplacement before proceeding further. Take a map of the Eastern Archipelago, the Ægean Sea, the general Asiatic shore-line of which is nearly north and south; look at the north-eastern corner of Mysia, a few miles north of the Island of Tenedos, and you will find that shore-line suddenly trending almost due east for four or five miles, just at the mouth of the Hellespont. Here is a kind of bay, lying between the two promontories of Sigæum on the west, and Rhæteum on the east, separated from each other by a low, flat plain of sand. Near

the western extremity of this stretch of sand is situated the castle that bears the name of *Kum-Kale*, *i. e.*, Sand Castle. A little to the east of this fort, within the bay, we landed, and drew our boat up on the sand, just as the Greeks are represented as having drawn up their boats on the sandy shore during the Trojan war. We saw, at once, that the whole Greek fleet could be thus stranded along that sand beach, stretching in unbroken continuity for at least three miles. And I may as well state right here, that I afterwards examined as critically as I was able, the whole shoreline of the Ægean from the promontory of Sigæum southward as far as Alexander Troas, with reference to the problem of the landing place of the Grecian fleet. And so far as I could discover there is no spot along that coast answering to the conditions of the narrative of Homer. Nowhere, except in the bay near Kum-Kale, is there a stretch of sand beach, where the landing of the Argives could have been effected. Almost the whole shore from Sigæum southward is a bold, rocky bluff, with only here and there an entrance for single craft.

Now the primary element of the problem of Homer's topography of the Iliad is just this, the finding of a sandy shore, bounding some portion of the Trojan plain, large enough to receive that whole fleet catalogued in the second book of the poem. Such accommodations are found at the bay between Rhæteum and Sigæum, and are found nowhere else along that whole coast, and therefore we are shut up to this one spot as the landing-place of the Greeks. I have dwelt on this point, because the settling of it simplifies, amazingly, all the other elements entering into the question of the Homeric topography. For example, the relations of the Greek encampment by their ships to the city of Ilium are represented, not as relations of objects *remote* from each other, but of objects somewhat near together. And if it be settled that the disembarkation of the Greeks took place at or near Kum-Kale then we must look for Ilium somewhere within four or five miles of that point. That city cannot possibly have been where some authorities place it, viz., at *Bournabashi*, some ten or twelve miles from Kum-Kale.

Moreover, it will be remembered that the poet represents the ships of Ajax as being drawn up at one extremity of the space occupied by the whole fleet of the Greeks, and the ships of Achilles as being drawn up at the other extremity, and that the stentorian voices of these two heroes could be heard, each, at the middle point of the line. It hardly requires any allowance for poetic exaggeration to see how these conditions are fulfilled in the site now before us. To one on the spot it seems as if the poet's representation was made with reference to the very topography under view. And it may be added that near the western extremity of this sand-beach, on an elevation, stands the ancient tomb of Achilles, and hard by the tomb of his friend Patroclus, whilst near the eastern extremity, on another elevation, stands the equally ancient tomb of Ajax. These tombs stood where they are now seen as early certainly as the time of Alexander the Great, and they may be accepted as the emphatically pronounced judgment of the ancient world as to the identity of this bay and beach with the bay and beach where Homer landed the Grecian host on the shores of Asia. For myself I can say, I have not one lingering doubt on the subject. I feel sure that on that strip of sand stretching along the bay between the Rhætean and the Sigæan promontories, the Greeks had their encampment during the long and weary years of the Trojan war. And from that encampment the warriors could, at any time of leisure, in a few minutes, pass around the promontory of Sigæum, and saunter along the high, bold shore-wall running miles southward; and looking

out westward upon the waters and islands of the Grecian Archipelago, feed or allay their home sickness. Doubtless they did wander here, and took in the sea-view that seemed so glorious to me on the 20th of October, 1869, and thought longingly of the wives and children waiting their return over the water. More than one passage in Homer takes its point and fitness from the very outlook here furnished. I believe this outlook was common to his Greeks and myself.

A little to the east of the promontory of Sigæum and the Castle of Kum-Kale, a considerable stream discharges itself into the bay, coming down in a north-westerly course from the spurs of *Mt. Ida.* The breadth of this river varies, probably, in different years, and in different seasons of the same year. Dr. Clarke, the celebrated traveller, in the early part of this century, crossed it, on a wooden bridge, near Kum-Kale, and ascertained its breadth at that point to be about 130 yards. I crossed the stream some two miles from its mouth, and crossed it after a long season of severe drought, and I judged it to be some four or five rods in width, with a depth of some 18 or 20 inches. We hailed a man with a horse on the opposite side, and got the loan of his animal to ford us over. The river was running with considerable force of current. When we returned to the coast, we again crossed it some miles further up, and this time we were carried over it separately on the shoulders of an athletic Greek, whom we impressed for this service with the aid of backshish. The breadth and depth of the stream there were about the same as at our lower passage.

The river of which we are speaking is *the* stream of the Trojan plain, the one, therefore, to which the most frequent allusion would naturally be made in the account of actions taking place in that plain. It goes now under the name of *the Mendere.* And there can be no doubt that it is to be indentified with "the Divine Seamander" of the Iliad—the Seamander flowing down from the Mount Ida, "the angry Seamander" with whose fury Achilles is represented as contending during his phrenzy over the death of Patroclus. This river divides the plain through which it passes into two not very unequal parts. And that plain is not one of insignificant dimensions. Having passed through it in two directions, and taken the measure of it as well as we could with the eye, my companion and myself estimated that it contains not less certainly than 50 square miles, furnishing room enough for all those military manœuvres of which Homer gives so lively a description.

And then the *character* of the plain is quite in keeping with the indications of the Iliad. In a few places, near the Mendere, on the Grecian, or seaward side, it is somewhat marshy and treacherous, a feature that we should expect to find from some passages here and there in the poem. But for the most part the plain is gravelly, hard, smooth, and level, over which the war-chariots could be driven with ease and speed. In short, the whole plain answers, in all respects, to the representations of Homer. And there is no other plain anywhere along this coast answering to these representations. We may therefore be sure that when we are on the banks of the Mendere we are on the spot where the ancient poet lays the scene of the immortal Iliad.

An agreeable surprise awaits the visitor to this plain, the surprise of finding proof, on the spot, of the minute accuracy of the Homeric topography, and of feeling that that topography must have been drawn, not from hearsay, but from actual observation. The pilgrim to the Troad will be convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the scene of hill, and plain, and coast, and sea, and island, on which he gazes to-day, was looked upon 3000 years ago by the author of the Iliad. If "the old bard of Scio's rocky isle" ever became "blind," it

was *after he had been here*, and had verified the topography of his mighty verse by *ocular proof*. "Old Homer was right here, with his intelligent eye wide open," the traveler will enthusiastically exclaim. "I *know* that this vision is common to him and to me."

Let me give one proof of the actual presence of the author of the Iliad on this scene. Mr. Kinglake has given it in one of the chapters of "Eothen." According to Homer the watch-tower of Neptune was the island of *Samothrace*. From that watch-tower he is represented as looking down angrily on the Greeks building their wall of defence against the Trojans without offering to him the customary hecatombs, and for which impiety he threatens destruction to the wall. Now, looking at the map, we say, Homer was hugely at fault in his topography in this instance. We have caught him napping. Evidently he borrowed his scenery from a foreign and untrustworthy source. He must have written this from fancy or hearsay, and so has committed a palpable blunder. For see, the island of *Imbros* lies right athwart the line of vision between *Samothrace* and the plain, and the former island is much larger than the latter. No one who knew the relation of these three objects would place the Mizpeh of the Sea-god on the further and smaller island, completely shut out from the Troad by the intervening larger one. So we pronounce from the information furnished by the maps, and Homeric writ is at a discount.

But how quickly are the tables turned in favor of the old bard's authenticity in material things, the moment one stands in the plain of Troy. Out yonder, to the north-west, lies the island of *Imbros*, in size and position as the map has given it; but beyond it, in the same direction, standing out clear and distinct against the sky, appears the lofty eminence of Samothrace, towering *above* Mt. Imbros, the fitting seat of the god of the Trident. The map is all right, and Homer is right also.

After passing through the plain for some distance on the east of the Seamander, (Mendere), we crossed the bed of a winter-torrent running, some ways below into the Mendere, and which we think there is considerable reason for identifying with the *Simois* of the Iliad.

Not long after passing this stream we came to the hill of *Hissarlik*, the place where New Ilium, the Ilium of the time of Alexander, stood; the place where many hold that the Troy of Homer stood; a spot around which a fresh interest has gathered by reason of recent excavations and discoveries. I may say that at the time I was there, I felt a satisfactory conviction that Hissarlik is the veritable site of the city of old Priam, that this is the very hill around which Homer represents infuriated Achilles as chasing the brave and noble Hector.

What, now, are some of the claims of this spot to be considered as the site of the ancient Troy?

First, its relations to the *plain* of Troy. Its distance, (four or five miles) from the landing-place and encampment of the Greeks, accords well with the representations made in the Iliad; much better than the far more distant Bournabashi. Moreover, it is *accessible* from the plain, as every battle scene of the poem represents Troy to have been. Bournabashi is approached with difficulty, being closly shut in by spurs from Mt. Ida. To one standing on the hill of Hissarlik, the whole plain of Troy appears spread out on the north and west down to the Hellespont and the Ægean, and he feels convinced that *there* must have been the scene of the ten years' struggle between Greek and Trojan. In the Iliad a conspicuous mound is spoken of as being in the plain at some distance in front of the city, around which some of the sternest combats took place. Such a mound stands to-day in the plain, in front of Hissarlik, answering exactly

to the description. In short, all the topographical details given us in the Iliad seem to find their counterpart in the topographical details connected with the hill of Hissarlik.

Secondly, the discoveries made here by the explorations of Dr. Schleimann, if reliably reported, place the claims of Hissarlik to be the site of ancient Troy beyond dispute. Are these discoveries genuine?

They had been commenced before my visit to the Troad, and had, even then, revealed evidences of an ancient and extensive city. They have, since then, been pushed to a much greater extent. And if we may credit the reports given us of this enterprise, the very palace of Priam has been uncovered, the very tower by the wall, or on the wall, where the old counsellors sat deliberating in the gravest moments of the war, has been laid bare. Have we, in the character of the explorer, those elements of sobriety and intelligence that warrant trust in his conclusions?

Dr. Schliemann is the principal explorer. Associated with him is Mr. Frank Calvert, American Consul at the Dardanelles. Mr. Calvert has been, for many years, a resident at the Dardanelles, and is intimately acquainted with the whole region of the Troad. His opinions are in full accord with those of Dr. Schliemann as to the identity of Hissarlik with the site of old Troy. The excavations there have been conducted, in part, under his supervision. It was in company with one of his employes, an English-speaking Greek, that I made my excursion to the spot.

Dr. Schliemann I met at Athens in the spring of 1870. He was then on his way to the Troad for the second or third time. And it is since his fortunate encounter with me that he has published the discoveries by which his name has been rendered famous. I found him a remarkably intelligent gentleman, the master of *sixteen* living languages. He was full of a generous enthusiasm for the enterprise in which he was engaged, but at the same time he seemed to be in possession of a sober judgment. From what I saw of the man I am prepared to place a good deal of trust in his statements. He has a European reputation to sustain, which I am sure he would not endanger by off-hand opinions, certainly not by false reports of his findings. And if he has found what he catalogues over his own signature, and specimens of which he has conveyed to Athens, then is the question of the site of Homer's Ilium no longer problematical. That site has been identified beyond reasonable doubt. For myself, the question was settled satisfactorily seven years ago, long before the corroborating proofs of Dr. Schliemann's explorations were produced. When I was standing on the hill of Hissarlik, I felt sure that I was standing on the site of the city, the memorable siege of which by Agamemnon and the Greeks gave birth to the splendors of the Iliad.

NOTE.—The newly awakened interest in Troy will lead, doubtless, to a fresh reading of the Iliad in the original. Very opportunely the *Harpers* have published a small but excellent Homeric Dictionary, by Doctor George Autenrieth. V. R. H.

MY NEIGHBOR.

Webster defines the term as one who lives near—one who lives in familiarity with me—also, a fellow-being —one of the human race—*any* one who needs our help.

And this last definition is by far the best and most comprehensive of all—upon its meaning rests the command, "Love thy neighbor as thy self."

But let us for a moment consider the more narrow acceptation of the term—*one who lives near*.

I think perhaps we *all* fall far short

of our best privileges and possible enjoyment, in lightly or carelessly regarding those who chance to live near us.

In this country, where avenues of business and trade are open to all, we find rich and poor, the millionaire and the day-laborer, living often side by side, and quite as often utterly ignorant of the wants and needs of each other's life.

Perhaps the rich man verily hungers for the real sympathy and kindly feeling that the poor man could give with a hearty, cordial hand-clasp; and the man of toil would find *his* burdens far lighter, could he feel assured that his neighbor in the grand mansion over the way, looked up to and respected the moral heroism with which he took up the battle for bread.

It does not pay to plume one's-self on the accidents of wealth or position, for they *are* accidents, and one never knows how soon some unlucky turn may put Crœsus down, and lift Lazarus up.

I think women by far more narrow and ungenerous in this question of social equality than men.

Mr. A., although the possessor of broad acres, and flowing coffers, meets Mr. B., who works hard six days out of seven to feed and clothe wife and little ones, with a bluff—"Good morning—fine day—all well?"

But Mrs. A., fluttering her feathers and laces, trailing her purple and fine linen, looks down upon, or is altogether unconscious of, poor little Mrs. B., who in her plain print and snowy frill, seems to sink into utter insignificance in the presence of so much outward magnificence and grandeur; and she looks with envy upon her seemingly more fortunate neighbor, and wonders how it *would* seem to wear a real silk gown.

But to the one sleep comes sweetly as a balm to weary eyelids—while the other perhaps tosses restlessly upon her bed of down, and listens to the clock ticking away the slow-dragging hours, worried and harassed almost beyond endurance, by the multiplicity of her vexations and cares, and the daily demands on her time and energies made by that great Moloch—fashionable life.

Look over any community, your own for instance, how many families there, have even a calling acquaintance. Sometimes sickness and even *death* enters a home scarcely three doors away, and we know nothing of it, until we see the badge of mourning or hear the tolling bell.

I hold it semi-barbarous that we should live such miserable, unsocial lives; that we do not know whether the people in our immediate neighborhood are living or dying.

But, says somebody, one *must* be exclusive—one must be careful with whom one associates. That is quite true, but see to it, that when weighed in the balance, a *feather* of sound sense and good morals will not turn the beam against your friends. Neighborly kindness, Christian love and charity, never soil any one's escutcheon; and to be utterly exclusive while one is in good health, and in the possession of all the comforts, perhaps luxuries, of life, will not help one in the hour of extremity, nor alleviate one atom of the suffering or sickness or sorrow that certainly some time must come to all of us.

In seeking to make our neighbors better and happier, our own burdens will be lightened and made easy.

"My neighbor," in another sense, is *anyone* who needs help—anyone that is weary and heavy-laden—anyone that is in sorrow and affliction—anyone with an aching head or breaking heart—any and all these are our neighbors in Christ's definition.

So our duty is plainly set before us. Every man and woman, every boy and girl has neighbors of this kind—has those with whom he may rejoice or weep—and the Saviour of all men has promised the reward, for He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

ANECDOTES OF THE KITCHEN.

II.

—The Emperor Claudius had generally 600 guests at his table.

—Antony gave a supper to Cleopatra; that princess praised the delicacy of the feast, and immediately her lover called for the cook, and presented him with a city, in recompense.

—Both the Syrians and Egyptians abstained from eating fish, out of dread and abhorrence; and when the latter would represent anything as odious, or express hatred, by hieroglyphics, they painted a *fish*.

—Vitellius did not spend less than $16,000 for each of his repasts, and the composition of his favorite dishes required that vessels should unceasingly ply between the Gulf of Venice and the Straits of Cadiz.

—The Shepherds of Egypt had a singular manner of cooking eggs without the aid of fire: they placed them in a sling, which they turned so rapidly that the friction of the air heated them to the exact point required for use.

—In Rome and in Greece, new-laid eggs were served at the beginning of a repast, and the Roman gourmets asserted that to maintain oneself in health, "it was necessary to remain at table from the egg to the apple." We have adopted the half of that proverb, and we say, this story must be taken up *ab ovo*.

—In the middle-ages, the cook of a house of any note always seated himself in a high arm-chair to give his orders: he held a long wooden spoon in his hand, with which he tasted, without quitting his place, the various dishes that were cooking on the stoves and in the saucepans, and which served him also as a weapon with which to chastise the idle and gluttonous.

—A favorite winter dish in Aberdeen, Scotland, and also in Limerick, Ireland, is "boiled haddocks," or "stappit heads;" the heads being filled with a mixture of oatmeal, onions, and pepper, served with drawn butter.

There is a tradition in Catholic countries that the *haddock* was the fish out of whose mouth the Apostle took the tribute money; and that the two dark spots near its gills, preserve to this day the impression of his thumb and finger.

—At Kidlington, in Oxfordshire, the custom is, that on Monday after Whitsun-week, there is a fat, live lamb provided, and the maids of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, run after it, and she that with her mouth takes and holds the lamb is declared *Lady of the Lamb*, which, being dressed, with the skin hanging on, is carried on a long pole before the Lady and her companions to the Green, attended with music, and a morisco dance of men and another of women, when the rest of the day is spent in dancing, mirth, and merry glee. The next day the lamb is part baked, boiled, and roast, for the Lady's feast, where she sits majestically at the upper end of the table, and her companions with her, with music and other attendants, which ends the solemnity.

—* * When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a *covered* dish,—something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the whole table was covered with juvenile *crabs*, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar, just as the company sat down,—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sports of the infant crabs was soon checked, by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel, without ceremony. Determined to do as the

Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with one—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old.

—The inhabitants of Praeneste raised the hazel-nut tree to a sort of religious worship. This tree had preserved them from famine during the time Hannibal besieged their city, and since that memorable epoch it had enriched them, for the ancients preferred hazel nuts to all other shell fruit, as possessing most wholesome and nourishing qualities.

It was the custom in France, some centuries ago, at the time of the summer solstice (Midsummer eve), to take all the kitchen utensils and make the most frightful clatter by knocking them one against another. The simpletons of those times imagined that there were no better means of preventing the rain, which, in their opinion, was detrimental to filberts and hazel nuts.

—There is a legend which assigns the first act of oyster-eating to a very natural cause. "A man, walking one day, picked up one of these savory bivalves, just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shell, he insinuated his finger between them, that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth;—the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster-juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in Elia's essay, having burnt *his* finger, first tasted cracklin. The savor was delicious—he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banqueted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster eating into fashion. And, unlike most fashions, it has never gone, and is never likely to go out.

—The Egyptians, whose ideas were sometimes most eccentric, imagined that it was sufficient to feed children with lentils to enlighten their minds, open their hearts, and render them cheerful. It is hardly necessary to observe that this plant was well known to the Hebrews. The red pottage of lentils for which Esau sold his birthright, the present of Shobi to David, the victory of Shammah in the field of lentils, and, lastly, the bread of Ezekiel, sufficiently prove that the Jews numbered this vegetable as one in ordinary use among them.

The Romans had not the same esteem for it. According to them, the moisture in lentils could only cause heaviness of mind, and render men reserved, indolent, and lazy.

And to give the finish to the ill-fame which this unfortunate plant had acquired, it was placed among the funereal and ill-omened foods. Thus Marcus Crassus, waging war against the Parthians was convinced that his army would be defeated, because his corn was exhausted, and his men were obliged to have recourse to lentils.

—The king of Bithynia, Nicomedes, was taken with a strange, invincible, and imperious longing which admitted of no delay; he ordered his cook, Soterides, to be sent for, and commanded him instantly to prepare a dish of loaches. "Loaches, Sire!" cried the skillful, yet terrified cook; "by all the gods, protectors of the kingdom, where can I procure these fish at this late hour of the night?" Kings ill brook resistance to their will. Nicomedes was not celebrated for patience when pressed by hunger. "Give me loaches, I say," replied he, with a hollow and terrible voice; "or else—" and his fearful pantomimic expression made the unfortunate cook understand too well that he must obey or immediately deliver up his head to the provost of the palace. The alternative was embarrassing; nevertheless, Soterides thought how to get out of the scrape. He shut himself up in his laboratory, peeled some long

radishes, and with extraordinary address gave them the form of the fatal fish, seasoning them with oil, salt, pepper, and doubtless several other ingredients, the secret of which the illustrious *chef* has not handed down to posterity. Then, holding in his hand a dish of irreproachable-looking fried fish, he boldly presented himself before the prince, who was walking up and down with hasty strides awaiting his arrival. The king of the Bithynians ate up the whole, and the next day he condescended to inform his court that he never had loaches served he so much liked.

—The Forbes of Culloden had a hogshead on tap near the hall door, for the use of all comers, and it is said "there was as much wine spilt there as would content a moderate family."

That such profusion was sometimes followed by a corresponding scarcity, may well be imagined; and this undoubtedly gave rise to a practice which existed in the clan Armstrong. The chief's lady, whenever her larder needed replenishing, served up on a huge dish before the hungry company of retainers, a *pair of clean spurs*, as suggestive of their duty.

After the last rites at the funeral of a Highland chief had been performed, one hundred black cattle and two hundred sheep were killed for the entertainment of the company. The feast must necessarily have been great where nearly the whole clan had attended, besides the neighboring gentlemen, attendance being often given as a mark of respect. The dinners were often in the churchyard. In England they were sometimes in the church itself.

At these funeral feasts, the nearest of kin presided at the ceremonial, and etiquette usually obliged even the widow to lead the festivities, however painful her loss.

At Highland entertainments, the chief sat at the upper end of the table, and the chieftains and principal men of the clan were ranged on each side, in order of precedence, the commons being at the lower end. The best dishes were, of course, served to those who occupied the honorable end. On one occasion, an ancient lord of the MacDonalds had, by some mistake, been prevented from taking his place at the head of the table, which occasioned several remarks among the guests. On being told what engaged their attention, he exclaimed aloud, "Know, gentlemen, that where MacDonald sits, *that* is the head of the table."

THE FIRST SONG.

From Deity's hand
    There fell a world;
By Deity's thought
    Through Silence hurled:

It was grand! And yet,
    It sped away,—
Through the yielding light,—
    A voiceless day:

But a God-sent bird,
    That flew along,
In amazement, found
    Itself a song.

W. ALFRED GAY.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

HAMILTON'S ETCHING.

The poem of country life at the old farm homestead, which forms the frontispiece of this number, is a picture which the lover of art–and nature–will find well worthy of perusal, and from which he will reap much enjoyment. The skillful hand that delineated this quiet picturesque scene is equally at home with the wonderful glories of sky and forest and mountain in the grand cañons of Colorado, as well as with the tamer beauties of nearer States. The fruits of his persevering industry adorn the walls of many homes in Buffalo and elsewhere, and we look to him as one of the painters, thoroughly American, who shall give the American school a name on the face of the earth In the etching here presented our readers have in their possession what is next in value to one of Hamilton's oil paintings. It is as near as printed art can be, the touch of the artist's own hand, and as such will be prized and preserved by the friends of the young artist and by the friends of Art itself. Etchings are every day becoming more popular in this country, because the people are learning more and more of what true Art is. In calling attention to the fact that THE GLOBE is the only magazine in America that publishes them, it is made apparent that America is far behind England and other foreign countries in her appreciation of Art works.

A HABIT WORTH CULTIVATING.

One of the great and constantly recurring problems in our intercourse with our fellow-men is to know just what to say. There come emergencies in life when the right word will win a victory; there are few conversations where well considered speech is not better than thoughtless prattling. The weight of words depends largely upon the amount of thought bestowed upon them, and, as a general thing, the more thought, the fewer will be the words. Your voluble prattler—the man who talks by the hour, is rarely the man who says the most. It is the acme of science in business conversation, after all, to know how *little* to say,—to have the tongue comparatively idle, the brain inversely busy. There are men who will talk at you for hours and leave you in a state of utter bewilderment as to what they have been saying. They have thoroughly swamped the few ideas they have succeeded in putting forth, in a watery gush of meaningless words. There are certain employments where good talkers are considered the most successful: but remark that *good* should be emphasized. Life insurance, auctioneering. "drumming" are among these employments. They belong to a class of business that requires that the attention of buyers be strongly attracted. But it is not the man who *talks* the most, but the one who *says* the most, who is successful in arresting attention. The travelling agent who has devoted thought to his speech, and lays down argument after argument, is the man who sells the most goods.

Outside of business, nothing pays so well in conversation as thought. The remarks of others carefully considered generate new ideas, adding interest and instruction to intercourse. The habit of reflection before speaking is of vast benefit in the tempering or entire avoidance of unpleasant outbursts, and prevents the tendency to persistent gossipping; it draws daily life out of a humdrum, heedless channel, and helps to lead it gradually into the pure atmosphere of culture.

These observations are not new, but their time-honored truthfulness makes them worthy of frequent rehearsal.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A curious literary freak is mentioned in "The Life of Barham," author of "The Ingoldsby Legends." Barham conceived the notion of a novel which was to be a joint-stock production, each part to be the work of some person who had lived or been intimately acquainted with the life he attempted to describe. Barham was to furnish the opening chapters, in which the birth and earliest days of the young heir were to be described. His intimate friend, Mr. Hughes, was to describe the boy's life at a public school. Barham's son was to carry through a few terms at Oxford, and Lord William Lennox was to undertake his initiation into the life of a guardsman and *habitue* of Crocksford's gambling house and other scenes of fast and fashionable life. However, the scheme, which proved very impracticable, fell through. The part of the work supplied by Mr. Hughes—description of public school life—was understood to be the work of his eldest son "Tom." It was written with remarkable ability, and may be regarded as the germ of his celebrated story "Tom Brown's school-days." The illustrations to the projected story were actually prepared by Leech, then only in the *premiere jeunesse* of his career, but they exhibited unmistakable evidence of the talent destined to make him famous. Eventually the fragments were whipped up into a story which appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany* under the name of "Stanley Thorn."

MOSAICS.

A mosaic is a painting executed by means of small tubes, called *sectilia* and *tesserae*, of marble, glass, or stones of various colors, set in a bed of cement or mastic, in figures of arabesques, scrolls, rosettes, or figures, and even entire historical and mythological compositions. The work is then polished, not too highly, else the reflected lights would glitter on every part of the surface. The age of a mosaic may be determined by the nature of the materials employed; the more numerous these are, the more modern the mosaic. The beauty and perfection of the drawing, and the merit of the composition, are also excellent indications. Glass was scarcely employed till under the Roman empire in the decoration of apartments, roofs, and walls. It is of great importance in the ornamentation of churches, built by the new Greek architects of the Byzantine School. Besides pictures in mosaic, there are mosaics in relief, borrowed from the Greeks, the colored cubes being set up, as types are by printers, in figures detached from gold grounds.

CHINESE VISITING CARDS.

The matter of visiting cards, the style of which in this country is of some moment to ladies but of none at all to the other sex, in China is of the greatest importance to every individual of any respectability whatever. The card itself is of no insignificant size and white color like ours, but is a huge sheet of the most inflammable-looking scarlet paper, with the name inscribed in large characters, and is carried around by a servant who presents it. The larger the letters in which the name is written, the more grandly respectable it is. But one kind of card is not used on every occasion; on the contrary, there are few occasions which do not have a distinct card belonging to them. There is the plain card—a single sheet of scarlet paper with the name written or stamped nearest the right hand and topmost sides—for common occasions. Then there is the official card used by Mandarins on visits of ceremony. This is also a single sheet with the name and entire title written down the centre from top to bottom. Then again there is the full card, which is produced only on grand occasions like New Year's. The full card is folded and must contain ten folds. It does not contain the title, but simply the name of the individu-

al written in the right hand and bottom corner of the first fold, prefixed by the words "Your stupid younger brother," and followed by the words "bows his head and pays his respects." Where the person visited belongs to a generation senior to the visitor, the latter styles himself "Your stupid nephew," and so these words change according to the relations of visited and visitor, "Your more than stupid nephew," "Your stupid uncle," and so on, always retaining the depreciatory appellative "stupid." These full cards are always, as a matter of etiquette, understood to be returned to the visitor, it being undoubtedly expensive to leave such bulky expressions of regard, even with one's friends.

COLOR IN DRESS.

In some pungent remarks on picture buying, Mr. Hamerton notices the prevalence of works of art in black and white only, in the houses of the rich middle classes, and then continues: And as color is banished from these houses, so it is entirely banished from the festive costume of the men who live in them; so that a party of English gentlemen after dinner form about as colorless a picture as you could find anywhere out of a coal pit. White and black are not color at all, though both very valuable to a colorist; and if ever the capacity to enjoy color shall be given to our descendants, one of the first signs of it will be their rejection of our black and white ideal of festive costume. Why should we all go into mourning every time we go to feast with our friends? Is it because we all know beforehand that the dinner is going to be a dull and melancholy business for which the most mournful possible costume is the most becoming and appropriate? What a queer sight it is to see a dozen jolly Englishmen at a festive board, dressed precisely as if they had just been to a funeral and hung up their crape hat-bands in the hall! Let any artist imagine what would become of the Marriage Feast at Cana, in the Louvre, if the gentlemen present were all to be dressed in black swallow-tails, with white cravats!

JOHN BULL AND HIS BULL-DOG.

Here is what John Bull thinks of his dog: "I do really think that no Englishman thoroughly understands his fellow-countrymen unless he has kept a bull-dog. Without any joking, bull-dogs are wonderfully like us. They are the least interfering of animals. Observe Fairy; she follows at our heels wrapped in a surly kind of enjoyment; never going to other people, never yappeting at the heels of horses. In fact she is a silent, steady, industrious kind of a dog, who would get a prize for minding her own business. But once make that business war, and see with what animation, with what determination, and with what joy this solid creature goes into action."

A correspondent sends us this:

We have a little fellow in our house, seven years or so old, who has taken to literature as a recreation, and he writes little stories and songs which really appear to have the right ring to them, albeit they are very simple and unaffected. The other day he printed in his crude way the following:

A STORY OF THE COLD.

Oh, when will we get home? It is so cold!
I will be frozen and never see my home again!

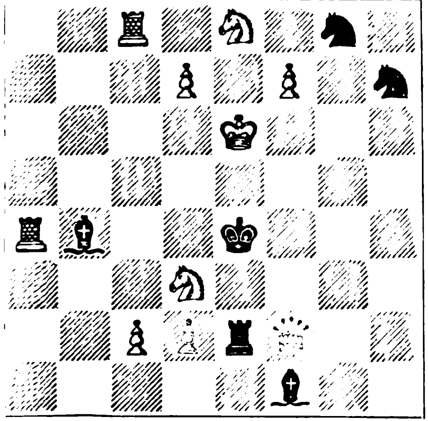
Simply that; but is it not full of poetry? A picture is presented to the mind—the picture of a little child lost in the bitter cold, crying and sobbing, while the chill winter winds blow around the small figure, and pinch the little hands and face; and that is the whole "Story of the Cold." Is this not the beginning of poetry?

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 22. By W. A. Shinkman.

BLACK.



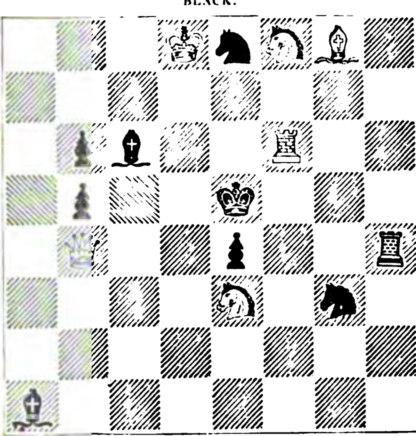
WHITE.

White to play and self-mate in 2 moves.

PROBLEM.

No. 21. By W. A. Shinkman.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 2 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

Our problem tourney has closed, and although there were hardly as many entries as we had hoped to see, yet there was a sufficient number of fine problems entered to make the tourney, on the whole, fairly successful. The decision of the referee, Mr. George E. Carpenter, is before us. The prize for the best set of problems is awarded to Simon Fleischmann. Mr. Carpenter says of this set: "Its merits are such as to warrant the belief that its author is capable of meeting successfully much more doughty foes. No. 1 is neat and even fine. No. 2 is good, though not so skillfully arranged as No. 1, or as No. 5, which is the other member of this set and which I deem to be an elegant problem." Mr. Carpenter awards the prize for the best two mover to No. 7 of the set "Better late than never." The author of problem this was the late Theodore M. Brown.

—Mr. Bird, the celebrated English chess player, has been spending a few days in our city during the past month, and has been contesting with our players, but few of whom have had any degree of success with him. Mr. Richmond has been most successful, although Mr. Bird has won a large majority of games contested with him. Mr. Bird goes from here to Hamilton, Ont., and thence to Montreal, in which places he will give the Canadian players a chance to test their skill with him. Mr. Bird intends to re-visit Buffalo in about a month. Owing to the presence of our distinguished visitor, chess matters have again assumed a lively aspect, and there are strong indications of a revival in the interests of chess in the city of Buffalo, which have been somewhat dormant of late. Below will be found one of Mr. Bird's games.

—We have received a copy of the book of the Centennial Chess Congress, edited by W. H. Sayen, and published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger of Philadelphia. The games are annotated by Jacob Elson, B. M. Neill and W. H. Sayen, whose names are a sufficient guarantee for the success of any chess enterprise. The book is gotten up in excellent style, aud should be in the hands of every chesser.

—In the *Detroit Free Press* problem tourney No. 2, just closed, the first prize has been awarded to W. A. Shinkman, the renowned problemist. The tourney has been a great success. The prize problems are published above.

—It is with sincere regret that we are called upon to chronicle the death of Mr. Robert B. Wormald, the noted English chess player and problemist. The *Westminster Papers* says of him: "He was born in the vicinity of York, England, in 1834. While yet a schoolboy he evinced remarkable talent for Chess, which he first displayed as a problem composer in the columns of the *Illustrated London News* at the early age of fifteen. In 1853 he entered Oxford University, and during his undergraduate career he became associated with Brien, Ranken, Wilkinson, Dolby, Valentine Green, and many others whose names are familiar to

every reader of the *Old Chess Players' Chronicle*, and whose exploits upon the chequered field had spread the fame of the Hermes Chess Club throughout the entire Chess World. Mr. Wormald obtained his degree in 1857, and coming to London adopted the profession of journalist, devoting much of his leisure to practical Chess play, and the composition of problems. In 1858 he played a match with the late Charles Kenny, a prominent amateur in those days, winning every game, and in 1859, the only other public match in which he has engaged, was fought with Mr. Campbell, then the rising star of English Chess. This match, which was, perhaps, the most stubbornly contested one on record, no fewer than fourteen drawn games having occurred in it, was won by Mr. Campbell, with a score of seven to five. Mr. Wormald's "Chess Openings" was produced in 1862. Its success at once placed him among the first analysts of our time, and the new and enlarged edition of the work produced in 1875 was endorsed with the approval of every authority on the subject. Since his arrival in London, twenty years ago, Mr. Wormald has been a constant contributor of problems, analyses and games to the newspaper and periodical literature of Chess, and his life-long friendship with the late Mr. Staunton marked him out as the fittest successor to that gentleman in the post he worthily filled on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*. His writings are distinguished by scholarly grace and a modesty of statement in Chess analysis, unfortunately somewhat novel to the subject, and his high personal qualities have secured for him the cordial regard of every one that knew him."

—Game played between Messrs. Bird and Richmond :

Mr. H. E. Bird. *White.*	Mr. Henry A. Richmond. *Black.*
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..P to K B 4	2..P takes P
3..Kt to K B 3	3..P to K Kt 4
4..P to K R 4	4..P to K Kt 5
5..Kt to K 5	5. P to K R 4
6..B to B 4	6..Kt to K R 3
7..P to Q 4	7..P to Q 3
8..Kt to Q 3	8..P to B 6
9..P takes P	9..P takes P
10..B to K 3	10..B to K 2
11..Q takes P	11..B takes P ch
12..K to Q 2	12 B to K Kt 5
13..Q to K B sq	13..B to K Kt 4
14..Kt to Q B 3	14..Kt to Q B 3
15..B to Q Kt 5	15..P to Q R 3
16..B to Q R 4	16..P to Q Kt 4
17..Kt takes Q Kt's P	17..P takes Kt
18..B takes Q Kt's P	18..B to Q 2
19..R takes K R P	19..P to K B 3
20 .B takes Kt	20..B takes B
21..Q to K R 3	21..B to Q 2
22..Q to K R 2	22..Q to K 2
23..B takes B	23..P takes B
24..R takes Kt	24..R takes R
25..Q takes R	25..Castles
26..R to K sq	26 P to K Kt 5
27..Q to K R 5	27..R to K Kt's sq
28..Kt to K B 4	28..P to K Kt 6
29..Q to Q 5	29 Resigns.

—The following game with notes, played in the Cup Tourney, at Cheltenham, England, August, 1876, we take from the *Westminister Papers*.

Mr. Owen. *White.*	Mr. Minchin. *Black.*
1..P to Q Kt 3	1..P to Q 4
2..B to K 2	2..P to K 3
3..P to K 3	3..Kt to K B 3
4..Kt to K B 3	4..P to Q R 3 (*a*)
5..P to B 4	5..P takes P (*b*)
6..P takes P.	6..P to B 4
7..B to K 2	7..B to K 2
8 Castles	8..Castles
9..Kt to K 5	9..B to Q Kt 3 (*c*)
10..B to K B 3	10..R to R 2
11..Kt to B 3	11 K Kt to Q 2
12..Kt to K 4	12..Kt takes Kt (*d*)
13..B takes Kt	13..Kt to Q 2
14..B to B 3	14..B to Kt 2 (*e*)
15 .R to Kt sq	15..P to B 4.
16..Kt to Kt 3	16..P to Kt 3 (*f*)
17 .B takes B.	17..R takes B
18..Q to R 4	18..R to R 2 (*g*)
19..Q to B 6	19..K to B 2
20..P to Q 4	20..Q to R sq (*h*)
21..P to Q 5	21..P takes P
22..P takes P	22..Q takes Q
23..P takes Q	23 .Kt to Kt sq
24..R takes P	24..R to Q B sq
25..P to K 4	25..P takes P
26..Kt takes P	26..Kt takes P
27..P to B 4	27..Kt to Q 5
28..P to B 5	28..P takes P
29 B takes Kt	29..P takes B
30..R takes P ch.	30..K to Kt sq
31..R to Q R 5	31..B to Q sq (*i*)
32..Q R takes P	32..R to K B 2 (*k*)
33..R to B 5	33..R to Kt sq
34..R to B sq	34..R to K 2
35..Kt to B 6 ch	35..K to R sq
36..Kt to R 5	36..P to Q 6
37..R to Q 6	37..B to Kt 3 ch (*l*)
38..R takes B	38. K R to K sq
39..R to Kt 2	39..P to K R 3
40..Kt to B 4	Resigns.

(*a*) Loss of time. 4 B to K 2, followed up by 5 Castles and 6 P to B 4, constitute a sound line of development.

(*b*) A premature exchange. Black should quietly develop his pieces.

(*c*) Weak. 9 Q to B 2, and if 10 B to K B 3, then 10 Q Kt to Q 2 would provide Black with a good position.

(*d*) 12 P to B 4, 13 Kt to Kt 3, 13 B to B 3 seems preferable.

(*e*) 14 P to Q Kt 4 was very promising.

(*f*) Weak. 16 B to KB 3 was the proper rejoinder.

(*g*) 18 Q to B 2 was better. If, then, 19 Q takes P, Black proceeds with 19 R to R 2.

(*h*) I prefer here—first 20 P takes P, 21 P takes P, and then 21 Q to R sq. This would give Black later more freedom of action in the Q B file.

(*i*) The right rejoinder, which ought to turn the tables in favor of Black.

(*k*)

	31 R to B 8 ch
32 K to B 2	32 R to B 7 ch
33 K to K 2	33 B takes R
34 R takes B	34 R to Q B 7 ch
35 Kt to Q 2	35 R to Q 2

would give Black the superior game.

(*l*) A blunder, which throws away a piece. Black should proceed herewith :

	37 R to K 4
38 P to Kt 4 (or A)	

If 38 Kt to B 6, 38 B takes Kt, 39 R takes B, 39 P to Q 7.

	38 P to Q 7
39 R to K B sq	39 B to Kt 4

A.

38 Kt to B 4	38 B to Kt 3 ch
39 K to R sq.	39 P to Q 7
40 R takes P	40 B to K 6

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

ILLUSTRATED TILE.

Shakespeare—Fairies—English History, &c.

Anyone who cares for ceramic art will find a choice feast at McNish's, 304 Main street, in an inspection of a new arrival of illustrated tile. These comprise a set of Shakespeare illustrated, English History illustrated, a set of flower faires, elves, etc. The Shakespeare tile give scenes from Hamlet, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet, Troilus and Cressida, Timon of Athens, Othello, etc. They are all from the celebrated Minton Works, Stoke-upon-Trent, and are by artists of wonderful skill. The drawing in some of them is simply exquisite, the composition very fine and the color is superb. It is what is called Persian blue—a blue that just blazes with glory, as though all the terrific heat of the encaustic process had been concentrated into this one color. One of course *wants* the whole set, but everybody can't afford that. Anybody, however, can afford one—to have in the room somewhere or anywhere as a kind of artistic companion. Mr. McNish has ordered the Tennyson set and when it arrives from England we shall have something to say about it.

ROMAN SHOES.

The Romans wore a shoe on ceremonial occasions which very much resembled ours. It was dyed red or purple, covered the whole foot, and was tied with latchets or strings. Great care was evidently taken to procure an exact fit, as appears in the representations of the shoes upon ancient statues. Undoubtedly these shoes were made to order, and one could not, as in our time, find a ready-made shoe to fit perfectly, as for instance those of Boyden & Co., of Newark, do. Hundreds of our best citizens have worn the Boyden Boots and Shoes for years, and prefer them to the best measured work. They are all strictly hand-made and fully equal to the best city-made custom-work. James H. Jewett, 406 and 274 Main St., has a large stock of Boyden's suitable to the season.

THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT RECORD of this winter has called the attention of travelers and others more forcibly than ever before to the benefits of accident insurance, and a perusal of "$35,000 saved at Ashtabula," on another page, will convince any one that a yearly general accident policy in the Travelers is as indispensable to an American as quinine to a sojourner in the swamps of Panama.

JUCTEN.

Russia leather or *jucten*, as the Russians call it, has probably as wide a reputation as any manufactured article in the world. Its rich red color, the delightful sparkling odor which it possesses, and its power of resisting mould, are the qualities which make it desirable and give it its fame. For a long time also it was supposed that it was impervious to the attack of insects, and that a few volumes in a library bound in Russia leather would preserve all the other books from destruction by worms. The possession of this quality, however, is now denied it. Of course many attempts have been made by other countries to imitate this peculiar production of Russia, but until within a few years without success. France and England have both from time to time started factories for its manufacture, but never with real success. Numerous experiments have been tried in America, but only very recently has it been possible to imitate the original. This, however, has finally been accomplished, and American factories are now producing a leather with all and exactly the qualities of the real Russia. Messrs. Young, Lockwood & Co., of this city, have a large stock of both the American and the real Russia leather in shape of portfolios, pocket, blank and memorandum books, souvenirs, etc., and it requires an expert to tell which is which. The American can, of course, be sold at much lower prices than the other, and for any purpose where fine leather is desirable there is nothing better.

A LIVE PAPER.

The *American Agriculturist* is just now entering upon its 36th year. It is packed full of useful information, that cannot fail to be very helpful to every family, and to every man whatever his calling, and whether residing in city, village, or country. Each volume gives from 600 to 700 fine original engravings, that are both pleasing and instructive—to housekeepers and children, to farmers, mechanics, merchants, professional men, indeed to all classes. Its house plans and improvements, with full particulars of cost, etc., with engravings, its fearless exposure of humbugs and quackery, indeed its whole make up and its thoroughly reliable character, render it worthy of a place in every household, and we strongly advise every one to have it. An immense circulation enables the publishers to supply it at the low cost of $1.60 a year, post-paid, or four copies for $5.40. Take our advice and send now for volume 36, to the publishers, Orange Judd Company, 245 Broadway, New York city.

THE NEWS WITHOUT POISON.—*The New York Observer* claims to publish the *best family newspaper*, and repudiates all unsound or objectionable teaching. Even its advertising columns are free from all quackery and dangerous advertisements; and the whole paper, both in its religious and its secular department, is filled with pure and entertaining reading. While we commend the position of the *Observer* in this matter, we also heartily endorse it as one of the most desirable periodicals for any household. The price, $3.15 a year post-paid, can hardly be made to return as much good, spent in any other way. S. I. Prime & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

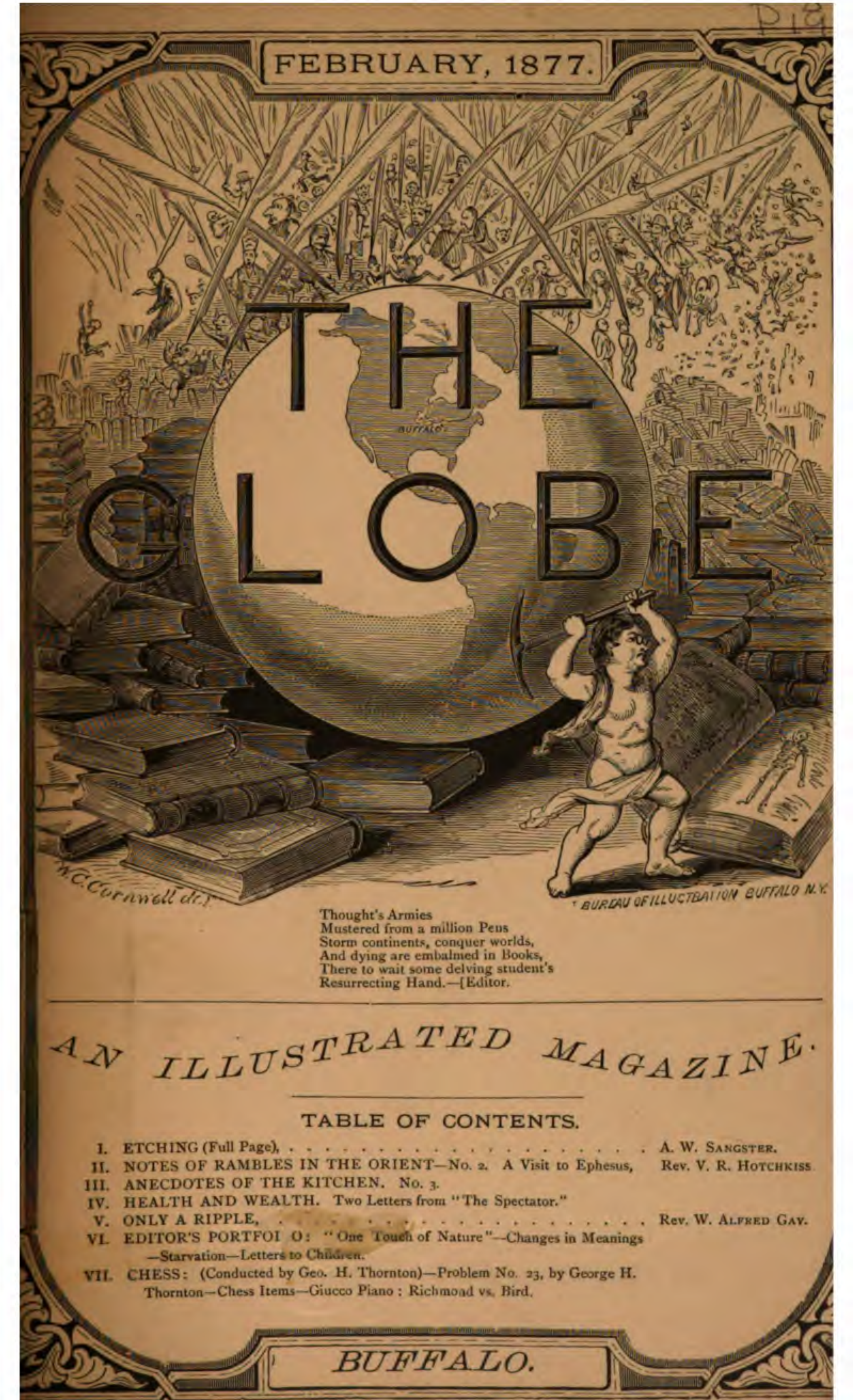
The *Christian Union* enters upon its seventh year with renewed strength and bright prospects.

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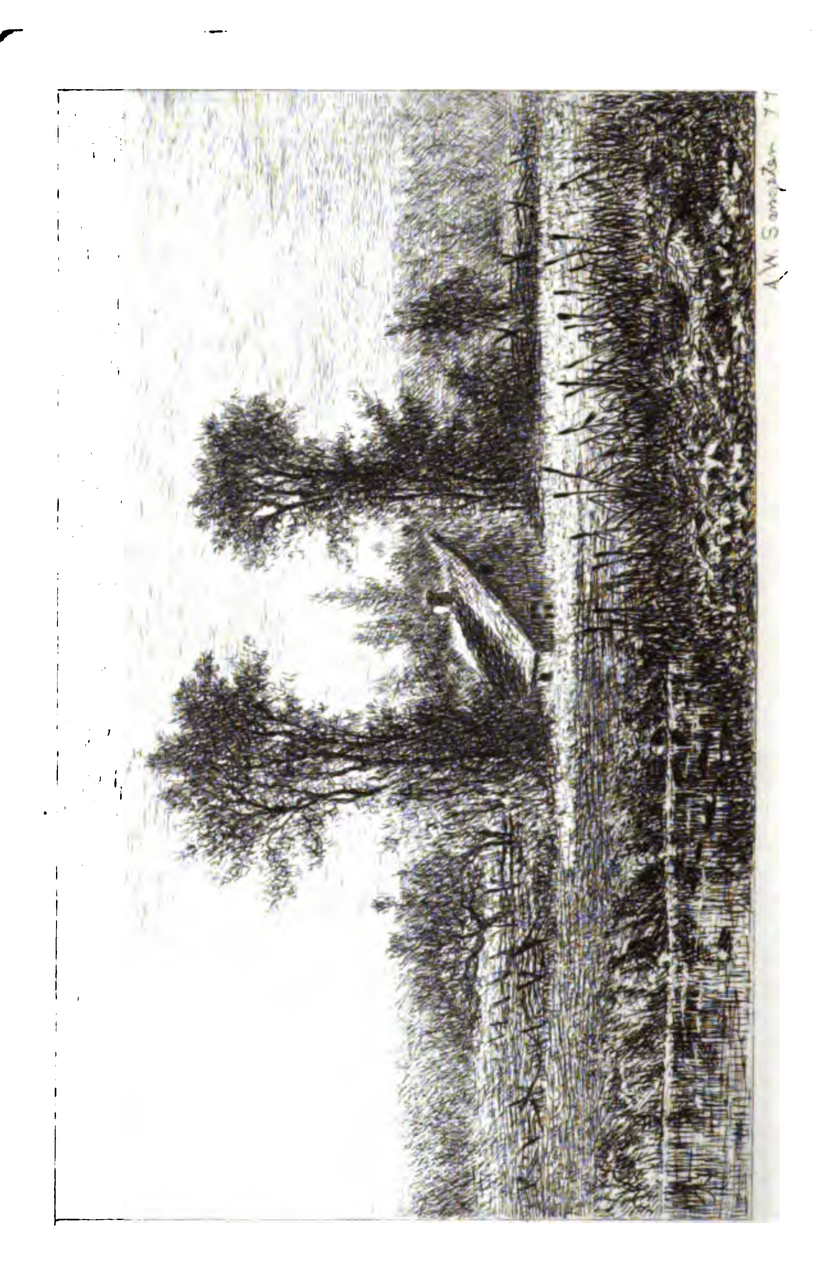
THE GLOBE

Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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BUFFALO.





THE GLOBE.

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NOTES OF RAMBLES IN THE ORIENT.

II. A VISIT TO EPHESUS.

Having determined, at Smyrna, to see Ephesus before proceeding to Syria and Palestine, the question came up: *In what way* shall the excursion be made? There is but one passenger train a day over the road each way, and the up and down trains meet about noon at Ayasalouk, close by Ephesus. On Sunday, however, there is an excursion train from Smyrna to Ephesus and back, giving some two hours, or two and a half, at Ephesus. I made up my mind not to go on Sunday, for several reasons. I made up my mind to go up on Monday and come down on Tuesday, and so have the afternoon of one day and the forenoon of another for the inspection of whatever I might find of interest. I knew I should have to *rough* it over night, as there were no accommodations, except such as the soft side of a bench or table, at the small station, might afford. The consequence of this decision was, I went to Ephesus *alone*, all other excursionists preferring the easier and more expeditious trip Sunday.

Well, at 9½ a. m., Monday, Oct. 25, 1869, we take our seat in the cars at Smyrna for Ephesus. We have provided ourselves with a basket of provisions,—rations for two days,—and we take our cloak, which is to serve as a bed at night. The road sweeps around, first eastward, then southward, then westward, 56 miles, passing through fertile vallies, bounded on either side by mountains; the vallies in some places narrowing up, and in other places widening out into magnificent plains. As we passed by the lofty castle of *Ketzel Hissar*, and under the precipices of *Gallenus* on our right, I saw many eagles far above them wheeling their airy circles, just as Arundell, in his travels, describes having seen them, and just as Dr. Durbin also describes having seen them. That one spot seems to be the perpetual haunt of this king of birds.

Before reaching our station, we crossed the river *Cayster*, which flows from *Mount Tmolus* past Ephesus, and falls a few miles below into the Egæan Sea. This is one of the two *classic* rivers of ancient *Ionia*, the other being the *Meander*, which flows from the same source into the same sea, near *Miletus*. Both these streams find mention in the immortal verse of Homer.

Ayasalouk, the station at which we

stop, consists of a few wretched Greek and Turkish houses, the ruins of a considerable castle, and a deserted Mohammedan mosque. There are, also, a large number of columns that once supported an ancient aqueduct, by which water was conveyed from the hills at the east across the plain to the city of Ephesus. It was a grand work in its day. This little town is of respectable age, say 500 years; but, as compared with the old city out of whose ruins it was constructed, it is modern.

I had hoped to find Mr. Wood at the station—a gentleman of science, who has been employed for several years by the English government in making excavations at the site of Ephesus, in the hope of discovering the remains of the far-famed Temple of Diana. The discovery had not been made at the time of my visit, but at last success has crowned the long-continued search. The foundations of that marvel of ancient architecture and art have been discovered.

Mr. Wood was absent when I arrived at Ayasalouk, and as there was no one at the station who could speak English, except a Greek employé of the name of Dacoran, who was too busy to accompany me, I set out, after a hasty lunch, afoot, alone and entirely unarmed, across the plain, some two miles, towards *Mount Prion* (a partially detached spur of *Mount Corissus),* on and around which I knew that the ancient city was built.

I had occasion to regret going so empty-handed and defenceless, for when I was nearing the ruins, two large and fierce-looking dogs rushed out upon me with every demonstration of hostility. I thought for a time that I should certainly be torn in pieces by them; but George Borrow's similar experience amongst some ruins in Spain came to my mind, and, like him, I stood perfectly still and gazed as steadily and calmly as I could into their eyes, and that look alone made them quail and turn and move off to a distance. I went on without further molestation until I was leaving the place just before night, when I was set upon in like manner, and with like result, by another powerful dog.

The next day I hired two horses, and got Mr. Dacoran to accompany me, and spent the forenoon in repeating and extending my search.

Ancient Ephesus lay all around *Mount Prion*, climbing its flanks on every side, extending eastward as far as Ayasalouk, or nearly so, northward as far as the river *Cayster*, some two miles, westward to the sea, as it then was, and on the south it filled the wide uneven space between the *Mount Prion* and the *Mount Corissus.* This last named mountain was the inexhaustible quarry of beautiful white marble of which all the public edifices of *Ephesus* were constructed. And when that city stood in all its glory, its mountain sides glittering all over with stateliest structures, theatres and amphitheatres, with their terraced rows of seats rising to the very summit, the immense stadium, the lofty and spacious custom-house, whilst below rose the august Temple of Diana, 425 feet long, 220 feet wide, with 127 columns each 60 feet high, with other temples scattered here and there, the vast agora with its magnificent colonnades, the streets stretching far away into the plain and, beyond all, to the north and west, the river and harbor floating the commerce of all nations; I say, when *Ephesus* stood thus in all its ancient glory, it exhibited a combination of beauty and strength hardly equaled in all the world.

The outlines of many of the buildings that lay along the slope of *Mount Prion* are yet distinctly traceable, such as the great theatre, the stadium, the custom-house, and, on a lower elevation, the agora, or market-place. Here also may be seen the foundations of other immense buildings, the bases of several extended porticos, fragments of avenues paved with small, various-colored stones laid in

mosaics, and masses of columns belonging to temples or palaces. On the southwestern side of the hill, a small theatre in a state of almost perfect preservation has been uncovered. It was probably the *Odeon*, or music theatre. Mr. Durbin says its marble seats are removed. He is mistaken. It is scooped out of the mountain in a semi-circular form, open to the sky, its beautiful ranges of white marble seats, its proscenium and its retiring rooms of the same material, remaining just as they were placed 2000 years ago, a gem of architecture, with a capacity of 5,000 or 6,000.

Amongst the columns of one of these temples I noticed several pieces of mutilated statuary, the forms, so far as they remain, exhibiting exquisite mould and drapery, the work, possibly, of the chisel of Praxitiles.

Away in the plain, the old city, with its streets, as excavations show, lies buried from four to six feet below the soil that has accumulated during centuries; and, above all, waves a rank vegetation, with here and there a few fields of cultivated grain. The whole aspect, without an inhabited house or tent, relieved by no sign of life, except by the flight of a crow, or the clambering of a few goats over the rocks, attended by a boy and a dog, impresses one with a sense of solitariness and desertion altogether oppressive. One reads there with solemn earnestness the warning of *John* to the Church of *Ephesus*, sent from his enforced retreat in *Patmos*, "Repent, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place." That candlestick was removed long ago; the Christianity that was planted and nursed by Apostles was suffered to become extinct, and along with that sad change, all the grandeur, pomp, and fame of the most illustrious city of *Asia Minor* were snuffed out forever.

Well, amid the solitude of that scene I was not alone. My thoughts were all the while communing with a circle of mighty and glorious spirits, that were at home here in the flesh centuries ago, wrestling with sin and agonizing for the truth, and sealing their living testimony with the blood of martyrdom.

There is a curious and charming myth of the middle ages—the myth of "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus." Of course that story would be brought to mind by a visit to the scene where it is laid. Seven Christian youths of Ephesus, so the story runs, in the time of the *Decian* persecution, about A. D. 250, whilst Ephesus was yet pagan, fled to a cave in *Mount Celion*, where they fell asleep and slept for 360 years. They then awoke, and went forth to wonder at the changes that had taken place—the symbols of the old heathen worship all gone, and the symbols of Christianity everywhere substituted in their place. I thought, could those Christian youths again have fallen asleep to be awakened to look on Ephesus as it is now, how impressively would the sad change strike them. Nothing of Christianity left, except it be the Church of *St. John*, and that converted into a Mohammedan mosque.

But let us dismiss the myth. I stood in *the great Theatre* that is scooped out of the flank of *Mount Prion*, and looks out westward towards the Egæan Sea. The marble seats are all removed, but the immense substructions, together with a beautiful marble *bath*, about 15 feet square, remain to indicate something of the grandeur and beauty of the original structure. The theatre must have been capable of seating 50,000 or 60,000 people; large enough to free from the charge of undue exaggeration the account in the 19th chapter of the Acts, where it is said that "the whole city rushed with one accord into the theatre." I stood there and thought of that scene of commotion which was stirred up against the Apostle *Paul* by one *Demetrius*, a silversmith, maker of

silver shrines for Diana. The selfish demagogue! I could almost see him running from point to point in the crowded streets shouting, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," getting other fellow-craftsmen to shout the same, and so spreading the infection, till at last the people rushed, *en masse*, into this great edifice, filling its every available space, and, with the wildest religious bigotry, crying aloud for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The whole scene was vividly real to me.

And now, at last, as I have said, the site of the Temple of Diana has been discovered. But little, except its foundations, remain. Some of its noble columns adorn the mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople. Its altar from the hand of *Praxitiles*, its pillars from the chisel of *Scopas*, its Alexander, armed with the thunder-bolt, from the pencil of *Apelles*, these, and all its other treasures of art are scattered or lost. The magnificent fane has long ago perished, along with the religion of which it was the fairest shrine in Asia Minor.

The beautiful marble with which Ephesus was so marvelously adorned was accidentally discovered by a shepherd of the name of *Pyxodorus*. The grateful city thereupon called him *Evangelos, the bringer of good news*. But higher Evangeloi, the bringers of far better news, afterwards appeared in the great city. Here the eloquent *Apollos* mightily convinced the Jews, shewing by the Scriptures that Jesus is Christ. For three whole years *Paul* testified in Ephesus, "both to the Jews and also to the Greeks, repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." He proclaimed the Gospel in the synagogues, and in the school of one *Tyrannus*, a teacher of philosophy and rhetoric. And he succeeded in gathering a large and flourishing church, to which afterwards he sent one of his masterly epistles. In this work of Evangelism, he was aided by *Aquila* and *Priscilla*, and also by *Timothy*, whom he left in Ephesus to look after the mission.

On his last journey to Jerusalem, the Apostle sent from Miletus for the elders of the Ephesian Church, to whom he gave that affectionate and warning farewell address recorded in the 20th chapter of the Acts.

Long after, the Apostle *John* brought to this same Church his rich and sanctified gifts, and for several of the last years of his life, he went in and out before this Christian community, guiding them by his wisdom, blessing them with his love. And here, somewhere in these hills, according to firm ancient tradition, sleeps the dust of "the beloved disciple," side by side with the dust of *Mary* the mother of Jesus, and the dust of Timothy the dear son, in the gospel, of the great Apostle to the Gentiles.

How rich are the sacred memories that crowd the mind of the pilgrim to this ancient ruin. Down in that harbor, now filled and choked with accumulations of *debris*, Paul landed with Aquilla and Priscilla. There, in that stadium, the enclosure of which is yet distinctly traceable, *Paul* may have "fought with wild beasts," and from what he saw and experienced there, he drew many a lively image for his writings. In that *theatre* the whole city was moved against *Paul* by *Demetrius*. Down below is the *agora*, through which the multitude rushed into the theatre. Over there, in the valley between *Prion* and *Corissus*, was a *gymnasium*, where Paul saw *athletes* contend for a perishable wreath, and drew the lesson of spiritual striving for an imperishable crown. Here *John* preached in the latter years of his life, and wrote his gospel and epistles. In *Aisaluk*, we have a memento of his presence, where, perhaps, his body was laid beside that of the mother of our Lord. We concluded our pilgrimage here with regret —we remember it with pleasure.

ANECDOTES OF THE KITCHEN.

III.

A ROMAN KITCHEN.

(From the Panthropheon.)

Let us enter together one of those kitchens, where, two thousand years ago, the marvellous suppers of some rich senator were concocted. In every direction, slaves are coming loaded with meat, game, sea-fish, vegetables, fruit, and those expensive delicacies of which the dessert of the Romans was principally composed. The slaves have been over the principal markets of the city, especially those of the Trigemina gate, of the Metasudante, of the Suburd Way, and the Sacred Way. Each one lays his basket at the feet of the procurator or major-domo, who examines the contents, and registers them on his tablets; then he has placed in the pantry, contiguous to the dining room, those of the provisions which demand no preparation, but whose graceful and symmetrical arrangement is confided to two Æolian servants designated under the name of *structores*.

All these porters are under the immediate orders of a confidential servant—*obsonator*—charged with buying the provisions necessary for the household, and who is obliged to make himself acquainted with the taste of his master, and also of each guest, that he may procure nothing which they dislike.

The remaining comestibles are placed in an airy and spacious apartment adjoining the kitchen, and at the back of the house. There, around a table loaded with numerous wooden figures, representing a variety of animals, some attentive young men are practising, under the direction of an experienced master, the difficult art of carving game and poultry; whilst a melodious symphony accustoms their skillful hands to hasten or retard their graceful movements according to the time of the music. In this learned rehearsal the eye and ear, alike charmed, pass alternately from the peaceful emotions of the pensive *adagio* to the lively cadences of the rapid *allegro*, and from the harmonious and calm *andante* to the captivating and joyous accents of a frenzied *prestissimo*.

In this spacious laboratory the most delicious emanations invite us. The chief of the cooks, the *archimagirus*, seated on a raised platform, embraces at a single glance the series of stock-pots and brick stoves, very similar to those in use at the present day, at which the silent crowd of assistants, ministers of his will, elaborate and watch the expensive dishes destined to form a splendid supper.

At some distance from the culinary autocrat, on the opposite side, an immense iron grate, carefully supplied with wood, which an unhappy slave unceasingly blows with his breath into a flame, throws around its lurid glare. The *Lares*, grotesque figures, roughly carved in stone, protect this spot. A cook is sacrificed to them in the month of December.

A vast cauldron of brass from Argos, or Dodona, placed on a tripod, above the fireplace, furnishes the hot water required for the kitchen. The frying-pan, beside it, serves in the cooking of certain delicate cakes or fish.

The magiric laboratory, to which the reader is invited, is very nicely decorated with a profusion of utensils similar in every respect to our own in point of shape—such as gridirons, cullenders, dripping-pans, and tart dishes. These objects are of tolerably thick bronze, plated with fine silver. Charming shells of the same metal serve to mould the pastry, which is afterwards disposed with order on the shelves of a country oven, or in the upper part of the anthepsa—a kind of saucepan of Corinthian brass, of considerable value, and made with such art that its contents cook in-

stantly and almost without fire. This simple and ingenious vessel possesses a double-bottom; the uppermost one holds the light delicacies destined for the dessert, and the fire is underneath.

The diploma, or double-vase, which has sometimes been confounded with the anthepsa, does not in the least resemble the latter. It is thus they named the vessel called by us a "*bain-marie;*" the ancients made great use of this mild and gentle process of cooking, which is often mentioned in the treatise of Apicius.

These brass boilers, which boil on the hearth, supported by three feet, are precisely like those used by the French at the present day. Boilers also of a rather different kind are sometimes used, in which the operation of ebullition takes place sooner than in the first mentioned; they are closed with a cover in the form of a dome, and a large hollow cylinder, fixed beneath, hastens and keeps up the action of the caloric.

The saucepans, around which a host of cooks are busily engaged, are for the greater part made of brass or earthenware, tolerably wide and deep, which they place on the stoves, and in which are concocted the delicate and scientific preparations. Some are of silver. The caprices of luxury have led them to suppose that certain expensive viands acquire greater perfection when cooked in this precious metal.

A confidential slave, charged with the care of the plate, is cleaning and polishing near a dresser a large number of bronze chafing-dishes, which are to be used at table to prevent the plates from becoming cold. It is in speaking of this useful invention that Seneca, the philosopher, says, "Daintiness gave birth to this invention, in order that no viand should be chilled, and that everything should be hot enough to please the most pampered palate. The kitchen follows the supper."

Other servants dispose the earthenware pails, in which the wine is to be placed to cool, and prepare the drinking cups and crystal flagons. One of them replenishes with vinegar, salt, and pepper, little vases designated by the name of *aceta bulum*, "vinegar cruet." These are so many models of the most exquisite elegance, in bronze, silver, and sometimes gold. They are manufactured simply of earthenware, for the use of the middle classes of people.

The knives, destined to serve at table, are of brilliant steel and carefully sharpened; they bear each on the handle some whimsical ornament, and seem to have served as models for those which were so much in fashion towards the beginning of the 17th century, and which were called Chinese knives.

The most precious plate is arranged before the arrival of the guests, on the abacus or sideboard, which decorates the dining room. This splendid piece of furniture was introduced into Rome 187 years B. C. It was also called the Delphic table.

"SIDE-DISHES."

—William the Conqueror had himself crowned three times in the same year, and the banquets he gave on those occasions were such that they impoverished the kingdom.

—Geta insisted upon having as many courses as there were letters in the alphabet, and each of these courses must contain all the viands whose name began with the same letter.

—The unbridled and cruel luxury of ancient Rome required that the mullet should be cooked by a slow fire, on the table and under a glass, that the guests might gloat on its sufferings before they satiated their appetites with its flesh.

—At the dinner given on the marriage of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and brother of Henry III., with the daughter of Raymond, Earl of Provence, more than *thirty thousand* dishes were served on the table of the bride and the bridegroom.

—Two Phœnicians—whose names are never mentioned by forgetful posterity—Selech and Misor, taught mankind the art of heightening the flavor of their food by mixing with it a certain quantity of salt. The science of seasoning has no other origin.

—Under the reign of Louis XIV., fish acquired a singular vogue in the city as well as at court, owing to the marvellous talent of that prince's cook, who discovered the art, supposed to be lost, of giving to the delicate flesh of the pike, the carp and the trout, the shape and flavor of the most exquisite game.

—Doubtless, forks were unknown to the Greeks, since Athenæus relates "that Pithyllus"—surnamed the Dainty,—"did not content himself with covering his tongue with a species of net, to appreciate the taste of the various dishes, but cleaned and rubbed it with a fish. He also enveloped his hands in a kind of glove, to eat everything burning hot;" a useless precaution if he had used a fork.

—Philip II., of Spain, having won a battle on the 10th of August, the festival of St. Lawrence, vowed to consecrate a palace, a church, and a monastery to his honor. He erected the Escurial, which is the largest palace in Europe. As this saint suffered martyrdom by being broiled on a gridiron,(at Rome, under Valerian,) Philip caused this immense palace to consist of several courts and quadrangles, all disposed in the shape of GRIDIRONS. The *bars* form several courts; and the royal family occupy the *handle*. It is said that gridirons are to be met with in every part of the building, either iron, painted, or sculptured in marble, etc. They are over the doors, in the yards, the windows and galleries.

—A traveler in Peru tells us of a great delicacy called *chautisa*, which is prepared in the following manner: The fish are preserved by using as much salt as is necessary to season them. They are then put into baskets lined with leaves, and a large stone is placed on top, to press them into a solid mass, like a cheese. After standing a day or two, a small fire of cedar, or some aromatic wood, is kindled underneath, to smoke them. After remaining 10 or 12 hours, the cakes are taken out of the baskets and again exposed to the smoke, till it has penetrated through them, when they are laid up for use. A small portion of the smoked chautisa is generally added to fish while cooking, to which it communicates a very delicate flavor.

—The ancient mulberry tree was considered the wisest and most prudent of trees, because it took care, they said, not to let the smallest of its buds come to light before the cold had entirely disappeared, not to return. Then, however, it hastened to repair lost time, and a single night was sufficient to see it display its beautiful flowers, which the next morning brightly opened at the rising of Aurora.

The voluptuous Romans, reposing late on their soft couches the day after the fatigues of a banquet worthy of Vitellius, did not trouble themselves much about this interesting phenomenon, which occurred, if Pliny does not mistake, in the gardens of their villas. But they knew that mulberries agree with the stomach, that they afford hardly any nourishment, and easily digest: therefore, no sooner had they opened their heavy eyelids than an Egyptian boy—attentive living bell—at a sign disappeared, and quickly returned, bearing a small crystal vase, filled with mulberry juice and wine reduced by boiling. This beneficent fruit preserved in this mixture all its sweet flavor, and enabled the rich patrician to await till evening the hour for new excesses.

—A certain skillful workman used to make crystal vases as strong as vases of gold and silver. He produced an incomparable masterpiece; it was a chalice of astonishing beauty,

which he thought worthy of Cæsar only and which he felt a pride in offering to him. Tiberius highly praised the skill and the rich present of the artist. This man, wishing to increase still more the admiration of the prince, and secure his favors to a greater degree, begged of him to give back the vase. He then threw it with all his might on the marble pavement of the apartment; the hardest metal could never have resisted this terrible shock. Cæsar appeared moved, and was silent. The artist, with a triumphant smile, picked up the vase, which had only a slight dent, and which, by striking it with the hammer, was soon brought to its original state. This being done, no doubt remained on his mind that he had conquered the good graces of the Emperor, and the esteem of an astonished court. Tiberius asked him if he was the only one who knew how to work crystal in so remarkable a manner. The workman immediately answered that no one possessed his secret. "Very well," said Cæsar, "let his head be struck off without loss of time; for if this strange invention were known, gold and silver would very soon have not the least value." Thus did the Emperor Tiberius encourage artists and the arts.

BREAKFAST.

"When dressed, I to the yard repair,
And breakfast on the pure, fresh air;
But though this choice Castilian cheer
Keep both the head and stomach clear,
For reasons strong enough for me,
I mend the meal with toast and tea."

—*Montgomery.*

HEALTH AND WEALTH.

TWO LETTERS FROM "THE SPECTATOR."

HEALTH.

Saturday, Oct. 13, 1711.

There is a story in the Arabian Nights Tales of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method:—He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly-prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat: when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of a human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation. I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents

them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humors, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon everything that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician: "Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking anything strong, till you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple." A man could not be guilty of gluttony if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second, any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple: "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine ene

mies." But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that, abstinence well timed, often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer an hundred than sixty years of age, at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch that at fourscore he published his book which has been translated into English under the title of "Sure and Certain Methods of attaining a Long and Healthy Life." He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it; and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good seuse, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

Having designed this paper as the sequel to that upon exercise, I have not here considered temperance as it is a moral virtue, but only as it is the means of health.

WEALTH.

Thursday, Jan. 24, 1712.

Lucian rallies the philosophers in his time, who could not agree whether they should admit riches into the number of real goods; the professors of the severer sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardy at present as to deny that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of men, though they may possibly despise a good part of those things which the world calls pleasure, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that weight

and dignity which a moderate share of wealth adds to their characters, counsels, and actions.

We find it is a general complaint in professions and trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsely imputed to the ill nature of mankind, who are ever bestowing their favours on such as least want them. Whereas if we fairly consider their proceedings in this case, we shall find them founded on undoubted reason: since supposing both equal in their natural integrity, I ought, in common prudence, to fear foul play from an indigent person, rather than from one whose circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare temptation of money.

This reason also makes the commonwealth regard her richest subjects as those who are most concerned for her quiet and interest, and consequently fittest to be entrusted with her highest employments. On the contrary, Catiline's saying to those men of desperate fortunes who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his army, that they had nothing to hope for but from a civil war, was too true not to make the impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but what I have said in praise of money will be more than sufficient with most of my readers to excuse the subject of my present paper, which I intend as an essay on the ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift. All men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue; and I believe there are very few persons who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift: I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

"Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.

"Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

"Never neglect small matters and expenses."

A third instrument of growing rich, is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Wit, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend, how he was able to dispatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. "If," says he, "I have any necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order."

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business, and that without it the greatest parts and most lively imaginations, rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to an happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense, may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison with something else; or at least are not content to be getting an estate, unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this, as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money

were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouch, the first famous Italian comedian, that being at Paris, and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a low rate to the same perfumer, who finding out the trick, called it "*Tabac de mille fleurs*," or "Snuff of a thousand flowers." The story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until making too much haste to get rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has with great industry and application, attained to the art of beating the grenadier's march on his chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author, being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, "Poison for monsieur," upon a second "Poison for the dauphin," and on a third, "Poison for the king." Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired. The host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune; having observed, since my being a spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change than at Whitehall or St. James'. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not however close this essay, without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and

is not designed for those men who from low beginnings push themselves up to the top of states, and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great design.

I may therefore compare these men to a great poet, who, as Longinus says, while he is full of the most magnificent ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little beauties and niceties of his art.

I would, however, have all my readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon geniuses and men above rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this particular.

ONLY A RIPPLE.

Only a ripple
  On life's great sea;
But fraught with moment
  To you and me.

Others may see it,
  But what care they?
They have their trials
  Along the way.

But this is for us;
  We feel its force;
For did it not break
  Across our course?

Only a ripple
  On life's great sea;
But fraught with moment
  To you and me.

W. Alfred Gay.

The most romantic of all numbers is the figure nine, because it cannot be multiplied away or got rid of at all. Whatever you do it is sure to turn up again. One remarkable property of this figure (said to have been first discovered by W. Green, who died in 1794,) is that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by what you like and it gives the same result. Begin with twice nine, 18: add the digits together and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times nine are 27, and 2 and 7 make 9. So it goes on up to eleven times nine, which gives 99. Very good; add the digits, 9 and 9 are 18, and 8 and 1 are 9. Going on to any extent it is impossible to get rid of figure 9. Take a couple of instances at random. Three hundred and thirty-nine times nine are 3051; add up the figures and they give nine. Five thousand and seventy-one times give 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27, and 2 and 7 are 9.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

Mr. Richard Grant White in a recent magazine article upsets the pet meaning and use of a line which is probably quoted as often as any other in the language, and leaves the latter thereby a line and a sentiment poorer; for what is there to take the popular place of

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"?

Mr. White comes upon the subject in the course of some remarks on Shakespeare's neglected play of "Troilus and Cressida," and he handles the popular conception of it with such scant ceremony and severe castigation as a man would bestow upon a snake whom he encounters in the woods. As the treatment comes from Mr. White, the snake takes it of course with meek and becoming conduct, and quitely crawls away. He speaks of the line in question as one "which not one in a million of those that use it ever saw where Shakespeare wrote it; or, if they had any brains behind their eyes, they would not use it as they do. * * As it is constantly quoted, it is not Shakespeare's. * * It has come to be always quoted with the meaning implied in the following indication of emphasis: 'One touch of *nature* makes the *whole world* kin.' Shakespeare wrote no such sentimental twaddle." A few lines of desultory blasphemy follow, and the writer then proceeds to make his point, which he does clearly, and as he is, we believe, the first to call attention to the subject, his argument is presented herewith entire:

"The line which has thus been perverted into an exposition of sentimental brotherhood among all mankind, is on the contrary one of the most cynical utterances of an undisputable moral truth, disparaging to the nature of all mankind, that ever came from Shakespeare's pen. Achilles keeps himself aloft from his fellow Greeks, and takes no part in the war, sure that his fame for valor will be untarnished. Ulysses contrives to provoke him into a discussion, and tells him that his great deeds will be forgotten and his fame fade into mere shadow, and that some new man will take his place, unless he does something from time to time to keep his glory bright. For men forget the great thing that was done, in favor of the less that is done now.

For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

And then he immediately adds that there is one point on which all men are alike, one touch of human nature which shows the kindred of all mankind—that they slight familiar merit and prefer trivial novelty. The next lines to those quoted above are:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More sand than gilt oe'r dusted.

The meaning is too manifest to need or indeed to admit a word of comment, and it is brought out by this emphasis: '*One* touch of nature makes the *whole world kin*'—that one touch of their common failing being an uneasy love of novelty. Was ever poet's or sage's meaning so perverted, so reversed. And yet it is hopeless to think of bringing about a change in the general use of this line and a cessation of its perversion to sentimental purposes, not to say an application of it as the scourge for which it was wrought; just as it is hopeless to think of changing by any demonstration of unfitness and un-

meaningness a phrase in general use —the reason being that the mass of the users are utterly thoughtless and careless of the right or the wrong, the fitness or the unfitness, of the words that come from their mouths, except that they serve their purpose for the moment. That done, what care they? And what can we expect, when even the 'Globe' edition of Shakespeare's works has upon its very title-page and its cover a globe with a band around it, on which is written this line in its perverted sense, that sense being illustrated, enforced and deepened into the general mind by the union of the band-ends by clasped hands. I absolve, of course, the Cambridge editors of the guilt of this twaddling misuse of Shakespeare's line; it was a mere publisher's contrivance; but I am somewhat surprised that they should have even allowed it such sanction as it has from its appearance on the same title-page with their names."

CHANGES IN MEANINGS.

In the 16th century the word *silly* was used to imply innocence, childlikeness, etc., and in no case had it the severe meaning which we now give it. There are scores of words beside this which have degenerated in the same way, in the course of two hundred years, but this peculiar tendency is not confined to our later centuries. The word Belial in the Old Testament is an example of the same thing. Men of Belial meant in the ages before Christ, worthless fellows—men devoted to idleness—loafers, in other words; but the word is never used in the New Testament except as meaning the Devil. There is abundant proof in modern times that Satan monopolizes the idler's time, but here is an ancient instance where he has appropriated his very appellation.

STARVATION

is a word of quite recent introduction, and is an Americanism. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that this word is not to be found in English dictionaries; neither in Todd's Johnson published in 1826, nor in Richardson's, published ten years later, nor in Smart's *Walker Remodelled*, published about the same time as Richardson's. It is Webster who has the credit of importing it from this country into England, and in a supplement issued a few years ago, Mr. Smart adopted it as a *trivial* word, but in very common, and at present good use.

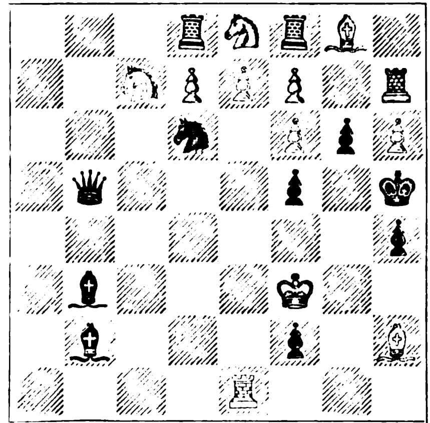
LETTERS to children are as difficult to write as books for children. Crabb Robinson stands at the head of all inditers of little epistles for little folks. He is not in the vein of Jeffery to his granddaughter, as in "I send you my blessing, and wish I was kissing your sweet lips or your fat finger tips." Robinson comes nearer to Hood, only that he could not stoop to use old jokes as well as make new. The two are together in the following paragraph in Hood's letter to May, one of Dr. Elliott's daughters, "Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony and has caught a cold; and tell Jeannie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden but it has not come up yet! . . The other night when I came from Stratford, the cold shrivelled me up so, that when I got home I thought I was my own child." The best thing Crabb Robinson did in this way was by surprising a little girl who said she did not know how to write a letter to her little brother, by proving to her that she was a perfect letter writer. She had asked Robinson to suggest all the subjects. He proposed purposely something untrue, then something silly, but both were rejected by the child on the ground of their untruthfulness and silliness. This process went on till the child adopted such subjects as were adapted to her purpose; and she found she was a good letter writer without knowing it.

CHESS.

PROBLEM.

No. 23. By Geo. H. Thornton.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 7 moves.

CHESS ITEMS.

The Buffalo Chess and Checker Association has been re-organized and the following officers have been elected:

President—Henry A. Richmond.
Vice-President—James A. Mugridge.
Secretary—George H. Thornton.
Treasurer—Robert Denton.

It is the intention to have the Association incorporated at an early day. It is now placed on a permanent footing, and is in a more prosperous condition than it ever before has been. A new constitution and by-laws have been adopted. The constitution provides for an annual tournament in both the chess and checker departments. It is expected that these tournaments will shortly be put in operation. The winner in these respective tournaments will have the title of Champion, until the next-annual tournament. The attendance at the rooms of the Association, since the re-organization, has been exceptionally large, and an unusual amount of interest has been manifest. Quite a number of private matches have been contested and a new impetus has been given to the practice of these games in our city.

Mr. Bird's stay in our midst was very much enjoyed by those who had the pleasure of meeting him. Some of the chess columns in noticing Mr. Bird's stay with us have commented on some of the games lost by him and then have added the remark that "Mr. Bird, however, won a majority of the games played." We need hardly say that this is a very mild way of putting the case. When nominees for political offices receive such majorities, their opponents never feel called upon to investigate the matter by Electoral Commissions.

—The following is one of several simultaneous games played by Mr. Bird during his stay in Buffalo. The notes are by the editor of *The Clipper* and Mr. Bird:

GIUCCO PIANO.

White. *Mr. H. Richmond.*	Black. *Mr. H. E. Bird.*
1..P to K 4	1..P to K 4
2..K Kt to B 3	2..Q Kt to B 3
3..K B to B 4	3..K B to B 4
4 P to Q 3 (*)	4..K Kt to B 3
5..Q B to K 3	5..P to Q 3 *(a)*
6..P to K R 3	6..P to Q R 3
7..Q Kt to B 3	7..P to K R 3
8..Castles	8..Castles
9..Q B takes B	9..Q P takes B
10..P to Q K 3	10 .Q to her 3
11 Q Kt to K 2	11..Q Kt to K 2
12..Kt to Kt 3	12..Kt to Kt 3
13..R his K 2	13 .K to R 2 *(b)*
14..Q Kt to B 5	14..Q B takes Kt
15..K P takes B	15..Q Kt to K 2
16..K Kt to R 4	16..P to Q Kt 4
17..K B to Kt 3	17..Q to her 5
18..P to K Kt 4	18..Q takes Kt P
19..Kt to K B 3	19..Q R to Q sq
20..P to K Kt 5	20..R P takes P
21..Kt takes P +	21..K to Kt sq
22..Q to K B 3	22. Q to her 5
23..K Kt to K 4	23..K Kt takes Kt
24..Q P takes Kt	24..P to Q B 5
25..K K to Kt sq	25..Q to her 7 *(c)*
26..K R takes P + *(d)*	26..K to his K sq
27..P to K B 6	27..Q to B 5 +
28..Q takes Q	28..K P takes Q
29 B 2d P takes Kt	29..K takes K R
30..P takes K R +	30..K takes 2d Q
31..K B to R 2	31..Q R to Q 7
32..R to Q B sq	32..R takes B P +
33..K to Kt sq-	33..Q R to K 7
34..B to Kt sq	34..R takes K P
35..P to Q B 3	35..Q R to K 6
36..B to his 5	36..P to Q B 4
37..K B to B 3	37..P to Q R 4
38..B to Q K 6	38..P to Q Kt 5
39..R P takes P	39..R P takes P
40..B P takes P	40..B P takes P
41..K B takes P	41..R to Q B 6
42..Q R tak.s R	42..Kt P takes R

and the *partie* is drawn.

(*) We do not believe in it; we do not like it; we believe such a move beneath the privileges of the attack.

NOTES BY OUR CONTRIBUTOR.

(a) This Bishop is usually retired to Kt 3. The line of play adopted is, we believe, novel, and appears worthy of analysis.

(b) So far the opening is quiet and steady enough.

(c) 25..Q R to Q 3 would have prevented the carrying out of White's ingenious conception. [We recommend all young players to carry out to its conclusion the reason why Black cannot take the Rook on being checked.—Editor *Clipper*.]

(d) This and the following moves are very well played by Mr. Richmond.

Although it may be true, as the Editor of the *Clipper* suggests, that White's 4th move is not an attacking one, yet it must be considered that the world-wide reputation of Mr. Richmond's adversary was pretty well understood, and throughout the entire game Mr. Richmond took no risks, even the sacrifice on the 26th move had been thoroughly analyzed as is apparent from an examination of the game. There is no lack of boldness and brilliancy in Mr. Richmond's ordinary play.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

TILE AGAIN.

The use of tile in America is on the increase daily and there are scores of ways in which its strength, beauty or cleanliness, or all three combined, are taken advantage of. We are following England closely in this custom, taking the lessons of the great Fair home with us. The Englishmen have a seeming advantage over us in the fact that the great Tile Works of Minton & Co. and Maw & Co. are situated in their own country, but this after all is only a small advantage in the matter of the celerity with which an order may be filled, for the catalogues in color of both these houses, representing exactly their every production to the number of hundreds and showing the patterns and shades of color perfectly, can be seen at the American agencies, and one of the number selected and ordered. Mr. D. B. McNish, 304 Main street, is the agent of both the English firms mentioned, and has their catalogues, which it is really a treat to look through as well as a lesson in form and color combination.

WORLD-WIDE.

The idea of submitting the manufactures of different countries to the test of competition at a World's Fair, where all the best that the world could produce should compete, and there crowning the victor with the highest award, was conceived and put into execution for the first time in London, in 1852. Articles and products which there received the first medal immediately acquired a world-wide fame, and their reputation was established and perpetuated. Since that time there have been held four Great Expositions, and it is to the honor of a few of the manufactures of the United States to have carried away the first prize, not only at the London Exhibition, but at every one since. If the first prize in London, nearly twenty years ago, stamped these few manufactures with a front-rank reputation, how much more would continued success keep them before the people as the very best? Such is the record of the Fairbanks Scales. They were awarded the first Medals in London, Paris, Vienna, Santiago, and last of all at Philadelphia in '76 four medals and four diplomas were awarded them, they being the only scale exhibitors upon whom these united honors were conferred. Adopted years ago as the Standard of the United States, the Fairbanks Scales have become long since the Standard of every country in the world, and their reputation, if such a thing is possible, is enhanced every year.

A HUMORIST'S INVENTION.

The principal objection to keeping a scrap-book has been finally done away with. This objection, as every one will recognize who has kept one, is the bother of pasting. Either you must give every scrap as you clipped it and send it through the process of smoothing and drying singly, or you must keep the clippings together and have a general pasting day, which would be postponed indefinitely, sometimes forever. It has fallen to the lot of a great humorist to produce hilarity in another way than by merely making jokes. Mark Twain has invented a scrap-book which will bring comfort to the heart of the scrap collector. It is simple enough, as all good inventions are, and consists merely in having the pages of the book gummed in a gridiron pattern with oiled tissue paper between to keep them from adhering to each other. The only thing to be done is to moisten the back of the scrap and press it down upon the page and the book progresses with sweet alacrity and an absence of all the profanity attendant upon the old method. As an aid to the retention of the second commandment, and a first class scrap-book in every respect, this one of Twain should be in the possession of every collector. Young, Lockwood & Co. have it for sale.

A PLEASANT TRIP.

The great Pennsylvania Railroad—the road which carried five and one-half millions of people to and from the Centennial Exhibition of '76 during the six months of its continuance, without an accident of any kind—offers now to the public, by the Northern Central, which is a part of it, the opportunity of visiting Washington in quick and direct manner, and witnessing the inauguration of President Hayes. The inauguration of the chief executive is one of the events of every four years of American life, and the ceremony of '77 will be especially noteworthy from the fact of the fierce and exciting contest of ballot and word which preceded it.

The trains of the Northern Central leave Buffalo at seasonable hours, and the enterprise which offers the round trip at reduced rates, and with the very best railroad accommodations, is an enterprise characteristic of the management of this road. A large number will undoubtedly avail themselves of the privilege of enjoying the sunny atmosphere of Washington at so auspicious a season.

THE HOUSE.

To the large number of people in this city who have for years bought the numberless utensils required in keeping house, at Woltge's Housekeepers' Emporium, where the largest assortment of first-class goods of the kind were always to be had, it will be a matter of gratification to know that Mr. Woltge has added to his otherwise complete outfit a large and elegant stock of Crockery and Glassware, which comprises all the latest of foreign and American designs as well as the ordinary and everyday useful kinds. To list in detail the large variety would be impossible. The following are the general heads under which complete assortments may be found :

French White Transparent China, Gold Band best French and English Toilet Sets, beautiful Transparent Tea and Coffee Sets in new designs, Majolica Tea Services, Wedgewood Tete-a-Tete Sets, Water-jugs and Tea Pots, Gold Lustre Earthenware, Moss Rose and Gold Band French China Tete Sets, Maddock's first quality China, Meakin's best quality China; also, the finest cut and pressed Glass Tumblers, Goblets, Fruit Stands, Decanters and Champagne Glasses, ordinary Stone China and Yellow and Rockware.

With this superior addition to its other advantages, the establishment now offers a complete outfit for housekeeping. Every conceivable article for kitchen use complete ; breakfast, dinner and tea services for the dining table ; table cutlery, from common cooking forks and spoons to the finest ivory, pearl or gold sets ; silver plated ware in elegant variety, and woodenware of every kind ; in fact anything and everything that a houskeeper can wish for or think of will now be found, if anywhere in the city, at Woltge's Housekeepers' Emporium, 319 Main street.

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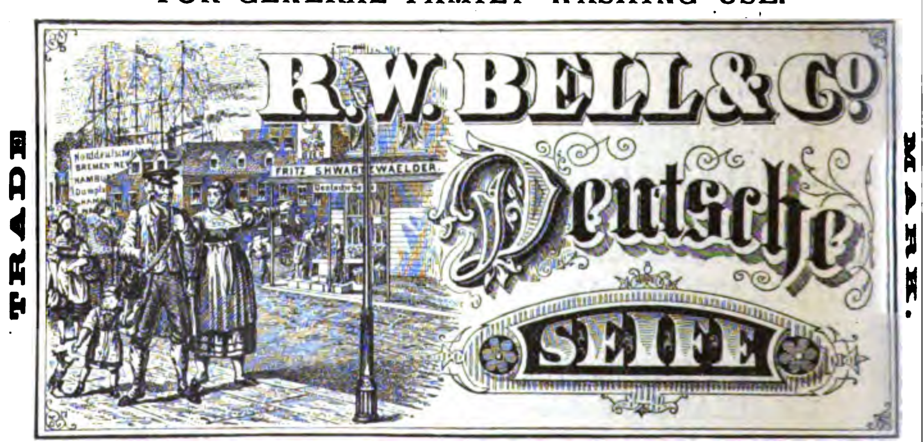
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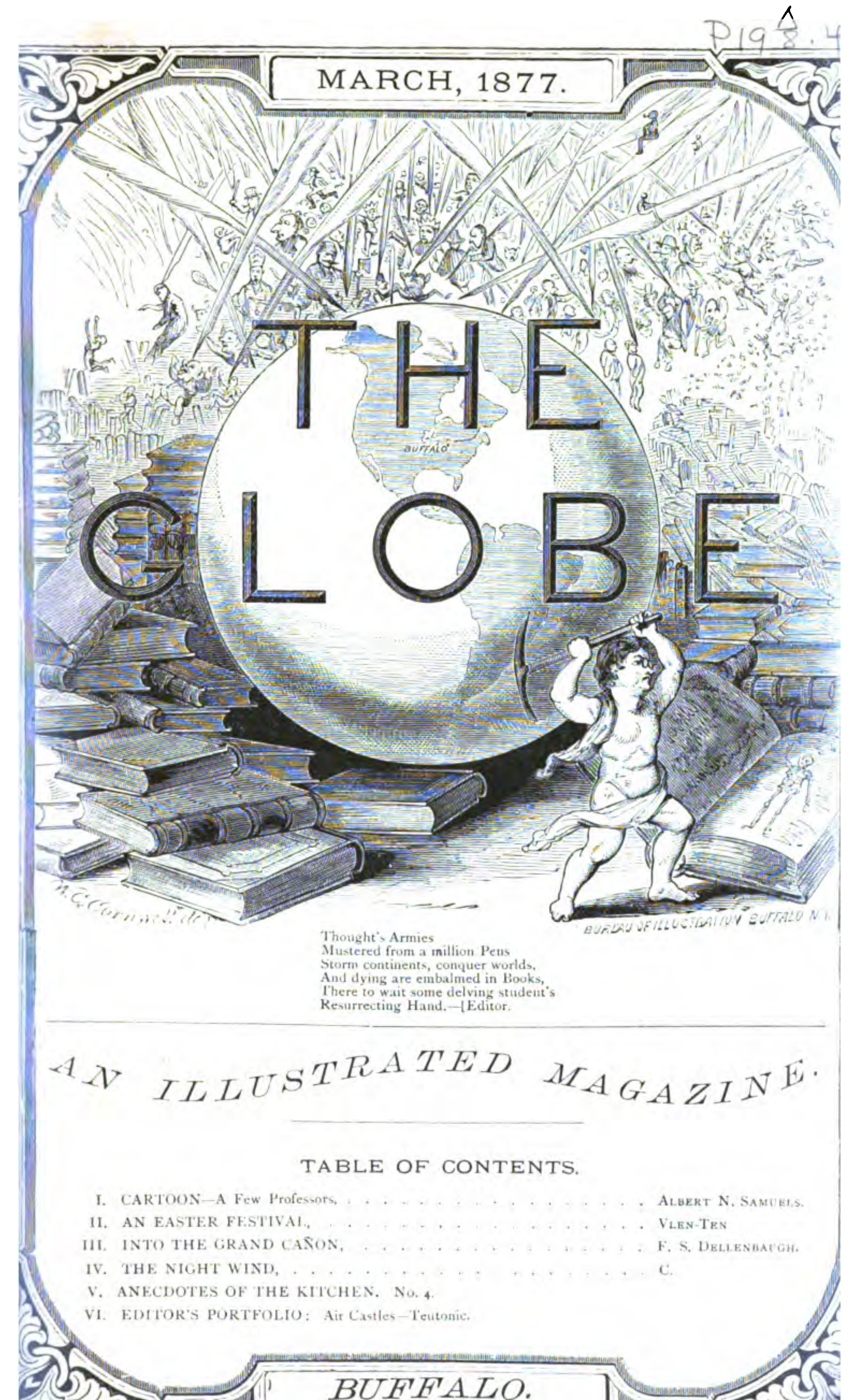


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MARCH, 1877.
THE GLOBE
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Thought's Armies
Mustered from a million Pens
Storm continents, conquer worlds,
And dying are embalmed in Books,
There to wait some delving student's
Resurrecting Hand.—[Editor.
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.
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BUFFALO.



A FEW PROFESSORS.

THE GLOBE.

VOL. IV.] MARCH, 1877. [No. 11.

AN EASTER FESTIVAL.

A beautiful and solemn festival is Easter. The youngest Sabbath-school child in the Episcopal Church can tell you the wonderful event it commemorates, and will convey, in calm and grammatical language, to the ordinary catechiser, the belief that he understands the sacred and impressive nature of its celebration. But the grown-up children who belong to the Sabbath-school and the Church, have not so well-defined an idea of the matter; and the other grown-up children, who do not belong to the Sabbath-school, and are non-catechisers, must gain their knowledge of the subject from the festivals themselves.

Happily, these occur every year in this Christian land, and in this Christian city one is about to occur for each Christian church.

Lest the importance of this fact should be underrated or lost sight of by the general public, it is announced in the papers several days beforehand. The various features of the occasion are appropriately set out, and a sort of programme arranged, that all may see what is in store for them. A good-natured and generous rivalry, is even admitted; not to be turned to individual account, but for the general good.

As indicated in the announcement that the music at St. First-on-the-list's will be of the most impressive as well as artistic character, a noted tenor and soloist having been engaged for the occasion. That at St. Second's there will be a grand organ performance by the renowned Prof. Pedal, consisting of so many movements in such and such letters of the alphabet, with unlimited manipulation of stops, and other technicalities. That there will be a chorus of so many voices, trained for this especial occasion, at St. Third's. That there will be a chorus of so many voices, and so many additional, at St. Fourth's. That such and such new compositions will be brought out at St. Fifth's. That there will be an orchestra accompaniment at St. Sixth's. And that there will be the most elegant, the most chaste, the most lavish, the most beautiful, and the most expensive floral tributes at each of the Saints' individually, beginning with St. First-on-the-list's and ending with St. Unnumbered.

But it is left for the delicate finesse of St. Sixth to carry off the palm against its brother Saints, while apparently relinquishing all claim to it, and to score with the general public the most telling point of all. In connection with the grand orchestra announcement, St. Sixth informs its pew-holders that they must be in their seats by a quarter past ten, as after that hour the doors will be flung open to the General Public!

No question as to where it shall go, in the mind of the General Public after that! No sort of chance for any of the other Saints!

Promptly at the appointed time, then, on this Easter morning, the General Public is observed, and you are observed with it, closely besieging the main entrance, double-locked to keep it out, while the pew-holders swarm in at the postern door, and occupy the works.

It still lacks something of ten o'clock when a drizzly rain sets in. The half of the General Public which has brought its umbrellas, puts them up, and takes a new hold on its patience; while the other half takes a position under their drippings, and loses its temper altogether. (It was already somewhat uncertain, by reason of the lockout.) There begin to be murmurings and every-day exclamations, and assurances of "I don't care, but it's mean!" meaning "I do care," and intending to reflect on the pew-holders, and—yes, even the Saint himself. In fact, the General Public seems to you to disport itself very much like the one that laid siege to that unconsecrate temple of the uncanonized saint, the other night, on the production of a great symphony by a great lay-orchestra; only there is not quite as much good-nature and forbearance prevalent here, owing to the greater restraint imposed on expression and demeanor.

There is a girl in a faded brown beaver cloak and a limp hat, who stands half way up the stairs beside an elegant demoiselle in a silk sack, frizzes, and fur trimmings, and there is an underhand struggle going on between them. The demoiselle seems to have been treading on the toes of the faded beaver, for the latter has been heard to give expression to a tragical "Ouch!" once or twice, and to mutter the opinion that "animals with hoofs, ought to stay on the ground." Wherefore it delights the faded beaver, when the fur of the silk sack begins to mat together and get very much demoralized, (a process which she assists by slily passing her ungloved hand over it) to draw attention to the fact in a sympathizing tone. Also to feign to be suddenly crowded from the other side, and to fall heavily against her neighbor's dainty feathers and ruffle them. She succeeds admirably in both amiable endeavors, as a number of pettish "oh's" attest.

Several gay young men occupy the portal, where they are partially sheltered by the coping, and look absently over the heads of three elderly ladies in cockling black suits, at the opposite buildings, which, from this standpoint seem to possess new and altogether unsuspected architectural merit.

The restlessness of the young ladies has begun to culminate as their frizzes yield to the moisture, and falling awry, obscure the elaborate side-partings of their hair, when the bells ring out the signal, and the doors open.

Then hope revives, and a struggle ensues. The gay young men scuttle inside in a twinkling, and are comfortably stowed away out of sight by the time the elderly ladies gain the vestibule. The silk sack and faded beaver give way to their animosity under cover of the rush, and jostle each other viciously, step by step, up the whole flight; which encounter results in settling the limp hat awry, and completing the demoralization of the fur trimming by preventing the closing of the demoiselle's umbrella until it had shed its moisture thereon.

The vestibule having been gained, the nave and transept are disclosed filled to repletion with pew-holders. You would scarcely think, and neither did the General Public, that there were so many of them; but the calm backward gaze with which they greet you, convinces you even against your better judgment. It also has the effect of stemming the flow of General Public a few feet inside the doors.

"No use stopping here," querrulously begins a short-whiskered, peevish-looking usher; "can't get seats here in the aisle. Move on down, won't you?" With which he lays hold of two ladies by the shoulders, and packs them off briskly, his eyes fixed aloft,

as though he were going to stow them away in an apse.

"Stand back here," cries another, setting the principle laid down by his colleague at nought, and bringing a sturdy shoulder to bear. "Stand back here, and let them stools come in." Whereupon, a pile of folded camp stools is discovered advancing over the heads of the crowd, propelled by some mysterious agency, which brings them jerking and tottling along like the ship in a marine drama, with the additional spectacular interest of seeming about to fall on the upturned faces and create a tableau. This is followed by another, and another, until a whole admiral's fleet of the unsteady craft has been floated in and sunk, and the available space is exhausted.

There is now standing-room only; which, being acceptable, certain of the General Public are posted off and become an addition to the fresco design upon the walls in distant corners, or recumbent statues on chancel-steps and in cross-aisles.

And still the crowd is not exhausted, for here comes the three elderly ladies and at least thirty feminine friends, who have together held aloof from the crowd, and who now advance under cover of censorious dignity and eye-glasses. Several large male pew-holders, in possession of their property, are observed to sit more rigidly upright, and to gaze more pertinaciously at the communion-plate as this relay advances, in defiance of the fear of being dispossessed or crowded; and a very elaborate young man in the next pew looks utter indifference (which it is easy to see he is very far from feeling), while holding out manfully against the mental and physical pressure. A double eye-glass of the most powerful kind, lays siege to the seven large men, and effects a breach, which it immediately fills with a very narrow pull-back; but the elaborate young man holds out. He peers through small interstices in the crowd, whenever one occurs, and dodges artfully in search of another when one is filled up: he even half raises to look over shoulders, and when hard pressed, has recourse to whisperings in his neighbor's ear, following it up by an animated grin and great steadfastness of eye, as if it were something very funny indeed, and on no account to be lost sight of.

But now there is no longer standing-room unoccupied, while it is time for the exercises to begin; and they are begun, accordingly. The opening service (in which the passage, "The Scripture moveth us in *sundry* places" seems most apt to the present purpose) being over, the choir rise, and the real service, for which all this crowding was gone through, is entered upon. There is a crash of sound from the much-talked-of orchestra, which beats a few pulses with thrilling effect; then the basso chants solemnly, "Christ is risen from the dead," with three repetitions, each more emphatic than the last, after which the strain is taken up by the tenor with equal emphasis, — "A–a–a–ans bluh–u–u cleh–e–e——sus!" especially on the last syllable. Another crash, which seems to divide the chorus into two parties, who thereupon begin baiting each other with the taunt—

As it was in the béginning——is now!
As it was in the beginning——is now!

alternately, and keep it up until it is seen that neither is going to yield, when they wander off into some unintelligible medley, from which they finally emerge completely blowed.

Then the orchestra is allowed a few more bars by itself (but nothing like enough to satisfy), and comes very near making a failure of them by extreme haste; but gets through by a sleight-of-hand and pauses in the moment of victory.

A short silence now ensues for the purpose of contrast, and a storm of chorus sets in with "Praise be to the Father." It is a dismal and discordant storm in its opening, but begins to take form and purpose just as it is discovered it is only a squall and is

dying as suddenly as it began: then the soprano tries it alone and is just beginning to redeem herself and the whole performance, when the bass starts a rival strain, which seems to excite uncontrollable envy in the tenor, who joins the soprano, and the chorus take sides according to their various impulses. The orchestra becomes dismembered and joins one side or the other, and the organ and a redoubt of male voices are at cross-purposes with everybody. A protracted struggle ensues, and for a long time it is doubtful which of the several contestants will carry the day. You begin to be wrought up with sympathy for the weaker parties—notably the fair soprano, who seems like to burst, and has already ruined her features if you can judge by the strain on her mouth—and to observe the same emotion in others of the congregation, when the chorus begins to show signs of yielding, the orchestra suddenly effects a junction of its members, the soprano drops an octave, and the whole thing ends in disgraceful reconciliation.

The expression of applause, which seems to be entertained by somebody, not being allowable, there is only a strained silence, amidst which you begin to be conscious of the first lesson, through the medium of the accentuated words "Unleavened bread," and "Passover." There is a second lesson too, and the balance of an unaccustomed service; in which the responses are faint or irrelevant, and which seems to impress nobody as of much importance, or as having any very clear application to the purpose in hand.

The extremely self-conscious lady in full mourning, who sits in front of you, tries to appear impressed, but makes a failure of it, and absently acknowledges her allegiance to the choir, by keeping one eye turned upward to that multitudinous charmer while wandering in her responses, until recalled, by the sound of her own voice, to her prayer-book and the necessity of a simper.

The venerable Rector is the only one really in earnest, and he is very much in earnest, as his voice and manner indicate; but his fervor can make no headway against the superior attractions of the gallery. A cold draft sweeps in at the open doors, and sends a chill through the nerves of the crowd in the vestibule, while inside, the air is fast growing hot and close. There are not wanting tokens of restlessness and impatience during the intervals between music, and they are on the increase as the service advances.

Finally, when the orchestra has had the arena to itself for its most stirring overture, during which the violin gave evidence of its jealousy of the trombone, and the clarionet and violoncello indulged in an exchange of hard words over *their* little difference, the whole concluding with a well feigned harmony; there is a strong inclination manifested among the lady occupants of the pit to become faint, and turn white, and be led out. This movement soon becomes so popular that there is danger of a general exodus, and certain mild detainers are put in use to prevent it. But it goes on steadily, nevertheless, and by the time the portion of the silver service commonly used for the purpose of receiving the small offerings of the people begins to circulate, accompanied by the injunction to be liberal, there is a considerable amount of standing room and several vacant seats at your service.

The music is set going again finally, but the noise prevents its having great effect on the movers, and you observe it falls as flat on the ears of the pew-holders as their coin upon the plate. The self-conscious lady, with the weeds, suddenly becomes critical, and detects a double discord just as her offering is due; but, to do her justice, appears quite incapable of ever becoming reconciled to any existing state of facts whatever, when she discovers her omission afterwards, so great is her mental disturbance.

The elaborate young man, on the contrary, is entirely under the influence of the music, which, combined with that contained in the red eye of a green-necked bird, on the bonnet of a young lady in front, has completely mesmerized him. He is recalled by discovering his hand is his right waistcoat pocket, and suddenly remembers what he put it there for, but it is past the accepted time, and he resigns himself to fate. A single dollar is forthcoming from the seven large pew-holders, half of which you incline to credit to the double eye-glass; and the remainder of the neighborhood is not much more productive.

After this ceremony the service drags: the life has gone from the music, the beauty from the floral display, the soul from the glorious Easter Festival. The remaining prayers are gone through in form, like an unavoidable and rather tiresome duty, the benediction pronounced, and the crowd disperse.

As you wend your way homeward, you meditate upon the scene you have witnessed, and if you are a philosopher are apt to draw cynical deductions: As that, unlike the youngest Sabbath-school child before mentioned, not one in ten of that great crowd had any thought of the real purpose and import of the Easter service. That the other nine came chiefly or wholly to enjoy the music. That the management had lost sight of the true spirit of the Festival, and perverted a beautiful service in their love of a noble, but misapplied art. That the art itself had been degraded in this employment; and that the whole thing was a stupendous farce, void of the furthest approach to an expression of Honor to Christ, and Him Risen.

From this, the transition to the general and sweeping deduction that all church ceremonies have come to be a mockery, and that religion itself is but a tissue of unmeaning forms, growing more and more unmeaning and soulless every year, is easy; and you speedily become lost in religious or sacrilegious fog, which clouds the remainder of your day, and spoils your dinner.

But, though you may entertain what thoughts you like, even to the utter and perpetual befogging of your moral instinct, you are not on any account to give them expression, lest you bring about your ears the sensitive wrath, the terrible scathing anathemas and crushing denunciation of the Church Militant.

INTO THE GRAND CAÑON.

The natives soon swarmed around, begging for tobacco, flour, sugar, everything. They were far too sociable, but so long as they kept within proper bounds, it was clearly our policy to treat them as though they had rights as well as ourselves. The men, some of them gaudily painted in red and yellow, and arrayed in grotesquely incongruous costumes, squatted in a semi-circle in front of our camp-fire. I explained the object of our visit to their country, and as I was doing so I was struck by the wild and picturesque nature of the situation.

The jabbering of the squaws as they passed to and from the water-pocket with their wicker jugs, the open-mouthed wonder with which the younger members contemplated us, and the low conversation of the "braves" seated in front of me; the gloomy gulch before us in the dark lava, the thick cedars and the mighty pines, our great distance from any friendly habitation, and the hushed stillness that pervaded all nature around us, lent to the scene a peculiar penetrating atmosphere of its own.

A pleasanter state of affairs was created and considerable amusement afforded by the approach of an old

squaw, leading a little redskin about four or possibly five years old. The little fellow seemed to be the prodigy of the band, and upon inquiring I found he was the son of the chief. He had been out on a hunting expedition. He carried a small bow and several arrows, and on his head was a turban adorned with several bird feathers. His morning's hunt had been crowned with success, and his appearance was hailed by laughter and loud shouts from the whole assemblage. Dangling from one side of his belt was a string of field mice and small ground-squirrels which he had brought down by his dexterity. But though he was such a bold hunter, he came toward us with great reluctance and seemed half inclined to cry or run away. He felt reassured, however, by the ringing cries of "*pikee*"—"*pikee*" (come—come) and slowly advanced with his left hand resting timidly against his quivering lips and his right holding the little bow and arrows with a desperate clutch.

He stood a while to be admired and then was led off. As the afternoon waned our red men one by one departed till, as the sun dipped below the horizon, none but our guide remained. He then asked permission to spend the night with his friends and we allowed him to go, telling him to be on hand early in the morning.

The dawn was just breaking into day when he came. We breakfasted and I prepared for the climb to the bottom of the Grand Cañon. I expected to regain camp before dark on the following day, and therefore made preparations only for a stay of that length. Each carried a light blanket on his shoulders, and also a gallon-canteen full of water. Besides this I put in the Indian's pack a quantity of bread and jerked-beef—our rations. Refusing the offer of a second Indian companion, and slipping a small revolver into my pocket, I followed my guide southward through the still forest. A brisk walk of an hour and a quarter brought us suddenly to the brink of the great chasm. As we stood alone on the verge, with the forest and the mountains behind us, we contemplated a view that tourists of the future will rave over and poets unborn will sing of in rapturous stanzas. I doubt whether the Indian was much impressed by it, or whether he felt its influence at all. Born on the very edge of the Cañon and never having seen any prairie land, it was nothing out of the usual line of events, to him. But for my part I surveyed it with mute admiration. The soft morning haze that draped the bold red walls had a sort of mesmeric effect on my feelings, and seemed to conceal a subtle *something* that touched one's very soul. We talk about the grandeur of the Falls of Niagara, but the impression received on the edge of the Grand Cañon is far more vivid. I felt like sitting down to watch the changes the growing day would bring. I could see the flashing waters of the Colorado, thousands of feet below, and the task of climbing down and up again over the worn and weather-beaten buttresses looked decidedly uninviting. This great Cañon is not a narrow gutter, but an enormous gorge with walls carved and cut and torn by the erosion of an immense period. There are side gulleys and gulches and there are long promontories running out from one wall toward corresponding depressions in the other.

Out on one of these narrow points we were led by the dim trail which my guide was following, and soon found ourselves leaping from rock to rock of what seemed to be a mere tottering pinnacle, with the wide gulf in waiting to swallow it up. The great mass, composed of layer upon layer of sandstone and limestone, felt frail under my feet as I looked above and below. At first the descent was quite gradual and we got below the thick stratum of basalt without much exertion. Then we had an easy incline for a few hundred feet over some soft

shales till we came to a series of hard limestone beds perhaps seven or eight hundred feet in thickness. Here the difficulties began. The shattered and flinty edges of the limestone afforded very uncertain foot and hand holds, and a sprinkling of cacti in the crevices multiplied our cares. But at last we reached strata of sandstone again and followed down steep taluses, to a narrow terrace. On this terrace a few scrubby cedars were growing, but the scant vegetation was composed principally of varieties of cacti and yucca and a very singular plant called by the Indians the "devil's walking-stick," at least that is the best translation I can give of the name. It consists of a number of straight stalks growing close together, branchless and from six to fifteen feet tall. These stalks are usually an inch or an inch and a half in diameter, with scarcely any variation from the base to within a few inches of the tip, which at that season was crowned by a bright scarlet flower. The leaves, which were about an inch in length and very narrow, started straight out from the trunk, and were numerous. With the tall green yaut stalks, and the dead yellow ones, and the cacti, the botany of the locality seemed to me to be in strict harmony with the strange geology. As we left the terrace and began again to descend, I found that we were still some 2500 feet above the river, on massive and almost vertical cliffs. We were compelled to take advantage of crevices, and narrow shelves, and I perceived at once that the 1400 or 1500 feet we had come down was much the easiest part of the climb.

The nimble Indian skipped and leaped along with astonishing ease. Always having been accustomed to pedestrianism, the muscles of his legs were well trained, and it would require an extraordinary hard march to fatigue him. His flexible moccasins, too, permitted him to catch quick and delicate footings, while my hob-nailed shoes, though they protected my feet well, were at the same time extremely unfavorable to agility. Nevertheless, I succeeded in keeping up with him, but I confess that an occasional stumble rendered it sometimes necessary for me to perform some (to me at least) marvelous feats of balancing.

At the end of three hours from the beginning of the descent, we reached the bank of the river, and the effect of such a long continued and unusual strain can perhaps be imagined. My relaxed muscles almost refused to support me till I could reach a suitable resting spot, and the Indian also was quite content to drop upon a boulder by the river side. After a lunch on the beef and bread I took a quick bath and felt invigorated and refreshed. To my astonishment my red friend followed my example, and I almost expected to see the creamy color of the water changed to a reddish brown.

After a sufficient rest, I inspected the neighborhood. The only sign of life I found was a fine bright yellow snake whose clear rattle arrested my attention. He had gone down to the edge of the rising river for a drink, and as I crossed his path he had coiled and sounded the alarm. Could anything be fairer? He said "Look out or I'll bite," in his peculiar language, with unmistakable emphasis. And demonstration has shown that when he warns and his warning is unheeded, he proceeds in his business without further notification. The pose of this one was actually beautiful. His clean bright form glistened in the mid-day sun, his broad flat head was stretched slightly but earnestly forward, and his eyes scintillated like clear diamonds. Several rocks soon put an end to him and he lay extended on the sand. Perhaps it was heartless to murder the poor creature apparently for nothing (as he lived in such an isolated locality), but I did not care to run the risk of sitting down in any sociable way with him, for he might have felt no inclination to reciprocate my generosity. Therefore, though it felt almost like dispatching a near relative of the In-

dian's, I killed him and cut off his rattle.

The guide continued the low chant he had been singing the whole morning to keep off the " *Woo-nu-pits.*" They have so many superstitions about these lonely chasms that so seldom receive a visitor, and they imagine that their singing will in some way appease the wrath of the insulted gods or spirits. Their minds are of such low order—that is their brains have received so little development, that they are compelled to assign to supernatural agencies things that appear of a most trivial character to individuals of greater calibre. Accordingly they behold with infinite perplexity the silence and desolation in the cañons; and when they stand beside the rushing river that comes and goes, from whence and to where they know not, and feel the influence of the unbroken solitude, they ascribe it all to invisible spirits, and pacify them with songs without end.

A rest of two hours made me feel like attempting the return. I had anticipated remaining over night by the river side, but I was anxious to regain camp and move beyond the limits of the Sheviorts country, so I resolved to ascend as far as possible before sunset. My guide wished me to take the lead, but this did not strike me agreeably and I kept him in advance. The best Indians (if a good one ever drew the breath of life) are not to be trusted too far.

If it was hard work to climb down, it was still more fatiguing to climb up. Our pauses for rest were very frequent. and at each subsequent halt the desire for rest grew stronger. We continued, however, and it was exceedingly gratifying to see the river grow smaller and the grim walls opposite us lower.

When about 1400 feet above the river, as we were clambering up an exceptionally steep portion, I was suddenly startled by a yell of horror from the Indian and at the same instant the sound of a sharp rattle. The guide took a frantic leap up the cliff, and the snake missing his mark fell across the trail a few feet before and above me. A grin of wild delight overspread the Indian's features as he realized that he was not bitten, and he patted himself nervously on his abdomen and shuddered " *Oo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo*" for some seconds while he contemplated the aspects of his narrow escape. Meanwhile I carefully retraced my steps to where there was some standing room, and shouted to him to throw rocks down on the serpent. A blow or two rendered it senseless, and then with the aid of a long yaut-stalk he flung it into the air and it slowly whirled down into the Cañon and struck in a clump of bushes several hundred feet below.

Upon reaching a narrow point where a quantity of large yaut was growing, the Indian remained behind to gather some honey. On the way down he had collected a small quantity, and this was his *modus operandi*. First he took the bottom of a yaut-stalk and scooping it out with a knife made a sort of cup. Next he went from stalk to stalk of the yellow ones, which he knew from their color were dead, and whenever he found a round hole near the butt he broke the stalk down, split off one side and exposed a series of small cylinders of brownish sugary honey, sometimes three, sometimes four, five or six, etc. Each bit of honey was divided from its neighbor by a thin partition, and in each chamber with each piece of honey was what appeared to be a transparent white worm. The honey was separated from these disagreeable pupæ and placed in the cup. When the guide overtook me the vessel was full.

At length we reached the terrace of which I have spoken before, and I concluded to camp beside one of the little cedars. We were again 2500 feet above the river, and I felt that I could not climb the remaining 1500 feet before the morrow, without doing myself injustice. Responding therefore to the imperative demands of my empty stomach and aching mus-

cles, I told the Indian we would remain here till morning. The wind increased till at sunset it was blowing a perfect gale and a change of temperature occurred. It became suddenly very cold. It will be remembered that we had only a light blanket apiece, so we had to collect all the dead bushes we could find, for a constant fire. My woolen shirt was wet with perspiration and I felt uncomfortable and chilly. Yet we had plenty of dried beef and bread to eat, and a supper on this, with a good drink of water, put us in a more satisfied condition. I lit a cigarette and wrapping my blanket about me, rolled close to the blazing fire, and with the bag of provision for a pillow, enjoyed a soothing smoke. The Indian curled up opposite and evidently was soon sound asleep. As the night settled down I too fell asleep, awaking only once or twice to replenish the fire. At last as I opened my eyes, I found the gray dawn creeping up from behind the eastern walls of the Cañon. Arousing the guide, we did not stop for breakfast, but went on up the cliffs.

At nine o'clock we reached the camp, and several cups of strong coffee and some breakfast made me feel well enough to decide on moving. We were all tired of listening to the Pai Ute gibberish and of seeing the hideous creatures themselves. We hastily slung the packs, and the Indians looked rather astonished at our sudden departure. The guide declined going with us, but as I knew the route we were to take, I was glad of it. About 3 o'clock we crossed the eastern slope of Mt. D——, and encamped beside a clear spring. The night was so cold that water froze in the camp-kettles, but morning dawned with promise of fair weather. We resumed our march and at dusk, three days later, rode into St. George.

THE NIGHT WIND.

The soughing wind in the old pine tree
Sings of the sea;
Sings of the ebb and the flow of the sea,
Of the sighing of waves on the sands of the sea.

C.

ANECDOTES OF THE KITCHEN.

IV.

—In the middle ages, the sovereigns and the great lords had, in the middle of their dining rooms, fountains playing, which poured forth rose-water and divers odoriferous liquids to perfume the banqueting-hall.

—In Rome, at the end of the repast, enigmas were often proposed to the guests. Some delicious dish served as a reward to those who were fortunate enough to guess them; the others were compelled to pour muria (salt water) into their drink, and swallow a cup-full without taking breath.

—Among the Egyptians a funereal idea was made the means of rousing the erewhile buoyant spirits of the guests at the end of a repast. A servant entered carrying a skeleton, or the representation of a mummy, which he took slowly round the dining-room. He then approached the guests, and said: "Eat, drink, amuse yourselves to-day; to-morrow you die."

Greece, and Rome in particular, adopted this lugubrious emblem of the rapid flight of time and pleasure. This sepulchral image hurried them on in the enjoyment of the present:

it never revealed to paganism a "hope full of immortality."

—Sancho Panza says: "To tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkey at other folks' tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, and can neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind."

—At the dinner which Charles V. of France gave to the Emperor Charles IV. there was a grand spectacle, or *entremet*. A vessel appeared with its masts, sails, and rigging; it advanced into the middle of the hall, by means of a machine concealed from the view of all. A moment after, there appeared the city of Jerusalem; its towers covered with Saracens. The vessel approached it, and the city was taken by the Christian knights who manned the vessel.

—The pleasantest society at Sydney Smith's house was to be found in the little *suppers* which he established once a week; giving a general invitation to about twenty or thirty persons, who used to come as they pleased. At these suppers, there was no attempt at display, nothing to tempt the palate; but they were most eagerly sought after; there was no restraint but that of good taste, no formality, a happy mixture of men and women, the foolish and the wise, the grave and the gay.

—A truffled turkey was to be eaten at a dinner where Buffon was invited. A few minutes before sitting down to table, an elderly lady inquired of the celebrated naturalist where the truffle grew. "At your feet, madame." The lady did not understand; but it was thus explained to her: "*C'est au pied des charmes*" (yoke elm tree). The compliment appeared to her most flattering. Towards the end of the dinner, some one asked the same question of the illustrious writer, who, forgetting that the lady was beside him, innocently replied: "They grow *aux pieds des vieux charmes*" (old yoke elm trees). The lady overheard him, and no longer thought anything of his amiability.

—The Emperor Nero, who carried his taste for the beautiful rather too far, devised a sort of vault, in the most elegant style and entirely composed of movable leaves of ivory, which exhaled sweet perfumes, and whence flowers fell on the guests in the dining hall. In another of his dining-rooms admiration was excited by a magnificent dome, the rotary movement of which imitated, day and night, the course of the celestial bodies. These prodigies of ancient mechanism adorned the palace that the prodigal Cæsar called the "gilded house."

—An old writer tells us of a baron who held certain manors on the condition, "that he shall find, maintain, and sustain one bacon flitch hanging in his hall at all times of the year, but in Lent to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and year of the marriage be past, in form following:—" After notice of the demand is given, all the free tenantry were to assemble to do and perform the services they owe to the bacon. On the appointed day after certain ceremonies done, the bacon was to be taken down, placed in a half quarter of wheat, and in a book placed on these, the demandant made oath that there had been no disagreement or strife, or dissatisfaction, between him and his wife, during the year and day that they had been married; a cheese was to be added if he were a free man, and the whole being placed on two horses, they were to leave the house accompanied by trumpets, taborets, and other manner of minstrelsy."

—Bayard Taylor tells the following: Frau von Stein, at the estate of Kochberg, was once surprised by a message that the duke would arrive in an hour or so, to dine with her. There was small time for preparation, and very little in the house. A good, savory

soup, to be sure; no German household can fail there; some potatoes and a single haunch of venison, the latter a lucky gift, just received. Orders were given, house and hostess put on their best appearance, the duke arrived, and dinner was announced. All went well until the venison came, when—oh, woe!—the attendant footman awkwardly tilted the dish in carrying it to the table, and the haunch fell upon the floor. Frau von Stein, "with death in her heart" (as the French novelists say), smiled and serenely said, "Take it away, and bring the other!"

The haunch was taken out, re-garnished, and brought back again. The hostess took her carving-knife and fork, sliced the most tempting portion, and offered it to Karl August, with the words, "Will your royal highness have a piece of *this?*" "Thank you," he answered, "if you please, I will take a piece of the *first.*" He was too shrewd not to perceive the artifice, and too plain in his habits to care for the accident.

—Carving was anciently taught as an art, and it was performed to the sound of music. In later times, we read in the life of Lady M. W. Montague, that her father, the Duke of Kingston, "having no wife to do the honors of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which, in those days, required no small share; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, to urge and teaze her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow,—but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated on by her, and her alone; since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests,—the most inconsiderable among them—if suffered through her neglect, to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man. There were at this time professed carving masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically, from one of whom Lady Mary took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone, an hour or two beforehand."

—It was in the year 63 before the Christian era: the consul Marcus Tullius Cicero had just accused and convicted Catilina, and Rome, free from present danger, had forgotten all transitory solicitudes of the past, to welcome joyous banquetings.

A worthy citizen, excellent patriot, distinguished gastronomist, and possessor of an immense fortune—Servilius Rullus—thought of celebrating by an extraordinary banquet the triumph of the illustrious consul, and the deliverance of the country.

He sent for his cook, and spoke thus: "Recollect that in three days Cicero will sup here: let the feast be worthy of him who gives it."

The cook even surpassed himself. As soon as the guests had tasted the enticing delicacies of the first course, the hall echoed with an unanimous concert of applause, and the proud Amphitryon, intoxicated with joy, was going to ask that a crown might be presented to his beloved slave, when the cook appeared, followed by four Ethiopians, who gracefully carried a silver vase of prodigious dimensions, in the shape of a large mortar. This extraordinary dish contained a wild boar; baskets of dates were suspended to his tusks, and charming little wild boars, in exquisite pastry, no doubt—for never was there a more tempting culinary exhalation—artistically surrounded the enormous animal. Every

voice was hushed; the guests waited in silence the most profound. The tables of the second service were placed round the guests, who raised themselves on the couches with greedy curiosity. The blacks deposited the precious burden before another domestic, a skillful carver, who opened the wild boar with incredible dexterity and precision, and presented to the astonished eyes of Rullus and his friends a second entire animal, and in this a third; then came fresh delicacies, all gradually diminishing in size, until, at length, a delicious little fig-pecker terminated this series of strange viands, of which Rome, wondering and astonished, long preserved the gastronomic remembrance.

The wild boar was generally served surrounded by pyramids of fruits and lettuces.

—One of the most celebrated cooks in the world, so well known at the present day for his talents as *chef de cuisine*, and also for his works on Gastronomy, is or was M. Alexis Soyer. To him we are indebted for the charming description of a Roman kitchen given in a previous article, as well as for many other of the facts and fancies in this department. A brief resume of his life will not here be out of place.

At the time of the famine in Ireland, in 1847, he opened a kitchen in the square, at Dublin, where he fed sometimes four or five thousand poor people in a day with excellent food, prepared at a moderate cost. During the war with Russia, when the sick and wounded of the allied armies were suffering greatly both in the hospitals at Scutari and in the Crimea, for want of proper food, M. Soyer offered his services gratuitously to the British Government, as superintendent of the culinary department, which, being accepted, he proceeded immediately to the seat of war, and rendered most valuable aid to the suffering armies. When he arrived at the Scutari hospitals, and inspected the departments, he found everything connected with the kitchens ill managed, disorderly, and exceptionable. A general scramble took place among the soldiers at dinner-time, for the soup and meat, which were then distributed. These were not of the right quality, and the vegetables were all stale. Within a week M. Soyer corrected these evils, showing the men how to make good soups out of materials before thrown away, and introducing order in the eating arrangements. He had the cooking confined to one spacious room, that he might superintend the whole personally. He wrote recipes for the cooks, and so trained them as to make all proficients in their department. At Balaklava he performed the same services, for the same difficulties existed here. He had invented a new camp-cooking stove, and upon its introduction, he sent invitations to the chief officers of the allied armies, to visit, upon a certain day, his department, to witness the working of the stoves. They came about three o'clock; found the stoves placed in the open air in the form of a semi-circle, and so arranged that although the cooking was going on, no fire could be seen except by raising the lids.

This was a very important feature, since no light must be seen when the men used the stoves in the trenches. The bill of fare on this occasion was plain-boiled salt beef; the same with dumplings; plain-boiled salt pork; the same with peas-pudding; stewed salt pork and beef with rice; French *pot-au-feu;* stewed fresh beef with potatoes; stewed mutton with haricot beans; ox-cheek and ox-feet soups; Scotch mutton-broth; and curry, made with fresh and salt beef. Thus there were quite a variety of messes prepared out of the ordinary rations of the soldiers, introducing some ingredients which could be added without any increased expense, yet which would make the food more palatable and more healthy. All of the officers tasted of the different kinds of food, and pronounced them excellent, while the

chef de cuisine explained to them the construction of his apparatus and its mode of operation. It was very simple, cleanly and economical. There was no difficulty in regulating the heat for the different processes of cooking. The commanders were present, accompanied by a numerous staff; all evinced a happy approbation, and from this time the care of the culinary department was fairly in the hands of M. Soyer. This exhibition took place about a month before the capture of Sebastopol. M. Soyer died in the summer of 1857, much regretted by the French nation, and highly esteemed by the English; he had dignified his calling by his faithful and noble discharge of its duties, and may justly be regarded as a benefactor to his fellow-men.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

AIR CASTLES.

The faculty of building air castles is a faculty so thoroughly diffused among mankind, and too much of it is so derogatory to success in anything, that even the dry and business-like diction of the mercantile agencies includes, with an adjective implying degree, the word "visionary," as one to help describe a man's business character. And really the degree to which a man allows himself the delicious privilege of rearing structures that have none but an imagined foundation is quite an indication inversely of what success he will have when the foundation is brick and stone and the building power everyday industry. He who dreams of golden grain while the summer's sun is shining on wheat and weeds alike, will wake to a harvest of thorns and brambles. There is perhaps no more pointed illustration of this than the following fable which Addison quotes from the French translation of the Arabian Nights by Galland. The reader will readily believe, after a perusal of it, that the Persian mercantile agency, had there been such a thing in the time of Alnaschar, would have quoted him as "very visionary," and would have rated him accordingly low in the scale of Persian business credits:

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbors, as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sort of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves,

eunuchs and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not however stop there, but still continue my traffic, till I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the duty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage-night. As soon as I have married the grand vizier's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit, with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honor his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him ; and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him another purse of the same value, with some short speech,—as, 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word : I always give more than I promise.'

"When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due respect to me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me ; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her for a day or two. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favor : then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner, that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thought : so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

TEUTONICS.

T. B. Aldrich, in a late letter, says :

"The American at home enjoys a hundred conveniences which he finds wanting in the heart of European civilization. Many matters which we consider as necessities here are regarded as luxuries there. A well-appointed private house in an American city has perfections in the way of light, heat, water, ventilation, drainage, etc., that are not to be obtained even in palaces abroad. The traveler is constantly amused by the primitive agricultural implements which he sees employed in some parts of France, Italy and Germany, by the ingenious devices they have for watering the streets of their grand capitals, and by the strange disregard of economy in man-power in everything. A water-cart in Berlin, for illustration, requires three men to manage it ; one to drive, and two on foot behind to twitch right and left, by means of ropes, a short hose with a sprinkler at the end. This painful hose, attached to a chubby, teutonic-looking barrel, has the appearance of being the tail of some wretched nondescript animal whose sufferings would, in our own land, invoke the swift interposition of Mr. Bergh. That this machine is wholly inadequate to the simple duty of sprinkling the street is a fact not perhaps worthy of mentioning."

THE PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLOBE—Subscription Price $1.00 a year; Single Copies 10 cts.

A MODEL ESTABLISHMENT.

W. Woltge, 319 Main street, has, in adding Crockery and Glassware to his complete assortment of House-furnishing Goods, made his store the pattern for other dealers of large and small cities to copy after. A dealer from St. Louis came all the way last week to Buffalo to look at the arrangement and buy the same goods that W. Woltge keeps, at 319 Main street. A Chicago establishment sent to Mr. Woltge to ask permission to copy the style and general arrangement of his store. The largest New York house has sent its head clerk to look at the much-praised store of W. Woltge, 319 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. And this is not all; our own citizens have not been slow to appreciate enterprise and praiseworthy ambition, by patronizing a store where with polite attention, reasonable prices, and unsurpassed variety of stock, all necessary housekeeping articles can be supplied. Surely Buffalo may be proud of such an establishment as Mr. Woltge offers in his Housekeepers' Emporium, 319 Main street.

FINE PRINTING.

Addison in 1712 said:

The politest nations of Europe have endeavored to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing. Absolute governments as well as republics have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that ever was invented among the sons of men. The present king of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art, insomuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expense, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign princes and ambassadors."

This was written a hundred and sixty-five years ago, and during all this time the leading nations have continued to vie with each other and the art of printing has advanced, so that now poor printing is not tolerated except by the most ignorant. Merchants insist on having their stationery, cards and handbills well printed, and there is no doubt that the neatness and beauty of execution in these matters makes a decided difference in trade. Messrs. Young, Lockwood & Co., Buffalo, have a reputation for fine printing in every branch, which is recognized throughout the city, and their presses are constantly turning out neat and elegant work.

NEW TILE.

We have lately had the pleasure of examining an assortment of new illustrated tile which have just arrived at McNish's, and which present some of the latest and most beautiful productions of the kind. The finest piece exhibited is larger than the rest, with the figure of a minstrel splendidly moulded and in partial relief against the body of the tile. The color of the whole is a subdued green, and the light and shade is exquisitely managed.

The Tennyson set has arrived, and presents scenes from the different poems, finely drawn by Moyr Smith in browns and grays and blue. A number of odd designs are on exhibition—drawings of animals, barn yard scenes, etc., on cream and whitish tile. The set of elves which was so quickly snatched up has been replaced, and the flower set is again full. Some designs of white birds on very blue are among the new arrivals, as well as other bird and flower pieces very appropriate for plant boxes. Then there are a large number of very beautiful new geometrical designs in every variety of exquisite colors and shades. The endless number of uses to which tiles can be put, their enduring beauty, cleanliness and adaptability have made a market for them wherever they have been introduced. Nobody can fail to find a use for some of them somewhere, and everybody's taste is cultivated by the use of them.